HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

REVISED EDITION.

I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.—1 Cor. xiv, 15.

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ADDRESS

TO THE

MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE Hymn Book heretofore in use among us was, in our opinion, unsurpassed. But the General Conference of 1848, judging that the volume could be improved by a careful revision, and by judiciously multiplying the number of hymns, appointed a Committee, composed of ministers and laymen, to prepare a Standard Edition of the Methodist Hymn Book.* This Committee, having finished the work assigned them, submitted it to the examination of the Book Committee, and of the Editors of the Book Concern; and having been approved by them, it came before us for a final review. Our examination has been as thorough as the

* The Committee were Rev. D. Dailey, Rev. J. B. Alverson, Rev. J. Floy, Rev. D. Patten, jun., Rev. F. Merrick, Mr. R. A. West, and Mr. D. Creamer.

limited time at our disposal allowed. Although we reluctantly part with some of the familiar hymns of the old book, and though, perhaps, in the judgment of some, they have not, in every instance, been substituted by hymns of greater merit, yet we can confidently approve this Revised Copy; and we do, most cordially, recommend it as a greatly improved and standard edition of the Methodist Hymn Book. We congratulate you, brethren, on having now such a Book as, from the number, variety, and adaptation of its hymns, will not require another revision for generations to come.

In presenting to you this Standard Hymn Book, we believe that we are putting into your hands one of the choicest selections of evangelical Hymns for Private Devotion, as well as for Family, Social, and Public Worship. We are gratified also to add, that no mercenary ends are sought in this publication; for after the necessary expenses are met, its avails, if any, will be sacredly devoted to charitable and religious objects, as were the profits of the former edition. We urge you, therefore, by

your regard for our Church, and for the authority of the General Conference, to purchase only such Methodist Hymn Books as are published by our Agents, and have the names of your Bishops.

We exhort you, dear brethren, to sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also; and we shall rejoice to join you in time and in eternity.

Your affectionate pastors in Christ,

ELIJAH HEDDING,
BEVERLY WAUGH,
THO. A. MORRIS,
L. L. HAMLINE,
EDMUND S. JANES.

NEW-YORK, *May*, 1849.

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HYMNS.

INTRODUCTORY TO WORSHIP.

1 C. M.

General invitation to praise the Redeemer.

O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

5 He speaks,—and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

2 S. M.

The song of Moses and the Lamb.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's Name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, the' eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,—
Ye blessed children, come;
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

3 C. M.

The Heavenly Guest.

COME, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise:
To him, with joyful voices, give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart:
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

4 C. M.

The Lamb worshipped on earth and in heaven.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry.
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

5 L. M.

Jesus reigns.

COME, let us tune our loftiest song,
And raise to Christ our joyful strain;
Worship and thanks to Him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

2 His sov'reign power our bodies made;
Our souls are his immortal breath;
And when his creatures sinn'd, he bled,
To save us from eternal death.

3 Burn every breast with Jesus' love;
Bound every heart with rapt'rous joy;
And saints on earth, with saints above,
Your voices in his praise employ.

4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,
Ascend for him our cheerful strain;
Worship and thanks to Him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

6 C. M.

The glories of our King.

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sov'reign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your Lord, your Master, crown'd
With glories all divine:
And tell the wond'ring nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

3 When, in his earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish, like them, to sing.

4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

7 C. M.

Joining the song of the Church triumphant.

SING we the song of those who stand
Around the' eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,—
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock, appear,
One shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suff'ring, still await
On earth the pilgrim throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church triumphant's song.

4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeem'd above,
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.

5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?

6 Then hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the song in heaven.

8 9th P. M. 87, 87.

Glory to the Lamb.

HARK! the notes of angels, singing,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.

2 Ye for whom his life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong:
Come, assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

3 Fill'd with holy emulation,
We unite with those above:
Sweet the theme—a free salvation—
Fruit of everlasting love.

4 Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name;
Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
Be forever to the Lamb.

9 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Saints and angels ever praising God.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Saints below with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

4 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

10 L. M.

Tribute of praise to the Saviour.

JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay:
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.

4 Let every moment as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy Name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

11 L. M.

The creation invited to praise God.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

12 S. M.

The universal King.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

13 4th P. M. 886, 886.

The love of Jesus.

JESUS, thou soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our strength exert,—
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim;
Compose unto a thankful frame,
And tune thy people's heart.

2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole design,
Thy glory, not our own:—
Still let us keep this end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.

3 Thee let us praise our common Lord,
And sweetly join, with one accord,
Thy goodness to proclaim:
Jesus, thyself in us reveal,
And all our faculties shall feel
Thy harmonizing Name.

4 With calmly reverential joy,
O let us all our lives employ
In setting forth thy love;
And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing, with all the heavenly choir,
That endless song above.

14 S. M.

Exhortation to praise and thanksgiving.

ARISE and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Arise and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy Name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd
With all our ransom'd powers.

5 Arise, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Arise and bless his glorious Name,
Henceforth, forever more.

15 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Let all the people praise Him.

THANK and praise Jehovah's Name,
For his mercies, firm and sure;
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

2 Let the ransom'd thus rejoice,
Gather'd out of every land;
As the people of his choice,
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.

3 Let the elders praise the Lord,
Him let all the people praise,
When they meet, with one accord,
In his courts on holy days.

4 Praise him, ye who know his love;
Praise him from the depths beneath;
Praise him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

5 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

16 L. M.

Grateful adoration.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

17 L. M.

The prosperity of the saints.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

4 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity,—
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine!

18

13th P. M. 10 10, 11 11.

Adoration for infinite love.

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name:
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious; he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh; his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God who sits on the throne:
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

19

4th P. M. 886, 886.

The glory of His Grace.

LET all on earth their voices raise,
To sing the great Jehovah's praise,
And bless his holy Name:
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
His saving grace proclaim.

2 He framed the globe; he built the sky;
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His dwelling-place, how fair!

3 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
All nations fear his Name:
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
His saving grace proclaim.

20 L. M.

The Glories of Jehovah.

SERVANTS of God! in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious Name let all adore,
From age to age, forever more.

2 Blest be that Name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

3 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust;
In him the poor may safely trust.

5 O then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving Name let all adore,
From age to age, forever more.

21 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

The universal King.

YOUNG men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high;
Old men and children, praise
The Lord of earth and sky:
Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal King
Let all the world proclaim;
Let every creature sing
His attributes and name:
Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.

3 In His great Name alone
All excellences meet,
Who sits upon the throne,
And shall forever sit:
Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs;
Glory to God be given
Above the noblest songs,
Of all in earth and heaven:
Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.

22 11th P. M. 76, 76, 77, 76.

The Triune God of truth and grace.

MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace:
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join:
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine.

2 Thee the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease;
Angels, and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three in One;
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelm'd before thy throne.

3 Vying with that heavenly choir,
Who chant thy praise above,
We on eagles' wings aspire,—
The wings of faith and love;
Thee they sing, with glory crown'd;
We extol the slaughter'd Lamb;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn'd to heaven.

23 9th P. M. 87, 87.

The Triune God glorified.

GLORY to the' almighty Father,
Fountain of eternal love,
Who, his wandering sheep to gather,
Sent a Saviour from above.

2 To the Son all praise be given,
Who, with love unknown before,
Left the bright abode of heaven,
And our sin and sorrows bore.

3 Equal strains of warm devotion
Let the Spirit's praise employ;
Author of each pure emotion;
Source of wisdom, peace, and joy.

4 Thus, while our glad hearts, ascending,
Glorify Jehovah's Name,
Heavenly songs with ours are blending;
There the theme is still the same.

24 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

Longing for the house of God.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are;
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat! thou, God our King,
Shalt thither bring our willing feet.

4 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From humble contrite souls;
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee!

25 19th P. M. 664, 6664.

Invocation of and praise to the Trinity.

COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on thee be stay'd;
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5 To the great One and Three
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore.
His sov'reign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

26 L. M.

Joy of public worship.

GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, or thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God our King, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

27 L. M.

Solemn reverence.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God:
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds:

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings:
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth, from afar, hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes; our words be few:
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

28 L. M.

Living bread.

THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply,
With sov'reign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

29 C. M.

Invoking God's presence and blessing.

WITHIN thy house, O Lord our God,
In majesty appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 As we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart:
And let thy Gospel's joyful sound,
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourner rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And fervent prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In bliss beyond the skies.

30 L. M.

How dreadful is this place!

O THOU, whom all thy saints adore,
We now with all thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful Majesty.

2 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving kindness wait;
And O, how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.

3 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh;
To thee our trembling hearts aspire:
And lo! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.

4 Still let it on the' assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill;
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
And lead us to the holy hill.

5 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general Church above,
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.

31 4th P. M. 886, 886.

God's glorious presence.

THOU God of power, thou God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise archangels sing,
And veil their faces while they cry,
Thrice holy, to their God most High,
Thrice holy, to their King:—

2 Thee as our God we too would claim,
And bless the Saviour's precious name,
Through whom this grace is given;
He bore the curse to sinners due,
He forms their ruin'd souls anew,
And makes them heirs of heaven.

3 The veil that hides thy glory rend,
And here in saving power descend,
And fix thy blest abode;
Here to our hearts thyself reveal,
And let each waiting spirit feel
The presence of our God.

32 C. M.

A blessing from God's presence.

GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
We kneel within thy house of prayer;
O give us hearts to pray.

2 The clouds which veil thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

3 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face;
O make us, creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace.

33 L. M.

Faith reveals God's presence.

NOT here, as to the prophet's eye,
The Lord upon his throne appears;
Nor seraph-tongues responsive cry,
Holy! thrice holy! in our ears:—

2 Yet God is present in this place,
Veil'd in serener majesty;
So full of glory, truth, and grace,
That faith alone such light can see.

3 Nor, as he in the temple taught,
Is Christ within these walls reveal'd,
When blind, and deaf, and dumb were brought,
Lepers and lame—and all were heal'd:—

4 Yet here, when two or three shall meet,
Or thronging multitudes are found,
All may sit down at Jesus' feet,
And hear from him the joyful sound.

34 C. M.

The promised blessing.

SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see;
The promised blessing give;
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here,
But O, thyself reveal;
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
The Holy Ghost receive.

5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet,
Jesus, the crucified;
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.

6 Cause us the record to receive—
Speak, and the tokens show—
"O be not faithless, but believe
In me, who died for you."

35 S. M.

Claiming the promise.

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name:

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove:
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

4 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

5 Present we know thou art,
But O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.

6 O may thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

36 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

God is in this place.

LO! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face;
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with rev'rence love.

2 Lo! God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stamm'ring tongue.

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sov'reign will;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

37 S. M.

The presence and grace of Jesus.

O THOU who art the Light
Of all thy saints below,
That we may worship thee aright,
Thy sov'reign grace bestow.

2 Our rising world obey'd
Thy Godhead's high command;
And all the heavenly host are sway'd
By thy creating hand.

3 Yet all things made anew
To wond'ring mortals seem,
When the Eternal Word we view
Descending to redeem.

4 O, be thou present now,
And make thy mercy known,
While at thy footstool, Lord, we bow,
And our Deliv'rer own.

5 Then shall we live to thee,
And honour this thy day;
Thine own devoted servants be,
And never from thee stray.

38 C. M.

A blessing on the word.

ONCE more we come before our God;
Once more his blessing ask:
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose;
To each thy blessing suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce abundant fruit.

39 C. M.

God's service delightful.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has call'd his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found—
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast call'd thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

40 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

God's glorious perfections celebrated.

GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.

2 Sov'reign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
God of power, and God of love.

4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Jesus, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement, Thou!

6 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,
Art with thy great Father one;
One the Holy Ghost with thee;
One supreme eternal Three.

41 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Humble adoration.

HEAVENLY Father, sov'reign Lord,
Be thy glorious Name adored.
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy of thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

4 Then, with angel-harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

42 C. M.

The fulness of God.

BEING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be:
Our sacrifice receive:
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store;
The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open then
Our hearts to' embrace thy will;
Turn, and revive us, Lord, again;
With all thy fulness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be, with Christ in God.

43

8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

Heavenly joy anticipated.

IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near.
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear:
Hear with meekness,—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
May we give them, Lord, to thee:
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
May we run, nor weary be;
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Sharing then in rapture greater
Than they could conceive before:
Full enjoyment,—
Full and pure, forever more.

44

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.

INFINITE God, to thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise;
By all thy works on earth adored,
We worship thee, the common Lord;
The everlasting Father own,
And bow our souls before thy throne.

2 Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings;
Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the triune God;
And Holy, holy, holy, cry,
Thy glory fills both earth and sky.

3 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love we render thee;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' eternal Comforter.

45

5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

The Lord our righteousness.

IN thy presence we appear;
Lord! we love to worship here,
When, within the veil, we meet
Thee upon thy mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious Name is sung,
Touch our lips, and loose our tongue:
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our righteousness.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes;
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
And we tremble at thy law,
Let thy Gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon through thy name,
In their voices let us own
Jesus, speaking from the throne.

6 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening we may say,—
We have walk'd with God to-day.

46 L. M.

Universal adoration.

O HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Thou God of hosts, by all adored:
The earth and heavens are full of thee,
Thy light, thy power, thy majesty.

2 Loud hallelujahs to thy Name,
Angels and seraphim proclaim:
By all the powers and thrones in heaven,
Eternal praise to thee is given.

3 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song:
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.

4 Glory to thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise thy majesty:
The Son, the Spirit, we adore;
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

47 S. M.

The sacrifice of praise.

WITH joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

48 C. M.

The Desire of all nations.

COME, thou Desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise;
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies.

3 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Now, Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,—
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

49 13th P. M. 10 10, 11 11.

Peace, power, and love.

ALL thanks to the Lamb, who gives us to meet:
His love we proclaim, his praises repeat:
We own him our Jesus, continually near,
To pardon and bless us, and perfect us here.

2 In him we have peace, in him we have power,
Preserved by his grace throughout the dark hour:
In all our temptations he keeps us, to prove
His utmost salvation, his fulness of love.

3 Pronounce the glad word, and bid us be free:
Ah! hast thou not, Lord, a blessing for me?
The peace thou hast given, this moment impart,
And open thy heaven, O Love, in my heart.

50 C. M.

Infinite grace.

INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou glorious Prince of grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and songs ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

4 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

51 C. M.

The great and effectual door.

JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great, effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear:
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear.

4 Appear, as when of old confess'd,
The suff'ring Son of God;
And let us see thee in thy vest,
But newly dipp'd in blood.

5 The hardness of our hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died:
Show us the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

6 Ready thou art the blood to' apply,
And prove the record true:
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
I suffer'd this for you.

52

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Speak our sins forgiven.

FATHER of everlasting grace,
Be mindful of thy changeless word;
We worship tow'rd that holy place,
In which thou dost thy name record;
Dost make thy gracious nature known,
That living temple of thy Son.

2 Thou dost with sweet complacence see
The temple fill'd with light divine;
And art thou not well pleased with me,
Who, turning to that heavenly shrine,
Through Jesus to thy throne apply,
Through Jesus for acceptance cry?

3 With all who for redemption groan,
Father, in Jesus' name we pray;
And still we cry and wrestle on,
Till mercy take our sins away:
Hear from thy dwelling-place in heaven,
And now pronounce our sins forgiven.

53

C. M.

With such sacrifices God is well pleased.

FATHER, behold, with gracious eyes,
The souls before thy throne,
Who now present their sacrifice,
And seek thee in thy Son.

2 Well pleased in him thyself declare;
Thy pard'ning love reveal;
The peaceful answer of our prayer,
On every conscience seal.

3 Meanest of all thy servants, I
Those happier spirits meet,
And mix with theirs my feeble cry,
And worship at thy feet.

4 On me, on all, some gift bestow,
Some blessing now impart;
The seed of life eternal sow,
In every waiting heart.

5 Thy loving, powerful Spirit shed,
Speak thou our sins forgiven,
And hasten through the lump to spread
The sanctifying leaven.

6 Refresh us with a ceaseless shower
Of graces from above,
Till all receive the perfect power
Of everlasting love.

54 C. M.

God, the only object of worship.

O GOD, our strength, to thee our song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To thee, and thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.

2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour,
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.

3 And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep thy promise still,
If, meekly hearkening to thy word,
We seek to do thy will.

4 Led by the light thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of thee.

5 So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And heaven its happiness.

55 13th P. M. 10 10, 11 11.

The heavenly Pattern.

APPOINTED by thee, we meet in thy name,
And meekly agree to follow the Lamb;
To trace thy example, the world to disdain,
And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.

2 O what shall we do our Saviour to love?
To make us anew, come, Lord, from above;
The fruit of thy passion, thy holiness give:
Give us the salvation of all that believe.

3 O Jesus! appear; no longer delay,
To sanctify here, and bear us away;
The end of our meeting on earth let us see—
Triumphantly sitting in glory with thee.

56 L. M.

Jesus everywhere present.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell with those of humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

57 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

For a general blessing.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

58 C. M.

The God of Bethel.

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led:—

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present,
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And all we need provide.

4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings, from thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

59 L. M.

The bond of love.

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
Thy saints adore thy holy Name;
Thy creatures bend the' obedient knee,
And, humbly, now thy presence claim.

2 Eternal Source of truth and light,
To thee we look, on thee we call;
Lord, we are nothing in thy sight,
But thou to us art all in all.

3 Still may thy children in thy word
Their common trust and refuge see;
O, bind us to each other, Lord,
By one great bond,—the love of thee.

4 So shall our sun of hope arise,
With brighter still and brighter ray,
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes
With beams of everlasting day.

60 C. M.

Divine guidance and safety.

BEFORE thy mercy-seat, O Lord,
Behold, thy servants stand,
To ask the knowledge of thy word,
The guidance of thy hand.

2 Let thy eternal truths, we pray,
Dwell richly in each heart;
That from the safe and narrow way
We never may depart.

3 Lord, from thy word remove the seal,
Unfold its hidden store;
And as we hear, O may we feel
Its valne more and more.

4 Help us to see the Saviour's love
Beaming from every page;
And let the thoughts of joys above
Our inmost souls engage.

5 Thus while thy word our footsteps guides,
Shall we be truly blest;
And safe arrive where love provides
An everlasting rest.

61 C. M.

Confession, prayer, and praise.

LORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart:
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam peace into each heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O let our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 And when with heart and voice we strive
Our grateful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And fill our souls with praise.

5 Then, on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review;
With love divine, transported, tell—
Thou, God, art Father too!

62

L. M.

Grace, pardon, life.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pard'ning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quick'ning power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

63

L. M.

True worship everywhere accepted.

O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The psalmist's sacred harp was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue:—

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
The favour'd worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 O thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The holy prophet's harp was strung;
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

64 L. M.

God seen in his works.

THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See—from the clouds his glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God;
Bow down before him and adore.

65 L. M.

The heavens declare his glory.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim;
The' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What, though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What, though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
The Hand that made us is divine.

66

C. M.

All His works praise Him.

THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thy almighty power;
The birds, that rise on quiv'ring wing,
Proclaim their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee an anthem raise.

2 Shall I be mute, great God, alone
'Midst nature's loud acclaim?
Shall not my heart, with answ'ring tone,
Breathe forth thy holy name?
All nature's debt is small to mine,
Nature shall cease to be;
Thou gavest—proof of love divine—
Immortal life to me.

67

S. M.

His name is glorious.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
How glorious is thy Name;
Thy wonders how diffused abroad,
Throughout creation's frame.

2 In native white and red
The rose and lily stand,
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.

3 The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song;
And bears her Maker's praise on high,
Upon her artless tongue.

4 Fain would I rise and sing
To my Creator too;
Fain would my heart adore my King,
And give him praises due.

5 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days:
And to my God my soul ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

68 C. M.

Heaven and earth are full of His glory.

ETERNAL Wisdom! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings:
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace, rings.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

3 There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circuits run:
There the pale planet rules the night;
The day obeys the sun.

4 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wond'ring sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

5 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through thy works abroad:
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God!

6 But the mild glories of thy grace,
Our softer passions move:
Pity divine in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.

69

C. M.

All things created for his glory.

GREAT First of beings! mighty Lord
Of all this wondrous frame,
Produced by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.

2 Lord, for thy glory shines the whole;
It all reflects thy light:
For this the planets ceaseless roll,
And day succeeds the night.

3 For this the earth its produce yields;
For this the waters flow;
And blooming plants adorn the fields,
And trees and herbage grow.

4 Inspired with praise, may we pursue
This wise and noble end,
That all we think, or say, or do,
Shall to thy glory tend.

70

C. M.

The God of nature and of grace.

THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

2 Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom plann'd;
'Twas he who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

3 Lift to the arch of heaven your eye;
Thither his path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wond'ring view.

4 How excellent, O Lord, thy name,
In all creation's lines:
Spread through eternity, thy fame
With rising lustre shines.

5 These lower works that swell thy praise,
High as our thoughts can tower,
Are but a portion of thy ways,—
The hiding of thy power.

6 Millions before thy presence stand,
Who feel, while they adore,
Fulness of joy at thy right hand,
And pleasures evermore.

71 C. M.

His greatness and condescension.

O LORD, our King, how excellent
Thy name on earth is known;
Thy glory in the firmament,
How wonderfully shown!

2 When I behold the heavens on high,
The work of thy right hand;
The moon and stars amid the sky,
Thy lights in every land:—

3 Lord! what is man that thou shouldst deign
On him to set thy love,
Give him on earth a while to reign,
Then fill a throne above?

4 O Lord, how excellent thy name;
How manifold thy ways!
Let time thy saving truth proclaim,
Eternity thy praise.

72 C. M.

His glory and majesty.

O GOD, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry;—

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory fill'd
Of thy majestic sway.

4 The' apóstles' glorious company,
And prophets crown'd with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

73 L. M.

Wisdom, majesty, goodness.

FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Call'd forth this universal frame!
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same:
Thou by thy word upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is show'd;
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

2 In heaven thou reign'st enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse before thee spread;
Earth, air, and sea, before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid:
Wisdom, and might, and love, are thine;
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail thee sov'reign Lord of all.

74 C. M.

Universal sovereignty.

THE Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds,
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sov'reign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

75 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Omnipotence and immutability.

WHEN Israel out of Egypt came,
And left the proud oppressor's land,
Supported by the great I AM,
Safe in the hollow of his hand,
The Lord in Israel reign'd alone,
And Judah was his fav'rite throne.

2 The sea beheld his power, and fled,
Disparted by the wond'rous rod;
Jordan ran backward to its head,
And Sinai felt the' incumbent God;
The mountains skipp'd like frighten'd rams,
The hills leap'd after them as lambs.

3 What ail'd thee, O thou trembling sea?
What horror turn'd the river back?
Was nature's God displeased with thee?
And why should hills or mountains shake?
Ye mountains huge, that skipp'd like rams?
Ye hills, that leap'd as frighten'd lambs?

4 Earth, tremble on, with all thy sons,
In presence of thy awful Lord,
Whose power inverted nature owns,
Her only law his sov'reign word:
He shakes the center with his rod,
And heaven bows down to Jacob's God.

5 Creation, varied by his hand,
The' omnipotent Jehovah knows;
The sea is turn'd to solid land,
The rock into a fountain flows:
And all things, as they change, proclaim
The Lord eternally the same.

76 S. M.

Creator of soul and body.

O ALL-CREATING God,
At whose supreme decree
My body rose, a breathing clod,—
My soul sprang forth from thee:

2 For this thou hast design'd,
And form'd me man for this—
To know and love thyself, and find
In thee my endless bliss.

77 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

Greatness and condescension.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And all their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sov'reign will.

4 And will this sov'reign King
Of glory condescend;—
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his Name, I love his word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

78 L. M.

Omnipotence and wisdom.

COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But O, what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his Name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

79 C. M.

Majesty and power.

THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threat'ning aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Ye winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain-pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye sons of earth, in rev'rence bend;
Ye nations, wait his nod;
And let unceasing praise ascend
In honour of our God.

80

L. M.

Omnipotence and grace.

THE earth, with all her fulness, owns
Jehovah for her sov'reign Lord;
The countless myriads of her sons
Rose into being at his word.

2 His word did out of nothing call
The world, and founded all that is;
Launch'd on the floods this solid ball,
And fix'd it in the floating seas.

3 But who shall quit this low abode—
Who shall ascend the heavenly place,
And stand upon the mount of God,
And see his Maker face to face?

4 The man whose hands and heart are clean
That blessed portion shall receive;
He who by grace is saved from sin,
Shall with his God in glory live:—

5 He shall obtain the starry crown;
And, number'd with the saints above,
The God of his salvation own,
The God of his salvation love.

81 S. M.

Bounteous in mercy and goodness.

MY Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.

3 O, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

82 L. M.

From everlasting to everlasting.

ERE mountains rear'd their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.

2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
With thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought, that soon is o'er,—
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give,
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.

83

C. M.

Omniscience.

LORD, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge! deep and high:
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sov'reign love.

84

C. M.

Omniscience and omnipresence.

FATHER of spirits, nature's God,
Our thoughts are known to thee;
Thou, Lord, canst hear each idle word,
And every action see.

2 Could we, on morning's swiftest wings,
Fly through the trackless air,
Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
Thy presence would be there.

3 In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
Conceal'd by darkest night;
One glance from thy all-piercing eye
Can bring it all to light.

4 Search thou our hearts, and there destroy
Each secret bosom sin,
And fit us for those realms of joy,
That we may enter in.

85 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

Immutability.

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

86 L. M.

Infinite in wisdom.

PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,—
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 Sing to the Lord! exalt him high,
Who spreads the clouds along the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn;
He clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

6 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
He looks, and loves his image there.

87

2d P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Infinite condescension.

O GOD, of good the' unfathom'd sea,
Who would not give his heart to thee!
Who would not love thee with his might!
O Jesus, lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength to thee unite!

2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays;
Before the' insufferable blaze
Angels with both wings veil their eyes:
Yet free as air thy bounty streams;
On all thy works thy mercy's beams,
Diffusive as thy sun's, arise.

3 Astonish'd at thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow:
Terrible majesty is thine!
Who then can that vast love express,
Which bows thee down to me,—who less
Than nothing am, till thou art mine!

4 High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure, still
Thou sweetly ord'rest all that is;
And yet thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I, with thee
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

88

L. M.

Wisdom, justice, truth.

THINE, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone!
Justice and truth before thee stand:
Yet, nearer to thy sacred throne,
Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.

2 Each evening shows thy tender love;
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace:
Thy waken'd wrath doth slowly move;
Thy willing mercy flies apace.

3 To thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we owe;
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of being, flow.

4 Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

89 C. M.

Goodness and mercy.

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distress'd,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.

90 S. M.

The only wise God.

THOU, the eternal Lord,
Art high above our thought;
And worthy to be fear'd, adored,
By all thy hands have wrought:
None can with thee compare,
Thy glory fills the sky;
And all created beings are
As nothing in thine eye.

2 Of thine unbounded power,
To thee the praise we give;
Omnipotently great, and more
Than heart can e'er conceive:
Whene'er thou wilt proceed,
Thy work can none withstand,
Or frustrate thy determined deed,
Or stay the' Almighty's hand.

3 Thou, Lord, art wise alone;
Thy counsel doth excel;
Most wonderful thy works we own,
Thy ways unsearchable:
Who knows the mystery,—
The judgments can explain,—
Of Him whose eyes in darkness see,
And search the heart of man?

91 C. M.

Glory, mercy, grace.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines,
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill:
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy Name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet:

4 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms:

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brighter shone,
The justice or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

7 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

92 C. M.

Wisdom and goodness.

BLEST be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God, and King!
Thy sov'reign goodness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing.

2 By thee the victory is given:
The majesty divine,
Wisdom and might, and earth and heaven,
And all therein, are thine.

3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
Who dost thy right maintain,
And, high on thy eternal throne,
O'er men and angels reign.

4 Riches, as seemeth good to thee,
Thou dost, and honour give;
And kings their power and dignity
Out of thy hand receive.

5 Thou hast on us the grace bestow'd,
Thy greatness to proclaim;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise thy glorious Name.

6 Thy glorious Name, thy nature's powers,
Thou dost to us make known;
And all the Deity is ours,
Through thy incarnate Son.

93

1st P: M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Goodness.

O GOD, my hope, my heavenly rest,
My all of happiness below,
Grant my importunate request,
To me, to me, thy goodness show;
Thy beatific face display,
The brightness of eternal day.

2 Before my faith's enlighten'd eyes,
Make all thy gracious goodness pass;
Thy goodness is the sight I prize:
O might I see thy smiling face:
Thy nature in my soul proclaim,
Reveal thy love, thy glorious name.

94

L. M.

Immanuel, God with us.

ETERNAL depth of love divine,
In Jesus, God with us, display'd;
How bright thy beaming glories shine!
How wide thy healing streams are spread!

2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell?
Sinners, a vile and thankless race!
O God, what tongue aright can tell
How vast thy love, how great thy grace!

3 The dictates of thy sov'reign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive;
All thy delight in us fulfil;
Lo, all we are to thee we give.

4 To thy sure love, thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign;
O fix thy sacred presence there,
And seal the' abode forever thine.

95 C. M.

Infinite love.

A THOUSAND oracles divine
Their common beams unite,
That sinners may with angels join,
To worship God aright.

2 Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The triune God of holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky.

3 By faith the upper choir we meet,
And join with them to sing
Jehovah, on his shining seat,
Our Maker and our King.

4 For God, made flesh, is wholly ours;
And asks our noblest strain;
The Father of celestial powers,
The Friend of earth-born man.

96 C. M.

God is love.

GREAT God! to me the sight afford
To him of old allow'd;
And let my faith behold its Lord,
Descending in a cloud.

2 In thy revealing Spirit come,
Thine attributes proclaim,
And to my inmost soul make known
The glories of thy Name.

3 Jehovah, Christ, I thee adore,
Who gav'st my soul to be;
Fountain of being and of power,
And great in majesty.

4 The Lord, the mighty God, thou art,
But let me rather prove
That name inspoken to my heart,
That fav'rite name of Love.

5 Merciful God, thyself proclaim
In this polluted breast;
Mercy is thy distinguish'd name,
And suits the sinner best.

6 Our mis'ry doth for pity call,
Our sin implores thy grace;
And thou art merciful to all
Our lost, apostate race.

97 S. M.

Love and mercy.

GREAT God, accept a heart
That pants to sing thy praise;
Thou, who without beginning art,
And without end of days:
Thy goodness is display'd,
On all thy works impress'd;
Thou lovest all thy hands have made,
But man thou lovest best.

2 Gracious art thou to all
Who truly turn to thee;
O hear me, then, for pardon call,
And show thy grace to me:
Through mercy reconciled,
For Jesus' sake forgiven;
Receive, O Lord, thy favour'd child,
To sing thy praise in heaven.

98 C. M.

Source of all blessings.

JEHOVAH, God, thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2 If on the wings of morn we speed,
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our journey lead,
Thine arm our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon—till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God, we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from thee.

99 C. M.

The Author of every good gift.

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift;
My soul on thee depends;
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son,
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

4 His blood demands the purchased grace;
His blood's availing plea
Obtain'd the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought;
Our good is all divine:
The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word, is thine.

6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live;
Our God is all in all.

100 L. M.

Holiness.

HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none;
Thy holiness is all thine own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours,—a drop derived from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Thine only glory we declare;
And, humbled into nothing, own,
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts adored,
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty:

4 Thy power unparallel'd confess,
Establish'd on the Rock of peace;
The Rock that never shall remove,—
The Rock of pure, almighty love.

101 C. M.

The Trinity.

HAIL! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom one in three we know;
By all thy heavenly host adored,
By all thy Church below.

2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
Thy universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

3 Thee, holy Father, we confess;
Thee, holy Son, adore;
And thee, the Holy Ghost, we bless,
And worship evermore.

4 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Our heavenly song shall be;
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three!

102 L. M.

The glorious goodness of the triune Jehovah.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Whom one all-perfect God we own,
Restorer of thine image lost,
Thy various offices make known.

2 Jehovah in three persons, come,
And draw, and sprinkle us, and seal,
Poor, guilty, dying worms, in whom
Thou wilt eternal life reveal.

3 Our fallen, ruin'd souls, to raise,
The knowledge of thyself bestow;
Reveal the riches of thy grace,
And all thy glorious goodness show.

103 C. M.

One God in three persons.

HAIL, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three;
Of thee we make our joyful boast,
And homage pay to thee.

2 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore:
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwellest evermore.

3 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see;
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.

4 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made;
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters display'd
Throughout the universe.

5 Wherefore let every creature give
To thee the praise design'd;
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,—
The hearts, of all mankind.

104 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

The co-eternal Three.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God the Father, God the Word,
God the Comforter, receive
Blessings more than we can give.

2 Join'd with those beyond the sky,
Worshipping the Lord most high,
We our hearts and voices raise,
Echo his eternal praise.

3 Three in one, and one in three,
One, in simplest unity,—
God, incline thy gracious ear;
Us, thy lisping creatures, hear.

4 Thee, while man, the earth-born, sings,
Angels shrink within their wings;
Prostrate seraphim above
Breathe unutterable love.

5 Fain with them our souls would vie;
Sink as low and mount as high;
Fall, o'erwhelm'd with love, or soar;
Shout, or silently adore!

105 L. M.

Co-equal and co-eternal.

BLESSING and honour, praise and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
In earth below, in heaven above,
By all thy works, be paid to thee.

2 Let all who owe to thee their birth,
In praises every hour employ;
Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth,
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy.

106 C. M.

Unsearchable.

HAIL, Father, whose creating call
Unnumber'd worlds attend;
Jehovah, comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend.

2 In light unsearchable enthroned,
Whom angels dimly see;
The fountain of the Godhead own'd,
And foremost of the Three:

3 Supreme and all-sufficient God!
When nature shall expire,
And worlds, created by thy nod,
Shall perish by thy fire;

4 Thy Name, Jehovah, be adored
By creatures without end;
Whom none but thy essential Word
And Spirit comprehend.

107 C. M.

Dwelling in light which no man can approach unto.

ETERNAL Power, Almighty God,
Who can approach thy throne?
Unfading light is thine abode,
To mortal man unknown.

2 Before the radiance of thine eye,
The heavens no longer shine;
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.

3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below?
To this vile world thy notice bend—
These seats of sin and wo?

4 How strange, how wondrous, is thy love!
With trembling we adore:
Not all the' exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

5 While golden harps and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To celebrate thy praise.

108

L. M.

Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?

O GOD, thou bottomless abyss!
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! what words suffice,
Thy countless attributes to show?

2 Greatness unspeakable is thine;
Greatness, whose undiminish'd ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine,—
When earth and heaven are fled away.

3 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves, lives by thy word,
It lives, and moves, and is, from thee.

4 High is thy power above all height;
Whate'er thy will decrees is done;
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
Only to thee, O God, is known!

109

L. M.

Incomprehensibly glorious.

GOD is a Name my soul adores,—
The' almighty Three, the' eternal One:
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite Unknown.

2 Thy voice produced the sea and spheres;
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine:
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

3 Still restless nature dies and grows:
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

4 A glance of thine runs through the globe,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;
Of light thou form'st thy dazzling robe;
Thy ministers are living flame.

5 How shall polluted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie afar,
And see but shadows of thy face.

6 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might;
None but thy word can speak thy name.

110 C. M.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for us.

SHALL foolish, weak, short-sighted man
Beyond the angels go,—
The great Almighty God explain,
Or to perfection know?

2 His attributes divinely soar
Above the creature's sight,
And prostrate seraphim adore
The glorious Infinite.

3 The brightness of his glory leaves
Description far below;
Nor man's nor angel's heart conceives
How deep his mercies flow.

4 His grace is most unsearchable,
And dazzles all above;
They gaze, but cannot count or tell
The treasures of his love.

111

C. M.

Worthy of ceaseless praise from all his creatures.

PRAISE ye the Lord, ye' immortal choirs
That fill the worlds above;
Praise him who form'd you of his fires,
And feeds you with his love.

2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes
Before your brighter God.

3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

4 Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

5 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

6 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, catch the sound;
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

112

5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Eternal praises to the Most High.

THEE to laud in songs divine
Angels in thy presence join:
We with them our voices raise,
Echo thine eternal praise.

2 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live, by heaven and earth adored:
Thus, with them, we ever cry,
Glory be to God most high!

THE INCARNATION AND BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST.

113 C. M.

Glad tidings of great joy.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

3 To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid.

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
Who thus address'd their song:

6 All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease.

114 9th P. M. 87, 87.

Peace on earth—good-will to men.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:—
Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven!—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,—
Glory be to God most high!

115 15th P. M. 11 9, 11 9.

Christmas-day.

ALL hail! happy day,
When, enrobed in our clay,
The Redeemer appear'd upon earth;
How can we refrain
To unite in the strain,
And to hail our Immanuel's birth!

2 Ye angels of God,
Sound his praises abroad,
And acknowledge him JAH, the I AM:
We also will join
In a hymn so divine,
Giving glory to God and the Lamb!

3 O may the return
Of this once blessed morn
Be forever remember'd with joy:
Sweet accents of praise
All our voices shall raise;
Hallelujahs shall be our employ!

4 Let echo prolong
The harmonious song,—
Hallelujahs again and again:
He kindles the fire,
Whom the nations desire,
And to him we devote the glad strain.

116 C. M.

Glory to God in the highest.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail the' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,—
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
The' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 With joy the chorus we repeat,—
Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete—
Jesus was born to die.

6 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

7 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The' harmonious heavenly throng.

117

30th P. M. 11 10, 11 10.

The star in the East.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour, of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Eden and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

118

C. M.

Design and object of His advent.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,—
The Saviour, promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the pris'ner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppress'd with night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To' enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

119 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

Worship the new-born Saviour.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,—
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,—
Mercy calls you,—break your chains:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

120

5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s,

Wonderful Counsellor.

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven,
Unto us a Son is given.

2 On his shoulder he shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear,
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel He,
Christ, the' incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages, ne'er to cease;
King of kings, and Prince of peace.

4 Come and worship at his feet;
Yield to him the homage meet;
From the manger to the throne,
Homage due to God alone.

121

C. M.

The Prince of peace.

TO us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given:
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored,—
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;—
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

122 S. M.

The mighty God.

REJOICE in Jesus' birth,—
To us a Son is given;
To us a child is born on earth,
Who made both earth and heaven.

2 He reigns above the sky,—
This universe sustains;—
The God supreme, the Lord most high,
The king Messiah reigns.

3 The mighty God is He,
Author of heavenly bliss;
The Father of eternity,
The glorious Prince of peace.

4 His government shall grow,
From strength to strength proceed:
His righteousness the church o'erflow,
And all the earth o'erspread.

123 L. M.

Prophet, Priest, and King.

TO us a child, of royal birth,
End of the promises, is given;
The' Invisible appears on earth,—
The Son of man, the God of heaven.

2 A Saviour born, in love supreme,
He comes, our fallen souls to raise;
He comes, his people to redeem,
With all his plenitude of grace.

3 The Christ, by raptured seers foretold,
Fill'd with the Holy Spirit's power,
Prophet, and Priest, and King, behold;
And Lord of all the world adore.

4 The Lord of hosts, the God most high,
Who quits his throne, on earth to live,
With joy we welcome from the sky,
With faith into our hearts receive.

124 S. M.

Thanks for the unspeakable gift.

FATHER, our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne,
And thank thee for the precious gift
Of thine incarnate Son.

2 His infant cries proclaim
A peace 'twixt earth and heaven:
Salvation, through his only Name,
To all mankind is given.

3 The gift unspeakable
We thankfully receive,
And to the world thy goodness tell,
And to thy glory live.

4 May all mankind receive
The new-born Prince of peace,
And meekly in his spirit live,
And in his love increase.

5 Till he convey us home,
Cry every soul aloud,—
Come, thou Desire of nations, come,
And take us up to God.

125 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

The Sun of righteousness.

HARK! the herald angels sing,—
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,—
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,—
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,—
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, incarnate Deity!

4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,—
Risen with healing in his wings.

5 Come, Desire of nations, come!
Fix in us thy humble home;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

126 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

The glory of His kingdom.

HAIL, to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,—
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,—
Their darkness turn to light,—
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is Love.

127 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

Reigning in His kingdom of grace.

ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored;
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear, our omnipotent Lord;
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race:
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

2 O wouldst thou again be made known,—
Again in thy Spirit descend;
And set up, in each of thine own,
A kingdom that never shall end!
Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway.

3 O, come to thy servants again,
Who long thine appearing to know;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below:
All sorrow before thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er;
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.

THE SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF JESUS CHRIST.

128 C. M.

God manifested in the flesh.

WITH glorious clouds encompass'd round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,—
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart.

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design;
What meant the suff'ring Son of man,—
The streaming blood divine?

4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?—

5 Might view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity?

129 C. M.

The incarnate God.

COME, Holy Ghost, inspire our songs
With thine immortal flame;
Enlarge our hearts, unloose our tongues,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 How great the riches of his grace!
He left his throne above,
And, swift to save our ruin'd race,
He flew on wings of love.

3 Now pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich abundance flow,
For guilty rebels, dead in sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.

4 The' almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our low abode;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd the' incarnate God.

5 Renew our souls with heavenly strength,
That we may fully prove
The height, and depth, and breadth, and length
Of such transcendent love.

130 C. M.

His humiliation.

AND did the Holy and the Just,—
The Sov'reign of the skies,—
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy! love unknown!—
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 To dwell with mis'ry here below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless man might rise.

4 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead;
For sinful man—O wondrous grace!
For sinful man he bled.

5 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

131 C. M.

His amazing love.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and (O, amazing love!)
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

132 S. M.

Our ransom paid.

OUR sins on Christ were laid;
He bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid
In groans, and tears, and blood.

2 To save a world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes;
Seek mercy in his name.

3 Pardon and peace abound;
He will your sins forgive;
Salvation in his name is found,—
He bids the sinner live.

4 Jesus, we look to thee;—
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From wretchedness and wo.

133

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Love divine.

O LOVE divine, what hast thou done!
The' incarnate God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son,
Bore all my sins upon the tree!
The Son of God for me hath died:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,—
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come see, ye worms, your Saviour die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified:—

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,—
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross:
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing think or speak beside,—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

134

C. M.

He died for thee.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend:
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,—
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
Receive my soul! he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

135 L. M.

The hidings of the Father's face.

FROM Calvary a cry was heard,—
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,—
These thou couldst bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veil'd his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die.

5 Lord! on thy cross I fix mine eye:
If e'er I lose its strong control,
O, let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wand'ring soul.

136

C. M.

The crucifixion.

FROM whence these direful omens round,
Which heaven and earth amaze?
And why do earthquakes cleave the ground?
Why hides the sun his rays?

2 Well may the earth, astonish'd, shake,
And nature sympathize,—
The sun, as darkest night, be black;
Their Maker, Jesus, dies!

3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,
His all-atoning blood:
Is this the Infinite? 'tis he,—
My Saviour and my God.

4 For me these pangs his soul assail;
For me this death is borne;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

5 Let sin no more my soul enslave;
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;
O, save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed nor die in vain.

137

L. M.

Expiring on the cross.

EXTENDED on a curséd tree,
Cover'd with dust, and sweat, and blood,
See there, the King of glory see!
Sinks and expires the Son of God.

2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done?
Who could thy sacred body wound?
No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,—
No guile hath in thy lips been found.

3 I, I alone have done the deed;
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn;
My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed,—
Pointed the nail, and fix'd the thorn.

4 For me the burden to sustain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid:
To heal me, thou hast borne the pain;
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.

5 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay, the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless, to all, thy glory show.

6 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
Till, loosed from flesh and earth, I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

138 S. M.

The water and the blood.

THIS, this is He that came,
By water and by blood;
Jesus is our atoning Lamb,—
Our sanctifying God.

2 See from his wounded side
The mingled current flow;
The water and the blood applied
Shall wash us white as snow.

3 The water cannot cleanse,
Before the blood we feel,
To purge the guilt of all our sins,
And our forgiveness seal.

4 But both in Jesus join,
Who speaks our sins forgiven,
And gives the purity divine
That makes us meet for heaven.

139 L. M.

The fountain gushing from His side.

YE that pass by, behold the Man—
The Man of griefs—condemn'd for you;
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

2 To us our own Barabbas give,—
Away with him,—(they loudly cry:)
Away with him, not fit to live,—
The vile seducer crucify!

3 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear;
With nails they fasten to the wood;
His sacred limbs, exposed and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.

4 Behold his temples, crown'd with thorn;
His bleeding hands, extended wide;
His streaming feet, transfix'd and torn;
The fountain gushing from his side!

5 O thou dear suff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move;
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love.

140 11th P. M. 76, 76, 77, 76.

The mystery of the cross.

GOD of unexampled grace,
Redeemer of mankind,
Matter of eternal praise
We in thy passion find:
Still our choicest strains we bring;
Still the joyful theme pursue;
Thee the Friend of sinners sing,
Whose love is ever new.

2 Endless scenes of wonder rise,
With that mysterious tree,—
Crucified before our eyes,
Where we the Saviour see:
Jesus, Lord, what hast thou done?
Publish we the death divine;
Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own
Was never love like thine!

3 Never love nor sorrow was
  Like that my Jesus show'd;
See him stretch'd on yonder cross,
  And crush'd beneath our load!
Now discern the Deity;
  Now his heavenly birth declare;
Faith cries out,—'Tis He,—'tis He,—
  My God that suffers there!

141 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

His universal, everlasting love.

WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?
  Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
  (Sinners, he prays for you and me;)
Forgive them, Father, O forgive!
They know not that by me they live.

2 Jesus, descended from above,
  Our loss of Eden to retrieve,
Great God of universal love,
  If all the world through thee may live,
In us a quick'ning spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me.

3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,—
  Thee, by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
  Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

4 O let thy love my heart constrain,—
  Thy love, for every sinner free,—
That every fallen son of man
  May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sov'reign, everlasting love.

142

8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

It is finished.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
It is finish'd:—
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
It is finish'd:—
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
It is finish'd:—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

143

L. M.

His dying cry.

'TIS finish'd! so the Saviour said,
And meekly bow'd his dying head:
'Tis finish'd! yes, the race is run;
The battle fought; the vict'ry won.

2 'Tis finish'd! let the joyful sound
Be heard the spacious earth around:
'Tis finish'd! let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

144

L. M.

The atonement completed.

'TIS finish'd! the Messiah dies,—
Cut off for sins, but not his own;
Accomplish'd is the sacrifice,—
The great redeeming work is done.

2 'Tis finished! all the debt is paid;
Justice divine is satisfied;
The grand and full atonement made;
Christ for a guilty world hath died.

3 The veil is rent; in him alone
The living way to heaven is seen;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.

4 The types and figures are fulfill'd;
Exacted is the legal pain;
The precious promises are seal'd;
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

5 Death, hell, and sin are now subdued;
All grace is now to sinners given;
And, lo! I plead the' atoning blood,
And in thy right I claim my heaven.

145 L. M.

Glorying only in the cross.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

146

C. M.

Godly sorrow at the cross.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

147

C. M.

Glory to the dying Lamb.

ALL glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know thy name,
Or men to feel thy grace.

2 With this cold stony heart of mine,
Jesus, to thee I flee;
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

3 O may the uncorrupted seed
Abide and reign within;
And thy life-giving word forbid
My new-born soul to sin.

THE RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF JESUS CHRIST.

148 L. M.

Dying, rising, reigning.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,—
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see:
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise;)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains:
Say, Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

149 C. M.

Easter Sunday.

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought,
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from naught;
'Twas greater to redeem.

150

C. M.

Paradise opened.

THE Sun of righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more;
Adore the Scatt'rer of your fears,—
Your rising Sun adore.

2 The saints, when he resign'd his breath,
Unclosed their sleeping eyes;
He breaks again the bands of death,—
Again the dead arise.

3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,—
Alone the wine-press trod;
He dies and suffers as a man,—
He rises as a God.

4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise
To Him, who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens Paradise.

151

S. M.

Joy from the certainty of His resurrection.

THE Lord is risen indeed;
The grave hath lost its prey;
With him shall rise the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day.

2 The Lord is risen indeed;
He lives, to die no more;
He lives, his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 The Lord is risen indeed;
Attending angels, hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear:—

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

152 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

If we suffer with Him we shall reign with Him.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens,—and earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,—
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

153

33d P. M. 66, 66.

Christ, the first-fruits.

SING praise! the tomb is void
Where the Redeemer lay;
Sing of our bonds destroy'd,
Our darkness turn'd to day.

2 Weep for your dead no more;
Friends, be of joyful cheer;
Our Star moves on before,
Our narrow path shines clear.

3 He who, so patiently,
The crown of thorns did wear,—
He hath gone up on high;
Our hope is with him there.

4 Now is his truth reveal'd;
His majesty, and might;
The grave has been unseal'd;
Christ is our life and light.

5 He who for men did weep;
Suffer, and bleed, and die,—
First-fruits of them that sleep,—
Christ has gone up on high.

6 His vict'ry hath destroy'd
The shafts that once could slay:
Sing praise! the tomb is void
Where the Redeemer lay.

154

L. M.

The King of glory.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,—
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky:
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;—
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates:
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in!
Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame;—
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;—
And Jesus is the Conqu'ror's name.

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possess'd;—
The King of saints and angels too;—
God over all, forever blest!

155 28th P. M. 10s, 11s, & 12.

The voice of triumph.

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die;
Vain were the terrors that gather'd around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save:
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,—
The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die.

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being he gave us death cannot destroy:
Sad were the life we may part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheer'd the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us immortal to heaven ascend:
Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

156

5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Ascension day.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Reascends his native heaven.

2 There the pompous triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in.

3 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqu'ror over death and sin,—
Take the King of glory in.

4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

5 See, he lifts his hands above!
See, he shows the prints of love!
Hark, his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his Church below!

157

3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

Glory to glory's King.

GOD is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise,—
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the' angelic joys:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

2 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

3 High on his holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath his feet
Shall sink and die away:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

4 Till all the earth, renew'd
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God,
In one great chorus join,
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

HIS PRIESTHOOD AND INTERCESSION.

158 C. M.

King of kings and Lord of lords.

THE head that once was crown'd with thorns,
Is crown'd with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is to our Jesus given;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns o'er earth and heaven—

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his Name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,—
They reign with him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The myst'ry of his love.

159

L. M.

His supreme Divinity.

THE day of Christ, the day of God,
We humbly hope with joy to see,—
Wash'd in the sanctifying blood
Of an incarnate Deity—

2 Who did for us his life resign:
There is no other God but one;
For all the plenitude Divine
Resides in the eternal Son.

3 Spotless, sincere, without offence,
O may we to his day remain,
Who trust the blood of Christ to cleanse
Our souls from every sinful stain.

4 Lord, we believe the promise sure;
The purchased Comforter impart;
Apply thy blood to make us pure,—
To keep us pure in life and heart.

5 Then let us see that day supreme,
When none thy Godhead shall deny,—
Thy sov'reign majesty blaspheme,—
Or count thee less than the Most High:

6 When all who on their God believe,—
Who here thy last appearing love,—
Shall thy consummate joy receive,
And see thy glorious face above.

160

C. M.

Reigning, and interceding for sinners.

SEE Jesus rising from the grave;
Behold him raised on high;
He pleads his merits there, to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

2 There, on a glorious throne, he reigns;
And by his power divine,
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.

3 Thus saved, may we with joy appear
In heaven before his face;
And, with the bless'd assembly there,
Sing his redeeming grace.

161 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Messiah, the Saviour and the Judge.

MESSIAH, joy of every heart,
Thou, thou the King of glory art,
The Father's everlasting Son:
Thee it delights thy Church to own;
For all our hopes on thee depend,
Whose glorious mercies never end.

2 When thou hadst render'd up thy breath,
And, dying, drawn the sting of death,
Thou didst from earth triumphant rise,
And ope the portals of the skies;
That all who trust in thee alone,
Might follow, and partake thy throne.

3 Seated at God's right hand again,
Thou dost in all his glory reign;
Thou dost, thy Father's image, shine
In all the attributes divine;
And thou with judgment clad shalt come,
To seal our everlasting doom.

4 Wherefore we now for mercy pray;
O Saviour, take our sins away:
Before thou as our Judge appear,
In dreadful majesty severe,
Appear our Advocate with God,
And save the purchase of thy blood.

162 L. M.

The great Antetype.

O THOU whose off'ring on the tree
The legal off'rings all foreshow'd,
Borrow'd their whole effect from thee,
And drew their virtue from thy blood:—

2 The blood of goats and bullocks slain,
Could never for one sin atone;
To purge the guilty off'rer's stain,
Thine was the work, and thine alone.

3 These feeble types and shadows old,
Are all in thee, the Truth, fulfill'd:
We in thy sacrifice behold
The substance of those rites reveal'd.

4 Thy meritorious suff'rings past,
We see by faith to us brought back;
And, on thy grand oblation cast,
Its saving benefits partake.

163

C. M.

His sympathizing love.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruiséd reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In every trying hour.

164 S. M.

The Pillar and the Cloud.

THOU very Paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of bondage came,
Thy ransom'd people lead.

2 Angel of gospel grace,
Fulfil thy character:
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert way,
Conduct us by thy light;
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above;
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

165 L. M.

An Advocate with the Father.

JESUS, my Advocate above,
My friend before the throne of love,
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there,—

2 If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray,—
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine.

3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain;
My earnest suit present, and gain:
My fulness of corruption show;
The knowledge of myself bestow.

4 Save me from death; from hell set free;
Death, hell, are but the want of thee:
My life, my only heaven thou art;—
O might I feel thee in my heart.

166 S. M.

He ever liveth to make intercession for us.

LORD, how shall sinners dare
Look up to thine abode?
Or offer their imperfect prayer,
Before a holy God?

2 Bright terrors guard thy seat,
And glories veil thy face;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,
And to thy throne of grace.

3 My soul, with cheerful eye
See where thy Saviour stands,—
The glorious Advocate on high,
With incense in his hands.

4 Teach my weak heart, O Lord,
With faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word—
Father—with joy divine.

167 9th P. M. 87, 87.

His speaking blood.

FATHER, hear the blood of Jesus,
Speaking in thine ears above:
From impending wrath release us;
Manifest thy pard'ning love.

2 O receive us to thy favour,—
For his only sake receive;
Give us to the bleeding Saviour,—
Let us by his dying live.

3 To thy pard'ning grace receive them,—
Once he pray'd upon the tree;
Still his blood cries out—Forgive them;
All their sins were laid on me.

4 Still our Advocate in heaven,
Prays the prayer on earth begun,—
Father, show their sins forgiven;
Father, glorify thy Son!

168 C. M.

The Way, the Truth, and the Life.

THOU art the Way: to thee alone,
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way—the Truth—the Life;
Grant us that way to know—
That truth to keep—that life to win—
Whose joys eternal flow.

169 S. M.

The only name given under heaven.

JESUS, thou Source divine,
Whence hope and comfort flow,—
Jesus, no other Name than thine
Can save from endless wo.

2 None else will heaven approve:
Thou art the only way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love,
To realms of endless day.

3 Here let our feet abide,
Nor from thy path depart:
Direct our steps, thou gracious Guide!
And cheer the fainting heart.

4 Safe through this world of night,
Lead to the blissful plains,—
The regions of unclouded light,—
Where joy forever reigns.

170

C. M.

Our ever-present Guide.

JESUS, the Lord of glory, died,
That we might never die;
And now he reigns supreme, to guide
His people to the sky.

2 Weak though we are, he still is near,
To lead, console, defend;
In all our sorrow, all our fear,
Our all-sufficient Friend.

3 From His high throne in bliss, he deigns
Our every prayer to heed;
Bears with our folly, soothes our pains,
Supplies our every need.

4 And from his love's exhaustless spring,
Joys like a river come,
To make the desert bloom and sing,
O'er which we travel home.

5 O Jesus, there is none like thee,
Our Saviour and our Lord;
Through earth and heaven exalted be,
Beloved, obey'd, adored.

171

3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

Our great High Priest.

SEE where our great High Priest
Before the Lord appears,
And on his loving breast
The tribes of Israel bears:
Never without his people seen,
The Head of all believing men.

2 With him, the Corner-stone,
The living stones conjoin;
Christ and his Church are one,—
One body and one vine;
For us he uses all his powers,
And all he has, or is, is ours.

3 The path of Christ our Head
The members all pursue,
By his good Spirit led
To act and suffer too:
Like him, the toil, the cross, sustain,
Till, glorious all, like him we reign.

172 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

His everlasting Priesthood.

O THOU eternal Victim, slain
A sacrifice for guilty man,
By the eternal Spirit made
An off'ring in the sinner's stead,—
Our everlasting Priest art thou,
Pleading thy death for sinners now.

2 Thy off'ring still continues new;
Thy vesture keeps its crimson hue;
Thou art the ever-slaughter'd Lamb,
Thy priesthood still remains the same;
Thy years, O Lord, can never fail;
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

3 O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as thy love:
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Passing the years that intervene,
Now let it view upon the tree
The Lord, who bleeds and dies for me.

173 S. M.

Intercourse between earth and heaven.

REDEEMER of mankind!
Who on thy Name rely,
A constant intercourse we find
Open'd 'twixt earth and sky.

2 Mercy, and grace, and peace,
Descend through thee alone;
And thou dost all our services
Present before the throne.

3 On us the Father's love
Is for thy sake bestow'd;
Thou art our Advocate above,
Thou art our way to God.

4 Our way to God we trace;
And, through thy Name forgiven,
From step to step, from grace to grace,
By thee ascend to heaven.

174 L. M.

Fulness and sufficiency of the Atonement.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,—
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,—
Who died for me, e'en me to' atone,—
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,—
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,—
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

175 C. M.

Crown Him Lord of all.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

176 S. M.

The Redeemer on his throne.

ENTHRONED is Jesus now,
Upon his heavenly seat;
The kingly crown is on his brow,
The saints are at his feet.

2 In shining white they stand,—
A great and countless throng;
A palmy sceptre in each hand,
On every lip a song.

3 They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them;
The Lamb, through whose atoning blood,
Each wears his diadem.

4 Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,
Thy blessed help supply,
That we may join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky.

177

3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

Praises to our Prophet, Priest, and King.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,—
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy Name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,—
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died;
The guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing:
Thine is the power; behold we sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

178

9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

Our Paschal Lamb.

HAIL, thou once despisèd Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

179 L. M.

Because He liveth I shall live also.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives—
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to his Name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,—
I know that my Redeemer lives.

180 21st P. M. 66, 84, 66, 84.

Immanuel's praise.

PROCLAIM the lofty praise
Of Him who once was slain,
But now is risen, through endless days
To live and reign:
He lives and reigns on high,
Who bought us with his blood,—
Enthroned above the farthest sky,
Our Saviour God.

2 All honour, power, and praise,
To Jesus' Name belong;
With hosts seraphic, glad we raise
The sacred song:
Worthy the Lamb, they cry,
That on the cross was slain;
But now, ascended up on high,
He lives to reign.

3 He lives to bless and save
The souls redeem'd by grace,
And rescue from the dreary grave
The fallen race;
And soon we hope, above,
A louder strain to sing,—
With all our powers to praise and love
Our Saviour King.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

181 L. M.

The promised Comforter.

LORD, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,—
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

2 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,—
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

3 If every one that asks may find,—
If still thou dost on sinners fall,—
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

4 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

182 L. M.

The Saviour's legacy.

JESUS, we on the words depend,
Spoken by thee while present here,—
The Father in my name shall send
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

2 That promise made to Adam's race,
Now, Lord, in us, we pray, fulfil;
And give the Spirit of thy grace,
To teach us all thy perfect will.

3 That heavenly Teacher of mankind,
That Guide infallible, impart,—
To bring thy sayings to our mind,
And write them on each faithful heart.

4 He only can the words apply,
  Through which we endless life possess;
And deal to each his legacy,—
  Our Lord's unutterable peace.

183 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

Pleading the promise.

O THOU that hearest prayer,
  Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
  Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;—
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
  Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
  Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
  We, children of thy grace;
O let thy Spirit now
  Descend and fill the place;
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

184 C. M.

Witnessing with our spirits.

ETERNAL Spirit! God of truth!
  Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle a flame of heavenly love—
  The pure celestial fire.

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing,
  With guilt and fear oppress'd;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
  And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we are sons of God;
Redeem'd from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

185 C. M.

Source of light and joy.

GREAT Spirit, by whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower;
Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail, Source of light! arise and shine;
All gloom and doubt dispel;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us forever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise,
And full redemption bring;
New tongues impart to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside;
With joy we then shall feel and own
Our Saviour glorified.

186 S. M.

The blessings of His grace.

BLEST Comforter divine,
Whose rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above;—

2 Thou, who with still small voice
Dost stop the sinner's way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay;—

3 Thou, whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear;—

4 Thou, who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race,—
Blest Comforter! to us impart
Thine all-sufficient grace.

187 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Earnest of eternal rest.

GRACIOUS Spirit—Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me;
Set the burden'd sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,—
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

188 S. M.

Imploring His guidance.

COME, Spirit, Source of light;
Thy grace is unconfined;
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,—
The darkness of the mind.

2 Now to our eyes display
The truth thy words reveal;
Cause us to run the heavenly way,
Delighting in thy will.

3 Thy teachings make us know
The mysteries of thy love,
The vanity of things below,
The joy of things above.

4 While through this maze we stray,
O spread thy beams abroad;
Point out the dangers of the way,
And guide our steps to God.

189 11th P. M. 76, 76, 77, 76.

Seeking His power and grace.

FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good;
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his speaking blood.
Give us that for which he prays:
Father, glorify thy Son;
Show his truth, and power, and grace,
And send the promise down.

2 True and faithful Witness, thou,
O Christ, the Spirit give;
Hast thou not received him now,
That we might now receive?
Art thou not the living Head?
Life to all thy limbs impart;
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed,
In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, come;
Glow our hearts to find thee near,
And swell to make thee room;
Present with us thee we feel;
Come, O come, and in us be;
With us, in us, live and dwell,
To all eternity.

190

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Let there be light.

EXPAND thy wings, celestial Dove,
And, brooding o'er our nature's night,
Call forth the ray of heavenly love,
And let there in our souls be light;
Illuminate the dark abyss
With glorious beams of endless bliss.

2 Let there be light, again command,
And light there in our hearts shall be;
We then, through faith, shall understand
Thy great mysterious majesty;
And, by the shining of thy grace,
Behold in Christ thy glorious face.

191

C. M.

His quickening power.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,—
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

192

6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

The Son glorified.

FATHER, glorify thy Son;
Answer his all-powerful prayer;
Send that Intercessor down;
Send that other Comforter,
Whom, believingly, we claim,—
Whom we ask in Jesus' name.

2 Wilt thou not the promise seal,
Good and faithful as thou art,—
Send the Comforter to dwell
Every moment in our heart?
Yes, thou must the grace bestow;
Truth hath said it shall be so.

193

C. M.

Life, light, and love.

ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,—
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,—
Life's ever-springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

194 S. M.

The day of Pentecost.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,—
With lustre shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day.

6 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death, our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

195 L. M.

The plenitude of His grace and power.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion—order, in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

196 L. M.

Peace, love, purity.

WHEN first the Spirit left the throne,
He took the semblance of a dove;
A symbol chosen to make known
His peace, and purity, and love.

2 When next, at Pentecost, he came,
He stood confess'd to mortal sight
Within the cloven tongue of flame,—
The type of freedom, guidance, light.

3 Vouchsafe, celestial Dove, thy peace,
That we at perfect peace may be;
Within our hearts thy love increase,—
Within our thoughts, thy purity.

4 O Light divine! direct our feet,
Which long in error's paths have trod;
Our prison'd souls with freedom greet,
Convince of sin, and lead to God.

197 9th P. M. 87, 87.

The Source of consolation.

HOLY Ghost! dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

2 Hear, O hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit! God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation
With the fulness of thy grace.

3 Author of our new creation,
May we all thine influence prove;
Make our souls thy habitation,—
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

4 Source of sweetest consolation,
Breathe thy peace on all below;
Bless, O bless this congregation;
On each soul thy grace bestow!

198 31st P. M. 84, 84.

The Source of every good gift.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His last farewell,
A Guide,—a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

2 He comes, his graces to impart;
A willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And all the good that we possess,
His gift we own;
Yea, every thought of holiness,
And vict'ry won.

4 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness see;
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

199 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

Guide and Comforter.

HOLY Spirit! Fount of blessing,
Ever watchful, ever kind;
Thy celestial aid possessing,
Prison'd souls deliv'rance find.
Seal of truth, and bond of union,
Source of light, and flame of love,
Symbol of divine communion,
In the olive-bearing dove;—

2 Heavenly Guide from paths of error.
Comforter of minds distress'd,—
When the billows fill with terror,
Pointing to an ark of rest:
Promised Pledge! eternal Spirit!
Greater than all gifts below,—
May our hearts thy grace inherit;
May our lips thy glories show.

200 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

Rejoicing in the fulfilment of the promise.

SINNERS, lift up your hearts,
The promise to receive;
Jesus himself imparts,—
He comes in man to live:
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

2 Jesus is glorified,
And gives the Comforter,
His Spirit, to reside
In all his members here;
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

3 To make an end of sin,
And Satan's works destroy,
He brings his kingdom in,—
Peace, righteousness, and joy:
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

4 From heaven he shall once more
Triumphantly descend,
And all his saints restore
To joys that never end:
Then, then, when all our joys are given,
Rejoice in God, rejoice in heaven.

201

13th P. M. 10, 10, 11, 11.

Rejoicing in the freeness of the gift.

ALL glory and praise to Jesus our Lord,
So plenteous in grace, so true to his word;
To us he hath given the gift from above,—
The earnest of heaven, the Spirit of love.

2 The truth of our God we boldly assert;
His love shed abroad, and power in our heart,
Ye all may inherit, on Jesus who call;
The gift of his Spirit is proffer'd to all.

3 His witness within, by faith we receive,
And, ransom'd from sin, in righteousness live;
Through Jesus's passion we gladly possess
A present salvation,—a kingdom of peace.

4 The peace and the power, ye sinners, embrace,
And look for the shower,—the Spirit of grace;
The gift and the Giver we all may receive,
Forever and ever within us to live.

202

L. M.

His universal diffusion.

ON all the earth thy Spirit shower;
The earth in righteousness renew;
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy sceptre all subdue.

2 Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,
Let him opposers all o'errun;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.

3 Yea, let him, Lord, in every place
His richest energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.

4 Grant this, O holy God, and true;
The ancient seers thou didst inspire,—
To us perform the promise due,—
Descend, and crown us now with fire.

INSTITUTIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

THE MINISTRY.

203 L. M.

The ministry instituted.

THE Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And still his royal bounties flow.

2 Hence sprang the' apostles' honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame:
In humbler forms, before our eyes,
Pastors and teachers hence arise.

3 From Christ they all their gifts derive,
And, fed by Christ, their graces live:
While, guarded by his mighty hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through all the courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

5 Jesus, now teach our hearts to know
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout thy praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

204 L. M.

The commission.

GO, preach my Gospel, saith the Lord,—
Bid the whole world my grace receive;
He shall be saved who trusts my word,
And he condemn'd who won't believe.

2 I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 Teach all the nations my commands,—
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands,—
I can destroy, and I defend.

205 S. M.

The joyful sound.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,—
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice,—
So sweet the tidings are;
Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and priests desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

206 C. M.

The pastoral office.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must forever live
In raptures, or in wo.

4 May they in Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

207 S. M.

The labourers are few.

LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,—
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The labourers are few.

3 Convert and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 O let them spread thy name,—
Their mission fully prove;
The universal grace proclaim,—
Thine all-redeeming love.

208 L. M.

Pastors after thine own heart.

JESUS, thy wand'ring sheep behold!
See, Lord, with yearning bowels, see,
Poor souls that cannot find the fold,
Till sought and gather'd in by thee.

2 Lost are they now, and scatter'd wide,
In pain, and weariness, and want:
With no kind shepherd near, to guide
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.

3 Thou, only thou, the kind, and good,
And sheep-redeeming, Shepherd art;
Collect thy flock, and give them food,
And pastors after thine own heart.

4 Give the pure word of gen'ral grace,
And great shall be the preachers' crowd:
Preachers who all the sinful race
Point to the all-atoning blood.

5 Thine only glory let them seek;
O let their hearts with love o'erflow:
Let them believe, and therefore speak,
And spread thy mercy's praise below.

209

L. M.

Prepare ye the way of the Lord.

COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord;
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the Gospel word.

2 Go into every nation, go;
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,—
Glad tidings unto all we show:
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

3 Hark! in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls,—Prepare;
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And waits to make his entrance there.

4 The Lord your God shall quickly come;
Sinners, repent, the call obey:
Open your hearts to make him room;
Ye desert souls, prepare the way.

5 The Lord shall clear his way through all;
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.

6 The glory of the Lord display'd
Shall all mankind together view;
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

210 C. M.

Let thy priests be clothed with salvation.

JESUS, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.

2 Jesus, let all thy servants shine
Illustrious as the sun;
And, bright with borrow'd rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.

3 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

4 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might;
As burning luminaries chase
The gloom of hellish night.

5 As the bright sun of righteousness,
Their healing wings display;
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

211 L. M.

Labourers together with God.

THUS saith the Lord—'tis God commands;
Workers with God, the charge obey;
Remove whate'er his work withstands,—
Prepare, prepare his people's way.

2 Lift up, for all mankind to see,
The standard of their Saviour God,
And point them to the shameful tree,—
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood.

3 Himself prepares his people's hearts,—
Breaks and binds up, and wounds and heals;
A mystic death and life imparts;
Empties the full, the emptied fills:

4 He fills whom first he hath prepared;
With him the perfect grace is given:
Himself is here our great reward,—
Our future and our present heaven.

212

S. M.

Sow beside all waters.

SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,—
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,—
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown:

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

213

L. M.

The angels of the churches.

DRAW near, O Son of God, draw near;
Us with thy flaming eye behold;
Still in thy Church do thou appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.

2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
And let them in thy lustre glow,—
The lights of a benighted land.
The angels of thy Church below.

3 Make good their apostolic boast,
Their high commission let them prove;
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And fill'd with faith, and hope, and love.

4 Give them an ear to hear thy word;
Thou speakest to the churches now:
And let all tongues confess their Lord,—
Let every knee to Jesus bow.

214 S. M.

For a blessing on ministers.

JESUS, thy servants bless,
Who, sent by thee, proclaim
The peace, and joy, and righteousness
Experienced in thy name:
The kingdom of our God,—
Which grace divine imparts;
The power of thy victorious blood,—
Which reigns in faithful hearts.

2 Their souls with faith supply,—
With life and liberty;
And then they preach and testify
The things concerning thee:
And live for this alone,—
Thy grace to minister;
And all thou hast for sinners done,
In life and death declare.

215 L. M.

For the success of ministers.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for thee:
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 O, clothe their words with power divine,
And let those words be ever thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,—
And thus reward their toil and pain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

216 C. M.

God's blessing ensures success.

NOW, Lord, fulfil thy faithful word,—
Thy servants' labours bless;
Now let the prayer of faith be heard,
And grant them full success.

2 Long have they in thy vineyard wrought,
And with unwearied toil;
Alas! they spend their strength for naught,
Upon a sterile soil.

3 Arise, O God, exert thy power;
Thy people's hopes sustain;
And richly on thy vineyard shower
The first and latter rain.

4 Lord, we commend the work to thee;
Thy servants guide and bless;
Thy guidance gives security,—
Thy blessing,—full success.

217 L. M.

He giveth the increase.

HIGH on his everlasting throne,
The King of saints his work surveys;
Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
And smiles on the peculiar race.

2 He rests well pleased their toils to see;
Beneath his easy yoke they move:
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labour of his love.

3 See where the servants of the Lord
A busy multitude, appear:
For Jesus day and night employ'd,
His heritage they toil to clear.

4 The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands;
They spend their sweat, and blood, and pains,
To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

5 Jesus their toil delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown:
He kindly gives the wish'd increase,
And sends the promised blessing down.

218 4th P. M. 886, 886.

Entire dependence on Christ.

EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for naught;
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire,
Thy goodness to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deeds begin and end
Complete in Jesus' name.

3 In Jesus' name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below,
By reason and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confined;
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrain'd by Jesus' love to live
The servants of mankind.

5 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will;
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising Church, and place
The city on the hill.

6 O let our love and faith abound;
O let our lives, to all around,
With purest lustre shine;
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine.

219 C. M.

The minister's only business.

JESUS, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,—
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,—
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below.
To cry,—Behold the Lamb!

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

220 S. M.

Success certain.

LORD, if at thy command
The word of life we sow,
Water'd by thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow:
The virtue of thy grace
A large increase shall give,
And multiply the faithful race,
Who to thy glory live.

2 Now, then, the ceaseless shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy ministers attend.
On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

221 S. M.

Labourers in the vineyard of the Lord.

AND let our bodies part,—
To diff'rent climes repair;
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And, foll'wing our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'rers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

4 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end;

5 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

222 S. M.

Continued—Labourers rewarded.

O HAPPY, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

2 The Church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

3 With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.

4 Abrah'm and Isaac, there,
And Jacob, shall receive
The foll'wers of their faith and prayer,
Who now in bodies live.

5 We shall our time beneath
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain top.

6 To gather home his own,
God shall his angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumphs end.

THE CHURCH.

223 C. M.

Founded on a Rock.

WITH stately towers and bulwarks strong,
Unrivall'd and alone,—
Loved theme of many a sacred song,—
God's holy city shone.

2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,
The glory of all lands;
Yet fairer, and in strength complete,
The Christian temple stands.

3 The faithful of each clime and age
This glorious Church compose;
Built on a Rock, with idle rage
The threat'ning tempest blows.

4 Fear not; though hostile bands alarm,
Thy God is thy defence;
And weak and powerless every arm
Against Omnipotence.

224 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Prayer for her extension.

ON thy Church, O Power divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine;
Till the nations, from afar,
Hail her as their guiding star.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

225

L. M.

Glorious and spotless.

JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy Church below;
If now thy Spirit move my breast,
Hear, and fulfil thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own;—
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses;
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,—
A proverb of reproach—and love.

5 Call them into thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white:
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show
Thy glorious, spotless Church below.

6 From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known,
And O, my God, may I be one!

226

L. M.

Continued — Witnesses for Jesus.

O MIGHT my lot be cast with these,
The least of Jesus' witnesses;
O that my Lord would count me meet,
To wash his dear disciples' feet!

2 This only thing do I require:
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,—
The servant of thy Church to live:—

3 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy saints below;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

4 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And ask according to thy will,
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.

5 Tell me, or thou shalt never go,—
Thy prayer is heard; it shall be so:
The word hath pass'd thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live and die.

227 L. M.

The river of life.

GREAT Source of being and of love!
Thou wat'rest all the worlds above;
And all the joys which mortals know,
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

2 A sacred spring, at thy command,
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.

3 Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;
Their blossoms fragrant odours give,
And on their fruit the nations live.

4 Flow, wondrous stream! with glory crown'd,
Flow on to earth's remotest bound;
And bear us on thy gentle wave,
To Him who all thy virtues gave.

228 C. M.

The gates of hell shall not prevail against her.

WHO make the Lord of hosts their tower,
Shall like Mount Zion be,—
Immovable by mortal power,—
Built on eternity.

2 As round about Jerusalem
The guardian mountains stand,
So shall the Lord encompass them
Who hold by his right hand.

3. The rod of wickedness shall ne'er
Against the just prevail,
Lest innocence should find a snare,
And tempted virtue fail.

4 Do good, O Lord, do good to those
Who cleave to thee in heart,—
Who on thy truth alone repose,
Nor from thy law depart.

229 C. M.

Returning to Zion with songs of joy.

DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,—
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,—
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south,—Give up thy charge!
And,—Keep not back, O north!

4 They come, they come: thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransom'd shall return,
And everlasting joy.

230 11th P. M. 76, 76 77, 76.

Security and safety.

SEE the gospel Church secure,
And founded on a Rock;
All her promises are sure;
Her bulwarks who can shock?
Count her every precious shrine;
Tell, to after-ages tell,—
Fortified by power divine,
The Church can never fail.

2 Zion's God is all our own,
Who on his love rely;
We his pard'ning love have known,
And live to Christ, and die:
To the New Jerusalem
He our faithful Guide shall be;
Him we claim, and rest in him,
Through all eternity.

231 S. M.

Her confidence and security.

WHO in the Lord confide,
And feel his sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide
Firm as the mount of God:
Steadfast, and fix'd, and sure,
His Zion cannot move;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesus' guardian love.

2 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.
On every side he stands,
And for his Israel cares;
And safe in his almighty hands
Their souls forever bears.

232 S. M.

Christ in you, the hope of glory.

WHERE is the Hebrews' God,
Who kept them night and day?
Where is the heavenly fire and cloud,
Which show'd thy Church their way?

2 No symbol visible
We of thy presence find;
Yet all who would obey thy will
Shall know their Father's mind.

3 Yes, Lord, thou still dost lead
The children of thy grace,
The chosen, the believing seed,
Through this vast wilderness.

4 Our chart, thy written Word;
The Holy Ghost our guide;
And Christ, our glorious risen Lord,
Doth in our hearts reside.

233 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

God is in the midst of her.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode;
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst to' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near:
He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let him hear the loud Hosanna
Rising to his throne on high.

234 L. M.

Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem.

AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake,—
No longer in thy sins lie down:
The garment of salvation take;
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light;
The great Deliv'rer calls,—Arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

235 L. M.

The heavenly Zion.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.

2 As in the ancient days appear!
(The sacred annals speak thy fame;)
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

3 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransom'd seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

4 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

236 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

Her enemies confounded.

ZION stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,—
What a favour'd lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,—
God, thine everlasting light.

237 S. M.

Love for Zion.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of thine abode,—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

238 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

God her everlasting light.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you:
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

2 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory—
God your everlasting light.

THE SABBATH.

239

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The day consecrated.

GREAT God, this hallow'd day of thine
Demands our souls' collected powers;
May we employ in works divine
These solemn and devoted hours:
O may our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!
Where God resides appear no more!
Omniscient Lord, thy piercing eye
Doth every secret thought explore:
O may thy grace our thoughts refine,
And fix our hearts on things divine!

240

C. M.

The day improved.

THIS day the Lord hath call'd his own;
Let us his praise declare,
Fix our desires on him alone,
And seek his face with prayer.

2 Lord, in thy love we would rejoice,
Which sets the sinner free,
And, with united heart and voice,
Devote these hours to thee.

3 Now let the world's delusive things
No more our thoughts employ,
But faith be taught to stretch her wings,
Tow'rd heaven's unfailing joy.

4 O let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
Be to our welfare blest;
The purest comfort here afford,
And fit us for our rest.

241 L. M.

The joys of the Sabbath.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part:
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

242 S. M.

Delight in ordinances.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise:
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

243

L. M.

In the Sanctuary.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

244

C. M.

We will rejoice and be glad in it.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made:
O earth, rejoice and sing;
Let songs of triumph hail the morn;
Hosanna to our King!

2 The Stone the builders set at naught,
That Stone has now become
The sure foundation, and the strength
Of Zion's heavenly dome.

3 Christ is that stone, rejected once,
And number'd with the slain;
Now raised in glory, o'er his Church
Eternally to reign.

4 This is the day the Lord hath made;
O earth, rejoice and sing:
With songs of triumph hail the morn;
Hosanna to our King!

245 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

Joyful homage.

AWAKE, ye saints, awake!
And hail this sacred day:
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquish'd all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

246 C. M.

The type of everlasting rest.

COME, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne:
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and call'd his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And, in our Lord rejoicing, go
To his eternal joy.

247

L. M.

Pledge of endless rest.

RETURN, my soul, enjoy thy rest;
Improve the day thy God hath blest:
Another six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy comforts, pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

248

5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Life and immortality brought to light.

DAY of God! thou blessed day,
At thy dawn the grave gave way
To the power of Him within,
Who had, sinless, bled for sin.

2 Thine the radiance to illume
First, for man, the dismal tomb,
When its bars their weakness own'd,
There revealing death dethroned.

3 Then the Sun of righteousness
Rose, a darken'd world to bless,
Bringing up from mortal night
Immortality and light.

4 Day of glory, day of power,
Sacred be thine every hour,—
Emblem, earnest, of the rest
That remaineth for the blest.

249 S. M.

The eternal Sabbath.

HAIL to the Sabbath-day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God:—

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of vast eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

250 C. M.

In the Spirit on the Lord's day.

MAY I, throughout this day of thine,
Be in thy Spirit, Lord,—
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word.

2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
And fix on things above;
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

251 L. M.

Anticipating the heavenly Sabbath.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent hope, and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

252 S. M.

Joyful in the house of prayer.

GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,—
Come, in the house of God appear;
For 'tis a holy day.

2 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet;
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.

3 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God!
Lord, send thy blessings down to them
That love the dear abode!

4 Within these walls, may peace
And harmony be found!
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!

5 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease:
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace!

BAPTISM.

253 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BAPTIZED into thy name,
Mysterious One in Three,
Our souls and bodies claim
A sacrifice to thee:
And let us live our faith to prove,
The faith which works by humble love.

2 O that our light may shine,
And all our lives express
The character divine,
The real holiness;
And then receive us up to' adore
The triune God for evermore.

254 C. M.

The covenant with Abraham.

HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abrah'm and his seed,—
I am a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.

2 The words of his unbounded love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the Cov'nant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great father given;
He takes our children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 O God, how faithful are thy ways!
Thy love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of thy grace
Blots out our children's name.

255 L. M.

The sacramental seal.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honour the means ordain'd by thee;
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

2 We now thy promised presence claim;
Sent to disciple all mankind,—
Sent to baptize into thy name,—
We now thy promised presence find.

3 Father, in these reveal thy Son;
In these, for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

4 Jesus, with us thou always art;
Effectual make the sacred sign;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

5 Eternal Spirit, from on high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou,
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

256 C. M.

Suffer the little children to come unto me.

SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

257 S. M.

God's gracious promises.

OUR children thou dost claim,
O Lord our God, as thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy Name,
For goodness so divine.

2 Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore;
Join'd to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

3 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace,
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

4 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their father's God;
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

258 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Little ones brought to Jesus.

JESUS, kind, inviting Lord,
We with joy obey thy word,
And in earliest infancy
Bring our little ones to thee.

2 Born they are, as we, in sin;
Make the unconscious lepers clean;
Purchase of thy blood they are,—
Let them in thy glory share.

259

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The Spirit's hallowing seal.

GOD of eternal truth and love,
Vouchsafe the promised aid we claim,
Thine own great ordinance approve;
The child, baptized into thy name,
Partaker of thy nature make,
And give him all thine image back.

2 Father, if such thy sov'reign will,
If Jesus did the rite enjoin,
Annex thy hall'wing Spirit's seal,
And let thy grace attend the sign:
The seed of endless life impart;
Take for thine own this infant's heart.

3 Answer on him thy wisdom's end,
In present and eternal good;
Whate'er thou didst for man intend,
Whate'er thou hast on man bestow'd,
Now to this favour'd child be given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

260

S. M.

A blessing on the ordinance.

GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 O what a pure delight
Their happiness to see;
Our warmest wishes all unite,
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

261 C. M.

Children in the arms of Jesus.

BEHOLD what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!—
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace.

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 Forbid them not, whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own lips to us declare
Of such will heaven consist.

4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms;
Thine may they ever be.

262 C. M.

Baptized into his death.

JESUS, we lift our souls to thee;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe,
And let this little infant be
Baptized into thy death.

2 O let thine unction on *him* rest,
Thy grace *his* soul renew,
And write within *his* tender breast
Thy name and nature too.

3 If thou shouldst quickly end *his* days,
His place with thee prepare;
And if thou lengthen out *his* race,
Continue still thy care.

4 Thy faithful servant let *him* prove,
Begirt with truth divine;
A sharer in thy dying love,
A follower of thine.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

263

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Its institution.

IN that sad, memorable night,
When Jesus was for us betray'd,
He left his death-recording rite:
He took, and blest, and brake the bread;
And gave his own their last bequest,
And thus his love's intent express'd:—

2 Take, eat, this is my body, given
To purchase life and peace for you,—
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven;
Do this, my dying love to show:
Accept your precious legacy,
And thus, my friends, remember me.

3 He took into his hands the cup,
To crown the sacramental feast,
And, full of kind concern, look'd up,
And gave to them what he had blest:
And,—Drink ye all of this,—he said,—
In solemn mem'ry of the dead.

4 This is my blood, which seals the new
Eternal cov'nant of my grace:
My blood, so freely shed for you,
For you and all the sinful race:
My blood, that speaks your sins forgiven,
And justifies your claim to heaven.

264

C. M.

Its design.

THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor trembler to repeat,—
For me he died, for me!

3 Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings:
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.

4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing,—Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me!

265 C. M.

Approaching the table.

JESUS, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipp'd in blood.

2 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known;
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own.

3 The tokens of thy dying love,
O let us all receive,
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
And sensibly believe.

4 The cup of blessing, blest by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy mystic body be,
To cheer each languid heart.

5 The living bread sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be:
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.

266 C. M.

The invitation.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

267 S. M.

Our Paschal Lamb.

LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb.

2 This eucharistic feast
Our every want supplies,
And still we by his death are blest,
And share his sacrifice.

3 Who thus our faith employ,
His suff'rings to record,
E'en now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord.

4 We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise;
The cross on which he bows his head
Shall lift us to the skies.

268 C. M.

Grateful remembrance.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,—
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be:
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee!

5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and mem'ry flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

269 S. M.

The opened Fountain.

CALL'D from above, I rise,
And wash away my sin;
The stream to which my spirit flies,
Can make the foulest clean.

2 It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide:
'Twas open'd by the soldier's spear,
In my Redeemer's side.

270 C. M.

Gratitude and love.

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;—
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh;—

2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless wo?

3 While yet in anguish he survey'd
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words display'd!—
Meet and remember me.

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear!
O mem'ry, leave no other name
So deeply graven there.

271 L. M.

Figure and means of saving grace.

AUTHOR of our salvation, thee,
With lowly, thankful hearts, we praise;
Author of this great mystery,—
Figure and means of saving grace.

2 The sacred, true, effectual sign,
Thy body and thy blood it shows;
The glorious instrument divine,
Thy mercy and thy strength bestows.

3 We see the blood that seals our peace;
Thy pard'ning mercy we receive;
The bread doth visibly express
The strength through which our spirits live.

4 Our spirits drink a fresh supply,
And eat the bread so freely given,
Till, borne on eagles' wings, we fly,
And banquet with our Lord in heaven.

272 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Discerning the Lord's body.

JESUS, all-redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word;
In thine ordinance appear;
Come, and meet thy foll'wers here.

2 In the rite thou hast enjoin'd,
Let us now our Saviour find;
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare;
Thou thy pard'ning grace declare:
Thou that hast for sinners died,
Show thyself the Crucified!

4 All the power of sin remove;
Fill us with thy perfect love;
Stamp us with the stamp divine;
Seal our souls forever thine.

273 C. M.

Strength renewed.

O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
Before thy table kneel.

2 Here may thy faithful people know
The blessings of thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow,—
The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the body of the Lord,
Our drink, his precious blood.

4 Thus may we all thy words obey;
For we, O God, are thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renew'd with strength divine.

274 S. M.

The supper of the Lamb.

THEE, King of saints, we praise
For this our living bread;
Nourish'd by thy preserving grace,
And at thy table fed.

2 Yet still a higher seat
We in thy kingdom claim,
Who here begin by faith to eat
The supper of the Lamb.

3 That glorious, heavenly prize,
We surely shall attain,
And, in the palace of the skies,
With thee forever reign.

275 S. M.

Obeying the command.

JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word;
Here, in thine own appointed way,
We come to meet our Lord.

2 The way thou hast enjoin'd,
Thou wilt therein appear;
We come with confidence to find
Thy special presence here.

3 Whate'er the' Almighty can
To pardon'd sinners give,
The fulness of our God made man,
We here with Christ receive.

276 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The efficacy of the atoning blood.

VICTIM divine! thy grace we claim
While thus thy precious death we show;
Once offer'd up a spotless Lamb,
In thy great temple here below,
Thou didst for all mankind atone,
And standest now before the throne.

3 Thou standest in the holiest place,
As now for guilty sinners slain;
The blood of sprinkling speaks, and prays,
All prevalent for helpless man;
Thy blood is still our ransom found,
And speaks salvation all around.

3 We need not now go up to heaven
To bring the long-sought Saviour down;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost e'en now thy banquet crown;—
To every faithful soul appear,
And show thy real presence here.

277 S. M.

A foretaste of glory.

O WHAT delight is this,
Which now in Christ we know,—
An earnest of our glorious bliss,
Our heaven begun below!

2 When He the table spreads,
How royal is the cheer;
With rapture we lift up our heads,
And own that God is here.

3 The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who died to die no more,
Let all the ransom'd sons of men,
With all his hosts, adore.

4 Let earth and heaven be join'd,
His glories to display,
And hymn the Saviour of mankind
In one eternal day.

278 L. M.

Rejoicing at the table, with godly sorrow.

TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
The Name by heaven and earth adored,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet while around his board we meet,
And humbly worship at his feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love!

4 Let humble, penitential wo,
In tears of godly sorrow flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

279 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

The Spirit's quickening influences.

COME, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his suff'rings for mankind:
True recorder of his passion,
Now the living faith impart;
Now reveal his great salvation
Unto every faithful heart.

2 Come, thou Witness of his dying;
Come, Remembrancer divine;
Let us feel thy power applying
Christ to every soul, and mine:
Let us groan thine inward groaning;
Look on Him we pierced, and grieve;
All partake the grace atoning,—
All the sprinkled blood receive.

280 S. M.

Universal gladness and joy.

GLORY to God on high,
Our peace is made with Heaven;
The Son of God came down to die,
That we might be forgiven.

2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised, for sin:
Remember this in eating bread,
And this in drinking wine.

3 Approach his royal board,
In his rich garments clad;
Join every tongue to praise the Lord,
And every heart be glad.

4 The Father gives the Son;
The Son, his flesh and blood:
The Spirit seals; and faith puts on
The righteousness of God.

281 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

The heavenly banquet.

JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famish'd souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.
Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free;
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of thee.

2 In thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang thy birth;
In thy fasting and temptation;
In thy labours on the earth;
In thy trial and rejection;
In thy suff'rings on the tree;
In thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord, remember thee.

282 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Pardon—grace—glory.

SONS of God, triumphant rise;
Shout the' accomplish'd sacrifice;
Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,—
Sons of God, and heirs of heaven.

2 Love's mysterious work is done;
Greet we now the' atoning Son;
Heal'd and quicken'd by his blood,
Join'd to Christ, and one with God.

3 Him by faith we taste below,
Mightier joys ordain'd to know;
When his utmost grace we prove,
Rise to heaven by perfect love.

283 12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

For a parting blessing.

LAMB of God, whose dying love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us who think on thee,
And every struggling soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray,—
By thy dying love to man,—
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds, and set us free;
From all iniquity release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

PROVISIONS AND PROMISES OF THE GOSPEL.

284 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

The fountain of living waters.

A FOUNTAIN of life and of grace
In Christ, our Redeemer, we see:
For us, who his offers embrace,
For all, it is open and free:
Jehovah, himself, doth invite
To drink of his pleasures unknown:
The streams of immortal delight,
That flow from his heavenly throne.

2 As soon as in him we believe,
By faith of his Spirit we take:
And, freely forgiven, receive
The mercy for Jesus's sake!
We gain a pure drop of his love;
The life of eternity know;
Angelical happiness prove,
And witness a heaven below.

285 C. M.

All-sufficiency of the gospel.

THE gospel! O, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound;
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.

3 The' almighty Former of the skies
Stoops to our vile abode;
While angels view with wond'ring eyes,
And hail the' incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Redeemer, let me call thee mine,—
Thy fulness I implore.

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all!

286 S. M.

Our debt paid upon the cross.

WHAT majesty and grace
Through all the gospel shine!
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.

2 Down from his throne on high,
The mighty Saviour comes;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.

3 The debt that sinners owed,
Upon the cross he pays:
Then through the clouds ascends to God,
'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

4 There our High Priest appears,
Before his Father's throne;
Mingles his merits with our tears,
And pours salvation down.

5 Great Sov'reign, we adore
Thy justice and thy grace,
And on thy faithfulness and power
Our firm dependence place.

287 L. M.

The divine Teacher.

HOW sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
While list'ning thousands gather'd round,
And joy and rev'rence fill'd the place.

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his foll'wers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 Come, wand'rers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest.
Yes, sacred Teacher! we will come,
Obey, and be forever blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

288 S. M.

All-sufficient grace.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

289 C. M.

The wonders of redemption.

HOW great the wisdom, power, and grace,
Which in redemption shine;
The heavenly host with joy confess
The work is all divine.

2 Before his feet they cast their crowns,—
Those crowns which Jesus gave,—
And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim his power to save.

3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The suff'rings which he bore;
How low he stoop'd, how high he rose,—
And rose to stoop no more.

4 With them let us our voices raise,
And still the song renew;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

290 C. M.

Efficacy of the atoning blood.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

291 C. M.

The joyful sound.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

292 L. M.

Love which passeth knowledge.

OF Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

293 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Calvary.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend, in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,—
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

294 C. M.

Sufficiency and freeness.

O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring:
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,—
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will—O gracious word!—
May of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink, for Jesus' sake.

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

295 S. M.

Christ the only source of salvation.

GOD'S holy law transgress'd,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Convinced of guilt, with grief oppress'd,
We find no comfort there.

2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood:
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

4 This is salvation's source;
And all our hopes arise
From Him, who, hanging on the cross,
A spotless victim dies.

296 C. M.

The precious Name.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace:

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

297 L. M.

The unspeakable gift.

HAPPY the man who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows the Saviour died for me!
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise,—
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honour that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,—
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one.

298 C. M.

He waiteth to be gracious.

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough forever more.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,—
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

299 L. M.

Universal redemption.

SINNERS, obey the heavenly call;
Your prison doors stand open wide:
Go forth, for Christ hath ransom'd all,
For every soul of man hath died.

2 'Tis his the drooping soul to raise;
To rescue all by sin oppress'd;
To clothe them with the robes of praise,
And give their weary spirits rest.

3 To help their grov'ling unbelief;
Beauty for ashes to confer;
The oil of joy for abject grief;
Triumphant joy for sad despair.

4 To make them trees of righteousness,—
The planting of the Lord below;
To spread the honour of his grace,
And on to full perfection go.

300 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

The jubilee trumpet.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,—
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

301 C. M.

The gospel feast.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:—

3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

302

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.

SEE, sinners, in the gospel glass,
The Friend and Saviour of mankind;
Not one of all the' apostate race
But may in him salvation find:
His thoughts, and words, and actions, prove,—
His life and death,—that God is love.

2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away;
A servant's form he meekly wears,
He sojourns in a house of clay:
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with God is man with men.

3 See where the God incarnate stands,
And calls his wand'ring creatures home:
He all day long spreads out his hands;
Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!
Ye all may hide you in his breast;
Believe, and he will give you rest.

303

29th P. M. 4 *lines* 12s.

The voice of free grace.

THE voice of free grace cries,—Escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon:
We will praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Now glory to God in the highest is given;
Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven;
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 O Jesus, ride on,—thy kingdom is glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands, we will praise ever more:
We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
And sing of redemption forever and ever.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

304 30th P. M. 11 10, 11 10.

Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,—
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing—
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

305 C. M.

Behold the Lamb.

LOOK unto Christ, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

2 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain;
His soul was once an off'ring made
For every soul of man.

3 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Ethiop white.

4 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel, your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

306 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

Proclaiming the universal Saviour.

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind:
To' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at, his love:
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,—
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears;
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?

6 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call,—
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all:
For all, my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all, my Saviour died.

307 C. M.

The immensity of His grace.

WHAT shall I do my God to love?
My loving God to praise?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of sov'reign grace?

2 Thy sov'reign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.

3 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity:—
So wide it never pass'd by one,
Or it had pass'd by me.

4 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But, far above the skies,
Through Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise.

5 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!

308 L. M.

Rejoicing in the glory of His grace.

GLORY to God, whose sov'reign grace
Hath animated senseless stones,—
Call'd us to stand before his face,
And raised us into Abrah'm's sons.

2 The people that in darkness lay,
In sin and error's deadly shade,
Have seen a glorious gospel-day
In Jesus' lovely face display'd.

3 Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
And bared thine arm in all our sight;
Hast made the reprobates thine own,
And claim'd the outcasts as thy right.

4 Thy single arm, almighty Lord,
To us the great salvation brought;
Thy Word, thy all-creating Word,
That spake at first the world from naught.

5 For this the saints lift up their voice,
And ceaseless praise to thee is given;
For this the hosts above rejoice,
And praise thee in the highest heaven.

THE SINNER.

DEPRAVITY.

309 L. M.

Original and actual sin.

LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Behold, we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make us clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

6 While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make these broken hearts rejoice.

310 C. M.

Totally diseased.

WHILE dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quick'ning Spirit give;
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice, and live.

2 While full of anguish and disease,
My weak, distemper'd soul
Thy love compassionately sees:
O let it make me whole!

3 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To Jesus' name submit:
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

4 To Jesus' name, if all things now
A trembling homage pay,
O let my stubborn spirit bow,—
My stiff-neck'd will obey.

5 I know in thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man:
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain.

311 S. M.

Dead in trespasses and sins.

HOW helpless nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught but power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew:—

3 The passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.

4 O change these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

312 S. M.

Helpless and guilty.

AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We sink beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,—
Her rooted pillars shake.

4 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None—none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

313 C. M.

Without God in the world.

GOD is in this and every place;
But O, how dark and void
To me!—'tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.

2 Empty of Him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,—
Till he his glorious self reveals,—
The veil is on my heart.

3 O Thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye;
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

314 C. M.

Feeling after God.

THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,—
Till thou thyself declare,
God, inaccessible, unknown,—
Regard a sinner's prayer:

2 A sinner welt'ring in his blood,
Unpurged and unforgiven:
Far distant from the living God,
As far as hell from heaven.

3 An unregen'rate child of man,
To thee for help I call;
Pity thy fallen creature's pain,
And raise me from my fall.

4 The darkness which through thee I feel,
Thou only canst remove;
Thine own eternal power reveal,
Thine everlasting love.

5 I would not to thy foe submit;
I hate the tyrant's chain;
Send forth the pris'ner from the pit,
Nor let me cry in vain.

6 Show me the blood that bought my peace,
The cov'nant blood apply;
And all my griefs at once shall cease,
And all my sins shall die.

315 L. M.

Sin's incurable disease.

O GOD, to whom, in flesh reveal'd,
The helpless all for succour came;
The sick to be relieved and heal'd,
And found salvation in thy name:—

2 Thou seest me helpless and distress'd,
Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor;
Weary, I come to thee for rest;
And, sick of sin, implore a cure.

3 My sin's incurable disease,
Thou, Jesus, thou alone canst heal;
Inspire me with thy power and peace,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

316 L. M.

The inbred leprosy.

JESUS, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart, and make it clean;
Purge out the inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom sin.

2 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe
Thou canst the saving grace impart;
Thou canst this instant now forgive,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 My heart, which now to thee I raise,
I know thou canst this moment cleanse;
The deepest stains of sin efface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.

4 Be it according to thy word;
Accomplish now thy work in me;
And let my soul, to health restored,
Devote its deathless powers to thee.

317 C. M.

The leper.

JESUS, if still thou art to-day,
As yesterday, the same,—
Present to heal,—in me display
The virtue of thy Name.

2 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

3 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

318

S. M.

Hardness of heart lamented.

O THAT I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice, the marble rend,
The rock in sunder cleave:
Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike, with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

2 Saviour, and Prince of peace!
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove:
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.

319

L. M.

The Physician needed.

O THOU, whom once they flock'd to hear,—
Thy words to hear, thy power to feel,—
Suffer a sinner to draw near,
And graciously receive me still.

2 They that be whole, thyself hast said,
No need of a physician have;
But I am sick, and want thine aid,
And wait thine utmost power to save.

3 Thy power, and truth, and love divine,
The same from age to age endure:
A word, a gracious word of thine,
The most invet'rate plague can cure.

4 Helpless howe'er my spirit lies,
And long hath languish'd at the pool:
A word of thine shall make it rise,
And speak me in a moment whole.

320 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Desiring conviction.

FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy every creature needs;
Whose goodness, providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry;
To thee I look; my heart prepare;
Suggest, and hearken to my prayer.

2 Since by thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of thee,
Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say:
Thou seest my wants; for help they call;
And, ere I speak, thou know'st them all.

3 Fain would I know, as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I see;
Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burden groan;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loathe myself and sin.

4 Ah, give me, Lord, myself to feel;
My total misery reveal:
Ah, give me, Lord, I still would say,
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray:
My business this, my only care,—
My life, my every breath, be prayer.

321 L. M.

Christ, the good Physician.

JESUS, thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear;
Thy Name, thy all-restoring Name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didst receive
With comfortable words, and kind;
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.

3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?

4 Faith in thy changeless name I have:
The good, the kind Physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

322

L. M.

The healing power of Christ.

THOUGH eighteen hundred years are past
Since Christ did in the flesh appear,
His tender mercies ever last,
And still his healing power is here.

2 Would he the body's health restore,
And not regard the sin-sick soul?
The sin-sick soul he loves much more,
And surely he will make it whole.

3 All my disease, my every sin,
To thee, O Jesus, I confess:
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.

4 That token of thine utmost good,
Now, Saviour, now, on me bestow;
And purge my conscience with thy blood,
And wash my nature white as snow.

323

C. M.

Lord, help my unbelief.

HOW sad our state by nature is;
Our sin, how deep its stains;
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:—
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thine arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,—
My Jesus, and my all.

324 S. M.

The Day-star from on high.

MY former hopes are fled;
My terror now begins:
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;—
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom:
But, hark! a friendly whisper says,—
Flee from the wrath to come.

4 With trembling hope, I see
A glimm'ring from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

325

L. M.

The struggling captive.

LORD, with a grieved and aching heart,
To thee I look, to thee I cry;
Supply my wants; thy grace impart:
O hear an humble prisoner's sigh!

2 On my sad heart the burden lies;
No human power can ease the load;
My num'rous sins against me rise,
And far remove me from my God.

3 Break, break, O Lord, these tyrant chains,
And set the struggling captive free;
Redeem from everlasting pains,
And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

326

L. M.

Balm in Gilead, and a good Physician there.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.

2 But can no sov'reign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?

3 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live:
See, in his heavenly smiles, appear
Such help as nature cannot give.

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow;
And in that sacrificial flood
A balm for all thy grief and wo.

AWAKENING.

327 C. M.

The voice that wakes the dead.

THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the grateful sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere:
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his need of thee,—
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief;
His desp'rate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak, with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

328 C. M.

The hammer of God's Word.

COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy Word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to the Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

329 L. M.

The accepted time.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,—
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

330 S. M.

To-day the accepted time.

NOW is the' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the' accepted time,
The Gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

331 S. M.

To-day.

ALL yesterday is gone;
To-morrow's not our own;
O sinner, come, without delay,
And bow before the throne.

2 O hear God's voice to-day,
And harden not your heart;
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the word,—Depart!

332 C. M.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow.

WHY should we boast of time to come,
Though but a single day?
This hour may fix our final doom,
Though strong, and young, and gay.

2 The present we should now redeem;
This only is our own;
The past, alas! is all a dream;
The future is unknown.

3 O, think what vast concerns depend
Upon a moment's space,
When life and all its cares shall end
In vengeance or in grace!

4 O for that power which melts the heart,
And lifts the soul on high,
Where sin, and grief, and death depart,
And pleasures never die.

5 There we with ecstasy shall fall
Before Immanuel's feet;
And hail him as our All in all,
In happiness complete.

333

5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

The danger of delay.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

334

C. M.

No peace to the wicked.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reach eternal wo.

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

335 S. M.

The horrors of the second death.

O WHERE shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Thou God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
For evermore undone.

336 L. M.

The dead and the living.

WHERE are the dead?—In heaven or hell
Their disembodied spirits dwell;
Their perish'd forms, in bonds of clay,
Reserved until the judgment-day.

2 Where are the living?—On the ground
Where prayer is heard and mercy found;
Where, in the compass of a span,
The mortal makes the' immortal man.

3 Then, timely warn'd, let us begin
To follow Christ and flee from sin;
Daily grow up in him our Head,
Lord of the living and the dead.

337 C. M.

Warnings from the grave.

BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,—
Above us is the heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,—
Its peril every hour.

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And shall earth still our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

5 Turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee by her dead.

6 Turn, mortal, turn; thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The dead who underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven.

338 C. M.

Sin kills beyond the tomb.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thine end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far:
O think before thou die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

339 C. M.

Fear of hell.

TERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,
Who may be saved, shall I,
Of all, alas! whom I have known,
Through sin forever die?

2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive:—

3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,
Dragg'd to the judgment-seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?

4 Ah! no;—I still may turn and live,
For still his wrath delays;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.

5 I will accept his offers now—
From every sin depart—
Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render him my heart.

6 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jesus given;
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with God in heaven.

340 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

What sin hath done.

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent!
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body mangled, rent,
Stain'd and cover'd with his blood!
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified the eternal Son.

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed;
Driven the nails that fix'd him there;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head;
Plunged into his side the spear;
Made his soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again,
And the shameful cross renew?
No; with all my sins I'll part;
Saviour, take my broken heart.

INVITING.

341 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

The invitation.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh,—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
It is finish'd!—
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the' incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him,—venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

342 C. M.

He waiteth to be gracious.

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
Display thy saving power;
Thy mercy let the sinner find,
And know his gracious hour.

2 Who thee beneath their feet have trod,
And crucified afresh,
Touch with thine all-victorious blood,
And turn the stone to flesh.

3 Open their eyes thy cross to see,—
Their ears, to hear thy cries:
Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee;
For thee he weeps and dies.

4 All the day long he meekly stands,
His rebels to receive;
And shows his wounds, and spreads his hands,
And bids you turn and live.

5 Turn, and your sins of deepest dye
He will with blood efface;
E'en now he waits the blood to' apply;—
Be saved, be saved by grace.

343 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

Fly to Jesus.

WEARY souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss.
Turn to Jesus crucified;
Fly to those dear wounds of his:
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise exalted by his fall;
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul design'd;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity.

344 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Room for the guilty.

COME, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin;
His bleeding heart shall make you room;
His open side shall take you in:
He calls you now, invites you home:
Come, O my guilty brethren, come.

2 For you the purple current flow'd,
In pardons from his wounded side;
Languish'd for you the Son of God;
For you the Prince of glory died.
Believe, and all your sin's forgiven:
Only believe, and yours is heaven.

345

35th P. M. 87, 87, 77.

The healing Fountain.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruin'd by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows for every thirsty soul,
In a full perpetual tide,
Open'd when the Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the lost, a refuge, find.
Health, this fountain will restore;
He that drinks need thirst no more.

3 Come, ye dying, live forever;
'Tis a soul-reviving flood;
God is faithful; he will never
Break his cov'nant seal'd in blood;
Sign'd when our Redeemer died;
By the Spirit ratified.

346

S. M.

Seek Him while he may be found.

MY son, know thou the Lord;
Thy father's God, obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call, while he may be found;
Seek him while he is near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven;
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

347 C. M.

He justifieth the ungodly.

LOVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffer'd pain;
For you the Saviour spilt his blood:
And shall he bleed in vain?

2 Sinners, his life for you he paid;
Your basest crimes he bore;
Your sins were all on Jesus laid,
That you might sin no more.

3 To earth the great Redeemer came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And all your sin's forgiven.

4 Believe in him who died for thee;
And, sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

348 L. M.

The gospel feast.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:—
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

349 S. M.

And yet there is room.

YE wretched, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 See, Christ, with open arms,
Invites, and bids you come;
O stay not back, though fear alarms;
For yet there still is room.

3 O come, and with us taste
The blessings of his love:
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

4 There, with united voice,
Before the' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

5 Ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach,—there yet is room.

350 L. M.

All things are now ready.

SINNERS, obey the gospel word:
Haste to the supper of my Lord:
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready,—come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late-returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove;
To' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,—
The dead's alive! the lost is found!

351 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

Come, and welcome.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear
Bursting on the ravish'd ear:—
Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne—
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On his piercéd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee,—embrace the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom press'd,
Thou shalt be a child confess'd,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

352 L. M.

All-sufficiency of His grace.

HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh:
'Tis God invites the fallen race:
Mercy and free salvation buy,—
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wand'rers, home,
And find his grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

353 L. M.

The joys of penitence.

COME, O ye sinners, to the Lord,
In Christ to paradise restored:
His proffer'd benefits embrace,—
The plenitude of gospel grace:—

2 A pardon written with his blood;
The favour and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence:—

3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven;
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven:—

4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The' unutterable tenderness;
The genuine, meek humility;
The wonder, why such love to me:—

5 The' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

354 C. M.

The wanderer recalled.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

5 Return, O wanderer, return;
Regain thy long-sought rest;
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast.

355

7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

Why will ye die?

SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of his own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love.
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

356

7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

Tender expostulation.

SINNERS turn, while God is near;
Dare not think him insincere:
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands;
All day long he spreads his hands;
Cries,—Ye will not happy be;
No, ye will not come to me,—
Me, who life to none deny:
Why will ye resolve to die?

2 Turn, he cries, ye sinners, turn:
By his life, your God hath sworn;
He would have you turn and live;
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,—
Why will ye resolve to die?

3 What could your Redeemer do,
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all his flow of love,—
All his drawings from above,—
Why will ye your Lord deny?
Why will ye resolve to die?

357 C. M.

Believe, and be at peace.

O WHY should gloomy thoughts arise,
And darkness fill the mind?
Why should that bosom heave with sighs,
And yet no refuge find?

2 Hast thou not heard of Gilead's balm—
The great Physician there,
Who can thine every fear disarm,
And save thee from despair?

3 Still art thou overwhelm'd with grief,
And fill'd with sore dismay?
Still looking downward for relief,
Without one cheering ray?

4 Lift up thy streaming eyes to heaven;
The great atonement see;
And all thy sins shall be forgiven:—
Believe, and thou art free.

5 For thee the Saviour suffer'd shame,
And shed his precious blood:
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And be at peace with God.

358

S. M.

Accepting the invitation.

COME, weary sinners, come,
Groaning beneath your load;
The Saviour calls his wand'rers home;
Haste to your pard'ning God.

2 Come, all by guilt oppress'd,
Answer the Saviour's call—
O come, and I will give you rest,
And I will save you all.

3 Redeemer, full of love,
We would thy word obey,
And all thy faithful mercies prove:
O take our guilt away.

4 We would on thee rely;
On thee would cast our care;
Now to thine arms of mercy fly,
And find salvation there.

359

C. M.

The resolution.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:—

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

PENITENTIAL.

360 S. M.

To whom should we go?

AH! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,—
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

3 I now believe, in thee,
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove:
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

361 L. M.

The sinner's only hope.

WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord Most High?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favour buy,
Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease?

3 Can these avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4 Who would himself to thee approve,
Must take the path thyself hast show'd;
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.

5 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone:
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.

6 Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place;
'Tis just,—but O, thy Son hath died!

362 10th P. M. 4 *lines* 8s.

The Rock that is higher than I.

ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
And ready all hope to resign,
I long for thy light and thy grace;
O God, will they never be mine?

2 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
[illegible]y hold of thy promise to keep,
[illegible]e billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep.

3 Appear, and my sorrow shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,—
The Rock that is higher than I.

4 O enter this desolate heart,—
Then rule o'er the heart thou hast won;
Nor again in thine anger depart,
But make it forever thy throne.

363 C. M.

Timely penitence.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,—
O how shall I appear?

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:—

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,—
O how shall I appear?

4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my sins lament;
And early, with repentant tears,
Eternal wo prevent.

5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And near my Saviour's dying groan,
To give those sorrows weight.

6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thine only Son hath died
To make that pardon sure.

364

L. M.

Only by faith.

LORD, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid the' obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal,—are thine.

3 With simple faith, on thee I call,—
My light, my life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord,—my sickness cure,—
Make my infected nature pure:
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart!

365

L. M.

Helpless, in sin and misery.

WHOM man forsakes thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive:
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.

2 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in nowise cast me out,—
A helpless soul, that comes to thee
With only sin and misery.

3 Lord, I am sick,—my sickness cure:
I want,—do thou enrich the poor:
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up.

4 Lord, I am blind,—be thou my sight:
Lord, I am weak,—be thou my might:
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee.

366 L. M.

Importunate supplication.

GOD of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give?
I only live my sin to mourn:
To love my God I only live.

2 To thee, benign and saving Power,
I consecrate my lengthen'd days;
While, mark'd with blessings, every hour
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.

3 Be all my added life employ'd
Thine image in my soul to see:
Fill with thyself the mighty void;
Enlarge my heart to compass thee.

4 The blessing of thy love bestow;
For this my cries shall never fail;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,—
I will not, till my suit prevail.

5 Come, then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,
And fix in me thy lasting home;
Be mindful of thy gracious word—
Thou, with thy promised Father, come.

6 Prepare, and then possess my heart:
O take me, seize me from above;
Thee may I love, for God thou art;
Thee may I feel; for God is love!

367 9th P. M. 87, 87.

The true Light.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, by thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,—
Pouring day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

4 Come, extend thy wonted favour
To our ruin'd, guilty race;
Come, thou blest, exalted Saviour;
Come, apply thy saving grace.

5 By thine all-atoning merit,
Every burden'd soul release;
By the teachings of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

368 C. M.

I would be thine.

I WOULD be thine; O take my heart,
And fill it with thy love;
Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,
And seal it from above.

2 I would be thine; but while I strive
To give myself away,
I feel rebellion still alive,
And wander while I pray.

3 I would be thine; but, Lord, I feel
Evil still lurks within:—
Do thou thy majesty reveal,
And overcome my sin.

4 I would be thine; I would embrace
The Saviour, and adore;
Inspire with faith, infuse thy grace,
And now my soul restore.

369 L. M.

Shut up in unbelief.

LIGHT of the Gentile world, appear;
Command the blind thy rays to see:
Our darkness chase, our sorrows cheer,
And set the plaintive pris'ner free.

2 Me, me, who still in darkness sit,
Shut up in sin and unbelief,
Deliver from this gloomy pit,—
This dungeon of despairing grief.

3 Open mine eyes the Lamb to know,
Who bears the gen'ral sin away;
And to my ransom'd spirit show
The glories of eternal day.

370 4th P. M. 886, 886.

The Man on Calvary.

O THOU who hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on thee, and mourn,
On thee, whom we have slain:—
Have pierced a thousand, thousand times,
And by reiterated crimes
Renew'd thy sacred pain.

2 O give us eyes of faith to see
The Man transfix'd on Calvary,—
To know thee who thou art;
The One Eternal God and True;
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.

3 Lover of souls,—to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine,
That suffer'd in my stead:—
That made thy soul a sacrifice,
And quench'd in death those flaming eyes,
And bow'd that sacred head.

4 The veil of unbelief remove;
And by thy manifested love,
And by thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God.

371

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The veil of unbelief.

O THOU, whom fain my soul would love,
Whom only I desire to know:
This veil of unbelief remove,
And show me all thy goodness, show;
Jesus, thyself in me reveal;
Tell me thy name, thy nature tell.

2 Hast thou been with me, Lord, so long,
Yet thee, my Lord, have I not known?
I claim thee with a falt'ring tongue;
I pray thee, in a feeble groan,
Tell me, O tell me, who thou art,
And speak thy name into my heart.

3 If now thou talkest by the way
With me, the abject sinner, me,
The mystery of grace display;
Open mine eyes that I may see:
That I may understand thy word,
And now cry out,—It is the Lord!

372

4th P. M. 886, 886.

The gift of faith.

AUTHOR of faith, to thee I cry,—
To thee, who wouldst not have me die,
But know the truth and live:
Open mine eyes to see thy face;
Work in my heart the saving grace;
The life eternal give.

2 Shut up in unbelief, I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the veil remove;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy Name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.

3 I know the work is only thine;
The gift of faith is all divine;
But if on thee we call,
Thou wilt that gracious gift bestow,
And cause our hearts to feel and know
That thou hast died for all.

4 Thou bidd'st us knock and enter in,—
Come unto thee, and rest from sin,—
The blessing seek and find:
Thou bidd'st us ask thy grace, and have;
Thou canst, thou wouldst, this moment save
Both me and all mankind.

5 Be it according to thy word;
Now let me find my pard'ning Lord;
Let what I ask be given:
The bar of unbelief remove;
Open the door of faith and love,
And let me into heaven.

373 S. M.

The heart of stone.

O THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart;

2 A heart with grief oppress'd,
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart, that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of wo
My aching breast inspire.

4 With soft'ning pity look,
And melt my hardness down:
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

374 L. M.

The stubborn heart.

O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Or feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments too, which devils fear—
Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

375 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Faith implored.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, the Just,
My Friend and Advocate with thee,
Pity a soul that fain would trust
In him who lived and died for me:
But only thou canst make him known,
And in my heart reveal thy Son.

2 If, drawn by thine alluring grace,
My want of living faith I feel;
Show me in Christ thy smiling face,—
What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal:
Thy co-eternal Son display,
And speak my darkness into day.

3 The gift unspeakable impart:
Command the light of faith to shine—
To shine in my dark, drooping heart—
And fill me with the life divine:
Now bid the new creation be;
O God, let there be faith in me!

376 C. M.

To God all things are possible.

O THAT thou wouldst the heavens rend,
In majesty come down,—
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for thine own.

2 Descend, and let thy lightnings burn
The stubble of thy foe;
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And make the mountains flow.

3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will;
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.

4 What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load;
The things impossible to men,
Are possible to God.

377 C. M.

Continued.—Urgent pleadings.

IS there a thing too hard for thee,
Almighty Lord of all;
Whose threat'ning looks dry up the sea,
And make the mountains fall?

2 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence?
Ungrasp the hold of thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence?

3 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail;
Nearer to save thou art;
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.

4 Lo! to the hills I lift mine eye;
Thy promised aid I claim:
Father of mercies, glorify
Thy favourite Jesus' name.

5 Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care;
A medicine for every wound,—
All, all I want is there.

378 S. M.

The Redeemer's tears.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

379 12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

Humility and contrition.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.

Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long-suff'ring shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

380 12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

Continued.—The heart broken.

SAVIOUR, see me from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Look, as when thine eye pursued
The first apostate man,—
Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
And bade him rise again:
Speak my paradise restored;
Redeem me by thy grace alone:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live;
Father, (at the point to die
My Saviour pray'd,) forgive!
Surely with that dying word
He turns, and looks, and cries,—'Tis done!
O, my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone.

381 C. M.

Determined importunity.

BECAUSE for me the Saviour prays,
And pleads his death for me,
God hath vouchsafed a longer space,
And spared the barren tree.

2 Time to repent thou dost bestow;
Now, Lord, the power impart,
And let mine eyes with tears o'erflow,
And break my stubborn heart.

3 I now from all my sins would turn,
To my atoning God;
And look on him I pierced, and mourn,
And feel the sprinkled blood:—

4 Would nail my passions to the cross,
Where my Redeemer died;
And all things else account but loss
For Jesus crucified.

379

f penitential pain,
thy cross I lie;
JESUS etermined to remain
Ca ou thy blood apply.
False iveness on my conscience seal;
W w thy promised rest;
Let m rest love thy servant fill,
On me ber with the blest.
Turn, and
And brea

382 S. M.

Hardness of heart lamented.

O THAT I could revere
My much offended God;
O that I could but stand in fear
Of thy afflicting rod!

2 If mercy cannot draw,
Thou by thy threat'nings move;
And keep an abject soul in awe,
That will not yield to love.

3 Let me with horror fly
From every sinful snare;
Nor longer, in my Judge's eye,
My Judge's anger dare.

4 Thou great, tremendous God,
The conscious awe impart;
The grace be now on me bestow'd,—
The tender, fleshly heart.

5 For Jesus' sake alone,
The stony heart remove;
And melt at last, O melt me down,
Into the mould of love.

383 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

The Publican's prayer.

SAVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,
Save me;—from thy lofty throne
Give the sweet relenting grace;
Soften this obdurate stone;—
Stone to flesh, O God, convert;
Cast a look, and break my heart!

2 By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove;
All mine inmost sins reveal;
Sins against thy light and love,
Let me see, and let me feel;
Sins that crucified my Lord,—
Spilt again thy precious blood.

3 Jesus, seek thy wand'ring sheep;
Make me restless to return;
Bid me look on thee, and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn:
Till I say, by grace restored,—
Now, thou know'st, I love thee, Lord.

4 Might I in thy sight appear
As the publican distress'd;
Stand, not daring to draw near;
Smite on my unworthy breast;
Groan the sinner's only plea,—
God be merciful to me!

5 O remember me for good:
Passing through the mortal vale,
Show me the atoning blood:
When my strength and spirits fail,
Give my fainting soul to see
Jesus crucified for me.

384

C. M.

Godly sorrow.

O FOR that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word;
O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow.

2 Saviour, to me, in pity, give
The sensible distress;
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace:
Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,—
My body, in the tomb.

385 4th P. M. 886, 886.

Languishing for deliverance.

O CONQUER this rebellious will!
Willing thou art, and ready still;
Thy help is always nigh:
The hardness from my heart remove,
And give me, Lord, O give me love,
Or at thy feet I die.

2 To thee I lift my mournful eye:
Why am I thus? O tell me why
I cannot love my God.
The hindrance must be all in me:
It cannot in my Saviour be;—
Witness that streaming blood.

3 It cost thy blood my heart to win,
To buy me from the power of sin,
And make me love again:
Come, then, my Lord, thy right assert;
Take to thyself my ransom'd heart,
Nor bleed nor die in vain.

386 L. M.

Deprecating eternal death.

FATHER, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire:
Remove this load of guilty wo,
Nor let me in my sins expire.

2 I tremble, lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my wretched soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

3 I deprecate that death alone,—
That endless banishment from thee;
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who suffer'd, wept, and bled for me.

387

11th P. M. 76, 76, 77, 76.

Self-abasement.

GRACIOUS God, my sins forgive;
Thy Spirit now impart;
Then shall I in thee believe
With all my loving heart:
Always unto Jesus look,—
Him in heavenly glory see,
Who to save me undertook,
And ever prays for me.

2 Grace, in answer to his prayer,
Fulness of grace bestow;
That I may with zealous care
Perform thy will below;
Rooted in humility,
Still in every state resign'd,—
Plant, Almighty Lord, in me
A meek and lowly mind.

3 Poor and vile in mine own eyes,
With self-abasing shame
Still I would myself despise,
And magnify thy name.
Thee let every creature bless;
Praise alone to God be given;
God alone deserves the praise
Of all in earth and heaven.

388

7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

The only Refuge.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

389 L. M.

Seeking deliverance and rest.

AWAKED from sin's delusive sleep,
My heavy guilt I feel, and weep:
Beneath a weight of woes oppress'd,
I come to thee, my Lord, for rest.

2 Now, from thy throne of grace above,
Look down upon my soul in love;—
That smile shall sweeten all my pain,
And make my soul rejoice again.

3 By thy divine, transforming power,
My ruin'd nature now restore;
And let my life and temper shine,
In blest resemblance, Lord, to thine.

390 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The mourner blessed.

JESUS, if still the same thou art,
If all thy promises are sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor:
To me be all thy treasures given,—
The kingdom of an inward heaven.

2 Thou hast pronounced the mourner blest,
And lo! for thee I ever mourn;
I cannot, no, I will not rest,
Till thou, my only rest, return;
Till thou, the Prince of peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the blessedness bestow'd
On all that hunger after thee?
I hunger now, I thirst for God;
See the poor fainting sinner, see;
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with thy righteousness.

391 C. M.

Pleading the promises.

MERCY alone can meet my case;
For mercy, Lord, I cry:
Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face
In mercy, or I die:—

2 I perish, and my doom were just;
But wilt thou leave me?—No:
I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust;
I will not let thee go.

3 Still sure to me thy promise stands,
And ever must abide:
Behold it written on thy hands,
And graven in thy side.

4 To this, this only will I cleave;
Thy word is all my plea;
That word is truth, and I believe:—
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

392 C. M.

Prisoner of hope.

LET the redeem'd give thanks and praise
To a forgiving God;
My feeble voice I cannot raise,
Till wash'd in Jesus' blood:—

2 Till, at thy coming from above,
My mountain sin depart,
And fear give place to filial love,
And peace o'erflow my heart.

3 Pris'ner of hope, I still attend
The' appearance of my Lord,
These endless doubts and fears to end,
And speak my soul restored:—

4 Restored by reconciling grace;
With present pardon blest;
And fitted by true holiness
For my eternal rest.

5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown,
Now, Father, to thy servant give,
And claim me for thine own.

6 My God, in Jesus pacified,
My God, thyself declare;
And draw me to his open side,
And plunge the sinner there.

393 S. M.

Deprecating the wrath to come.

O THOU that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery:—
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe:
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

2 Thou art thyself the Way;
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day,
Obedient to thy will:
So shall I love my God,
Because he first loved me;
And praise thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

394 C. M.

The Sun of righteousness.

O SUN of righteousness, arise
With healing in thy wing;
To my diseased, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.

2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By thy all-piercing beam:
Lighten mine eyes with faith; my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind, by thy all-quick'ning power,
From low desires set free;
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long-lost son receive;
Saviour, thy purchase own;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.

5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One in Three,—
On thee all faith, all hope be placed;
All love be paid to thee.

395 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

Help, or I perish.

BY thy birth, and by thy tears;
By thy human griefs and fears;
By thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

2 By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept;
By the bitter tears that flow'd
Over Salem's lost abode,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer;
By the fearful conflict there;
By thy cross and dying cries;
By thy one great sacrifice,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

4 By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power the lost to save;
By thy high, majestic throne;
By the empire all thine own,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

396 C. M.

Humble and earnest entreaties.

HEAR, gracious God, my humble prayer;
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the cheering morn appear?
And when my joys arise?

2 My God! O could I make the claim—
My Father, and my Friend;
And call thee mine, by every name
On which thy saints depend;—

3 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy mercy-seat.

4 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns.
Thy word is all my stay;
Here would I rest till light returns:
Thy presence makes my day.

5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O make my heavy sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.

6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays;
And change these deep, complaining sighs,
For songs of sacred praise.

397

S. M.

Humble confession.

IN sorrow I lament,
Before thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,—
My vile ingratitude.

2 Ne'er was a heart more base
And false than mine has been;
More faithless to its promises,—
More prone to every sin.

3 How long, Lord, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

4 Break thou, O break the charm,
And set the captive free:
Reveal, great God, thy mighty arm,
And haste to rescue me.

398 L. M.

Condemned, but pleading the promises.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,—
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,—
Some sure support against despair.

399 C. M.

Self loathed; Christ exalted.

O COULD I lose myself in thee,
Thou depth of mercy prove,—
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love.

2 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies:
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

3 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be all in all.

400 S. M.

The only expiation.

PROSTRATE at Jesus' feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to the mercy-seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Will justice frown me hence?
Stay, Lord, the vengeful storm;
Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should, from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless currents flow.

4 But tears I will not plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed,—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Then justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

401 C. M.

Knocking at the door of mercy.

LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart, and downcast eye,
Thy favour we implore.

2 Without thy grace, we sink oppress'd,
Down to the gates of hell;
O give our troubled spirits rest,--
Our gloomy fears dispel.

3 'Tis mercy, mercy, now we plead;
Let thy compassion move;
Mercy, that led thee once to bleed,
In tenderness and love.

4 In mercy, now, for Jesus' sake,
O God, our sins forgive;
Thy grace our stubborn hearts can break,
And, breaking, bid us live.

402 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

With Thee there is mercy.

SOV'REIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
Hear, O hear, my ardent cry,—
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,—
Worst of rebels I have been;
Oft abused thee to thy face,—
Trampled on thy richest grace.

3 Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;—
Justly might thy kindled ire
Send me to eternal fire.

4 But with thee is mercy found,—
Balm to heal my every wound;
Soothe, O soothe this troubled breast,—
Give the weary wand'rer rest.

403 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Mercy for the chief of sinners.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

404 C. M.

Unwearied earnestness.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labour, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift,—
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face;
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

405 12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

Seeking refuge in the blood of the Lamb.

GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive.
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye;
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh.
Now as yesterday the same
Thou art, and wilt forever be:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to buy thy grace;
Pardon I accept, unbought,—
Thy proffer I embrace.
Coming as at first I came,
To take, and not bestow on thee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

406 C. M.

Pleading His gracious name.

LORD, I approach the mercy-seat,
Where thou dost answer prayer;
There humbly fall before thy feet,—
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd;
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may rejoice in Jesus' grace,—
In Jesus crucified.

5 O, wondrous love!—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

407 L. M.

The sceptre of His love.

JESUS, whose glory's streaming rays,
Though duteous to thy high command,
Not seraphs view with open face,
But veil'd before thy presence stand:—

2 How shall weak eyes of flesh, weigh'd down
With sin, and dim with error's night,
Dare to behold thy awful throne,
Or view thy unapproached light?

3 Thy golden sceptre from above
Reach forth; lo! my whole heart I bow;
Say to my soul,—Thou art my love,—
My chosen 'midst ten thousand, thou.

4 O Jesus, full of grace! the sighs
Of a sick heart with pity view;
Hark, how my silence speaks, and cries,—
Mercy, thou God of mercy, show!

408 L. M.

The only plea.

JESUS, the sinner's friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin:
Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost, I am, till thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,—
Lord, I am lost—but thou hast died.

409 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

Clinging to the cross.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,—
Could my zeal no languor know,—
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

410 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

Now is the day of salvation.

WHY not now, my God, my God?
Ready if thou always art,
Make in me thy mean abode,—
Take possession of my heart:
If thou canst so greatly bow,
Friend of sinners, why not now?

2 God of love, in this thy day,
For thyself to thee I cry;
Dying,—if thou still delay,
Must I not forever die?
Enter now thy poorest home:
Now, my utmost Saviour, come.

411 4th P. M. 886, 886.

Pleading the Saviour's vicarious sacrifice.

PROSTRATE, with eyes of faith, I see
My Saviour nail'd upon the tree,
For me a victim made;
Himself presenting to the skies
The grand vicarious sacrifice,
And on the altar laid.

2 Well pleasing to our God above,
His sacrifice of life and love
I plead before the throne:
Father, a prodigal receive,
And bid a pardon'd rebel live,—
The purchase of thy Son.

412 4th P. M. 886, 886.

Pleading the sacrificial death of Christ.

O LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
I plead with thee, my suit to gain,—
I plead what thou hast done:
Didst thou not die the death for me?
Jesus, remember Calvary,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Receive the purchase of thy blood,
My Friend and Advocate with God,—
My ransom and my peace:
My Surety! thou my debt hast paid,
For all my sins atonement made,—
The Lord my righteousness.

3 O let thy Spirit shed abroad
The love of my redeeming God,
In this cold heart of mine:
O might He now descend, and rest
Forever in this troubled breast,
And keep me ever thine.

413 L. M.

The sacrifice of a broken heart.

THOUGH I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.

2 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
Thou God of grace, wilt thou despise
A broken heart for sacrifice?

3 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns the dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save a soul condemn'd to die.

414 C. M.

Looking unto Jesus.

THOU Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
To thee I humbly pray;
O heal me of my grief and pain,—
And take my sins away.
Now from this bondage, Lord, release,
And give the wand'rer rest:
Redeemer, Saviour, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

2 Thou wilt not cast a sinner out,
Who humbly comes to thee;
My gracious Lord, I cannot doubt
Thy mercy is for me:
O let me now obtain the grace,
And find my long-sought rest:
Redeemer, Saviour, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

3 Mere worldly good I do not want;
Be that to others given:
While only for thy love I pant,
My all in earth or heaven:
This is the crown I fain would seize,—
With which I would be blest:
Redeemer, Saviour, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

415 12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

Wretched, and poor, and blind, and naked.

WRETCHED, helpless, and distress'd,
Ah! whither shall I fly?
Ever gasping after rest,—
I cannot find it nigh:
Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,—
Fast bound in sin and misery,—
Friend of sinners, let me find
My help, my all in thee.

2 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
In thee is all I want;
Be the wand'rer's resting-place,—
A cordial to the faint:
Make me rich, for I am poor;
In thee may I my Eden find;
To the dying, health restore,
And eye-sight to the blind.

3 Clothe me, Lord, with holiness,
With meek humility;
Put on me that glorious dress,—
Endue my soul with thee:
Let thine image be restored;
Thy name and nature let me prove;
With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
And perfect me in love.

416 C. M.

The conquering love of Jesus.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life that I might live
A life conceal'd in him.

2 O that I could the blessing prove,—
My heart's extreme desire;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire.

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more.

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
E'en now my sins remove,
And set my soul at liberty
By thy victorious love.

417 L. M.

Only Jesus.

WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fulness of thy promise prove,—
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near:
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of gospel day.

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus, my soul shall fly to thee:
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

418 S. M.

Waiting at the cross.

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,—
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,—
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood to' impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

419

10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

Save, Lord, or I perish.

O JESUS, in pity draw near;
Come quickly to help a lost soul;
To comfort a mourner, appear,
And make a poor penitent whole:
The balm of thy mercy apply;
(Thou seest the sore anguish I feel;)
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die;
O save, or I sink into hell.

2 I sink, if thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to show:
Come quickly, and kindly display
The power of thy passion below:
By all thou hast done for my sake,
One drop of thy blood I implore;
Now, now let it touch me, and make
The sinner—a sinner no more.

420

L. M.

Deprecating the withdrawal of the Spirit.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vex'd, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To' exclude me from thy people's rest.

421 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

Ardent desires for the Spirit's influences.

COME, holy, celestial Dove,
To visit a sorrowful breast;
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest.
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load;
The sense of acceptance to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the blood.

2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
And strangely withheld me from sin,
And tried, by the lure of thy love,
My worthless affections to win;
The work of thy mercy revive;
Thy uttermost mercy exert;
And kindly continue to strive,
And hold, till I yield thee my heart.

3 Thy call if I ever have known,
And sigh'd for myself to get free,
And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
And long'd to be happy in thee;
Fulfil the imperfect desire;
Thy peace to my conscience reveal;
The sense of thy favour inspire,
And give me my pardon to feel.

422 C. M.

The surrender.

HOW oft have I the Spirit grieved,
Since first with me he strove;
How obstinately disbelieved,
And trampled on his love!
How have I sinn'd against the light;
Broken from his embrace;
And would not, when I freely might,
Be justified by grace.

2 But after all that I have done
To drive him from my heart,
The Spirit leaves me not alone,—
He doth not yet depart;
He will not give the sinner o'er;
Ready e'en now to save,
He bids me come as heretofore,
That I his grace may have.

3 I take thee at thy gracious word;
My foolishness I mourn;
And unto my redeeming Lord,
However late, I turn:
Saviour, I yield, I yield at last;
I hear thy speaking blood;
Myself, with all my sins, I cast
On my atoning God.

423 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

The Light of Life.

O DISCLOSE thy lovely face!
Quicken all my drooping powers;
Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
As a thirsty land for showers:
Hasten, Lord, no more delay;
Come, my Saviour, come away.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see:
Till thou inward life impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

424

C. M.

Groaning for deliverance.

WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avail my strife,—
My wand'ring to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall;
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

425

L. M.

Hope springing up.

MY soul before thee prostrate lies;
To thee, her Source, my spirit flies;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see;
O let thy presence set me free.

2 Jesus, vouchsafe my heart and will
With thy meek lowliness to fill;
No more her power let nature boast,
But in thy will may mine be lost.

3 Already springing hope I feel,—
God will destroy the power of hell,
And, from a land of wars and pain,
Lead me where peace and safety reign.

4 One only care my soul shall know,—
Father, all thy commands to do;
And feel, what endless years shall prove,
That thou, my Lord, my God, art love.

426 C. M.

Struggling into liberty.

JESUS! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's Friend;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.

2 Deliv'rance to my soul proclaim,
And life and liberty;
Shed forth the virtue of thy Name,
And Jesus prove to me.

3 Faith to be heal'd thou know'st I have,
For thou that faith hast given;
Thou canst, thou wilt, the sinner save,
And make me meet for heaven.

4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine;
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

427 S. M.

Embracing offered mercy.

O MY offended God!
If now at last I see
That I have trampled on thy blood,
And done despite to thee;
If I begin to wake
Out of my deadly sleep;
Into thine arms of mercy take,
And there forever keep.

2 No other right have I,
Than what the world may claim;
And all may to their God draw nigh,
Through faith in Jesus' name;
Thy death hath wrought the power
For every sinful soul;
That all may know the gracious hour,
And be by faith made whole.

3 Thou hast for sinners died,
That all might come to God;
The cov'nant thou hast ratified,
And seal'd it with thy blood:
Thou hast obtain'd the grace
That all may turn and live;
And now thy offer I embrace,—
Thy mercy I receive.

428

S. M.

Embracing the all-sufficient portion.

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,—
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,—
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou;
Thou all-sufficient art:
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

429 S. M.

Light dawning upon the soul.

OUT of the depths of wo,
To thee, O Lord, I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That thou art ever nigh.

2 Humbly on thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin;
Lord, I am knocking at the gate;
Open, and take me in.

3 O hearken to my voice,—
Give ear to my complaint;
Thou bidd'st the mourning soul rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint.

4 Glory to God above,—
The waters soon will cease;
For, lo! the swift returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

5 Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud;
Jehovah's covenant is sure,—
His bow is in the cloud.

430 C. M.

The returning prodigal.

THE long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wand'rings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.

2 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.

3 With deep repentance I'll return,
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be call'd a son,
I'll ask a servant's place.

4 Far off the Father saw him move,—
In pensive silence mourn,—
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew,—
The long-lost son is found!

431 12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

Saved by grace.

LET the world their virtue boast,—
Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace;
Other title I disclaim;
This, only this, is all my plea:—
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound
Like Jordan's swelling stream;
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him.
Meanest foll'wer of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see:—
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live;
I shall feel thy death applied;
I shall thy life receive:
Yet, when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea,—
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

432 11th P. M. 76, 76, 77, 76.

The righteousness of faith.

OFT I in my heart have said,—
Who shall ascend on high,
Mount to Christ, my glorious Head,
And bring him from the sky?
Borne on contemplation's wing,
Surely I shall find him there,
Where the angels praise their King,
And gain the Morning Star.

2 Oft I in my heart have said,—
Who to the deep shall stoop,
Sink with Christ among the dead,
From thence to bring him up?
Could I but my heart prepare,
By unfeign'd humility,
Christ would quickly enter there,
And ever dwell in me.

3 But the righteousness of faith
Hath taught me better things:
Inward turn thine eyes,—it saith,
While Christ to me it brings:—
Christ is ready to impart
Life to all, for life who sigh:
In thy mouth and in thy heart
The word is ever nigh.

433 L. M.

The Lord our righteousness.

LET not the wise their wisdom boast,
The mighty glory in their might;
The rich in flatt'ring riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.

2 The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When, dust, he turns to dust again?

3 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God;
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.

4 The Lord my righteousness I praise,
I triumph in the love divine;
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
In Christ to endless ages mine.

434 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

The covenant of grace signed and sealed.

JESUS Christ, who stands between
Angry Heaven and guilty men,
Undertakes to buy our peace;
Gives the covenant of grace;
Ratifies and makes it good;
Signs and seals it with his blood.

2 Life his healing blood imparts,
Sprinkled in our peaceful hearts;
Abel's blood for vengeance cried;
Jesus' speaks us justified;
Speaks and calls for better things;
Makes us prophets, priests, and kings.

435 L. M.

The realizing light of faith.

AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame;
Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same:—

2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.

3 By faith we know thee strong to save:
(Save us, a present Saviour thou:)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have;
Future, and past, subsisting now.

4 To him that in thy Name believes,
Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,—
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimm'ring ray,
With strong commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light;
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The' Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

436 L. M.

Salvation only by grace through faith.

WE have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works, to plead;
We only can be saved by grace;
Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.

2 Save us by grace, through faith alone,—
A faith thou must thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart:

3 A faith that doth the mountains move,
A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.

4 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in thy all-cleansing blood;
That faith which doth for sinners speak,
O let it speak us up to God!

437 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The soul's anchor.

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me:
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

4 By faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

438 C. M.

Faith counted for righteousness.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,—
My Saviour, and my Head,—
I trust in thee, whose powerful word
Hath raised him from the dead.

2 Thou know'st for my offence he died,
And rose again for me;
Fully and freely justified,
That I might live to thee.

3 O God! thy record I believe,
In Abrah'm's footsteps tread;
And wait, expecting to receive
The Christ, the promised Seed.

4 Faith in thy power thou seest I have,
For thou this faith hast wrought;
Dead souls thou callest from the grave,
And speakest worlds from naught.

5 Eternal life to all mankind
Thou hast in Jesus given:
And all who seek, in him shall find
The happiness of heaven.

439 C. M.

Continued.—Victorious faith.

IN hope, against all human hope,
Self-desp'rate, I believe,—
Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up;
Thou wilt thy Spirit give.

2 The thing surpasses all my thought;
But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.

3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries,—It shall be done!

4 To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give;
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

5 Obedient faith, that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

440 C. M.

Peace in believing.

JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid:
Oppress'd by sins, I lift mine eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid:
On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stay'd.

3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim:
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,—
On thee will I depend,
Till summon'd to the marriage feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

441 C. M.

This is life eternal.

THE wisdom own'd by all thy sons,
To me, O God, impart;
The knowledge of the holy ones,—
The understanding heart.
Thy name, O holy Father, tell
To one who would believe;
To me thine only Son reveal,—
Thy Holy Spirit give.

2 'Tis life eternal to believe
The heavenly Persons mine:
Father, and Son, and Spirit give
That precious faith divine.
A Trinity in Unity
My soul shall then adore;
And love, and praise, and worship thee,
Jehovah, evermore.

442 C. M.

The blood of sprinkling.

MY God, my God, to thee I cry;
Thee only would I know;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Purge my iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art;
Whisper within, thou love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,—
His wounds are open wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

443 S. M.

Self-righteousness destroyed.

A GOODLY, formal saint,
I long appear'd in sight;
By self and Satan taught to paint
My tomb, my nature, white.
The Pharisee within
Still undisturb'd remain'd;
The strong man, arm'd with guilt of sin,
Safe in his palace reign'd.

2 But, O, the jealous God
In my behalf came down;
Jesus himself the stronger show'd,
And claim'd me for his own.
My spirit he alarm'd,
And brought into distress;
He shook and bound the strong man, arm'd
In his self-righteousness.

3 Faded my virtuous show,—
My form without the power;
The sin-convincing Spirit blew,
And blasted every flower.
My mouth was stopp'd, and shame
Cover'd my guilty face;
I fell on the atoning Lamb,
And I was saved by grace.

444 L. M.

Graven on the palms of His hands.

JESUS, the Lamb of God, hath bled;
He bore our sins upon the tree;
Beneath our curse he bow'd his head;—
'Tis finish'd! he hath died for me.

2 See, where before the throne he stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer;
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shows that I am graven there.

3 He ever lives for me to pray;
He prays that I with him may reign:
Amen to what my Lord doth say;
Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

445 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

No condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.

AND can it be that I should gain
An int'rest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

2 'Tis myst'ry all,—the' Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine;
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,—
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread,—
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the' eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

446 L. M.

Embracing the Saviour by faith.

INTO thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of faith embrace;
O King of glory, hear my call;
O raise me, heal me by thy grace.
Now righteous through thy grace I am;
No condemnation now I dread;
I taste salvation in thy name,—
Alive in thee, my living Head.

2 Still let thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take thy flight from me away;
Still with me let thy grace abide,
That I from thee may never stray:
Let thy word richly in me dwell,—
Thy peace and love my portion be:
My joy to' endure and do thy will,
Till perfect I am found in thee.

447 C. M.

The blood applied.

IN answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pard'ning God, descend:
Number me with salvation's heirs,—
My sins and troubles end.

2 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven:
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

448 L. M.

The highway of holiness.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,—
He, whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,—
The road that leads from banishment,—
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,—
Come hither, soul, I am the way.

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give,—
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say,—Behold the way to God.

449 L. M.

The riches of His grace.

WHAT am I, O thou glorious God!
And what my father's house to thee,
That thou such mercy hast bestow'd
On me, the vilest reptile, me?

2 Me, in my blood, thy love pass'd by,
And stopp'd my ruin to retrieve;
Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye;
Thy bowels yearn'd, and sounded,—Live!

3 Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
Received the blessing from above,
And pardon in thy mercy found,
Astonish'd at thy boundless love.

4 Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise,
I render to my pard'ning God;
Extol the riches of thy grace,
And spread thy saving name abroad.

5 I magnify thy gracious power,
And all within me shouts thy Name:
Thy Name let every soul adore;
Thy power let every tongue proclaim.

450 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The covenant signed and sealed.

THIS day the covenant I sign,—
The bond of sure and promised peace;
Nor can I doubt its power divine,
Since seal'd with Jesus' blood it is;
That blood I take, that blood alone,
And make the cov'nant peace mine own.

2 But, that my faith no more may know
Or change, or interval, or end,—
Help me in all thy paths to go,
And now, as e'er, thy voice attend;
And deign, O Lord, to call me thine,
And I will dare to call thee mine.

451 L. M.

Vows remembered and renewed.

O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possess'd.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

452 15th P. M. 12 9, 12 9.

Joy of the young convert.

O HOW happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,—
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood;
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

453 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

Comfort arising from a sense of pardon.

HAPPY soul, who sees the day,
The glad day of gospel-grace:
Thee, my Lord, thou then wilt say,
Thee will I forever praise;
Though thy wrath against me burn'd,
Thou dost comfort me again;
All thy wrath aside is turn'd,—
Thou hast blotted out my sin.

2 Me, behold; thy mercy spares;
Jesus my salvation is;
Hence, my doubts; away, my fears;
Jesus is become my peace;
Jah, Jehovah, is my Lord,
Ever merciful and just;
I will lean upon his word;
I will on his promise trust.

454 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Love to the Saviour.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour,—hear his word.
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love thee and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!

455 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

Thy vows are upon me, O God.

O HOW shall a sinner perform
The vows he hath vow'd to the Lord?
A sinful and impotent worm,
How can I be true to my word?
I tremble at what I have done:
O send me thy help from above:
The power of thy Spirit make known,
The virtue of Jesus's love.

2 My solemn engagements are vain;
My promises empty as air;
My vows, I shall break them again,
And plunge in eternal despair:
Unless my omnipotent God
The sense of his goodness impart,
And shed, by his Spirit, abroad
The love of himself in my heart.

456 L. M.

The healing and cleansing Fountain.

BY faith I to the fountain fly,
Open'd for all mankind and me,
To purge my sins of deepest dye,—
My life and heart's impurity.

2 From Christ, the smitten Rock, it flows,
The purple and the crystal stream;
Pardon and holiness bestows,
And both I gain through faith in him.

457

13th P. M. 10 10, 11 11.

The plenteousness of His grace.

O WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace;
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
The weakest believer that hangs upon him.

2 How happy the man whose heart is set free;
The people that can be joyful in thee;
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

3 For thou art their boast, their glory, and power,
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.

4 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defence;
I trust in his word; none plucks me from thence;
Since I have found favour, he all things will do;
My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.

5 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own;
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

458

14th P. M. 10 11, 10 11.

Accepted in the Beloved.

ALL praise to the Lamb! accepted I am,
Through faith in the Saviour's adorable Name:
In him I confide, his blood is applied;
For me he hath suffer'd, for me he hath died.

2 Not a doubt doth arise, to darken the skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from mine eyes:
In him I am blest, I lean on his breast,
And lo! in his wounds I continue to rest.

ADOPTION AND ASSURANCE.

459 S. M.

Knowledge of forgiveness.

HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men,
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburden'd of her load,
And swells, unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

5 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.

6 Stronger than death or hell
The sacred power we prove;
And, conqu'rors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

460 S. M.

Continued.—The indwelling Spirit.

WE by his Spirit prove,
And know the things of God,—
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestow'd.

2 His Spirit, which he gave,
Now dwells in us, we know;
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.

3 The meek and lowly heart,
That in our Saviour was,
To us his Spirit does impart,
And signs us with his cross.

4 Our nature's turn'd, our mind
Transform'd in all its powers;
And both the witnesses are join'd,—
Thy Spirit, Lord, with ours.

5 Whate'er our pard'ning Lord
Commands, we gladly do;
And, guided by his sacred word,
We all his steps pursue.

6 His glory our design,
We live our God to please;
And rise, with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

461 S. M.

Seeking the evidence of acceptance.

I LISTEN for the voice
Which speaks my sins forgiven;
Speak, Lord, and bid my heart rejoice
In certain hope of heaven.
Thy Name O may I prove,
Thy Name inscribed on me;
And triumph in redeeming love
Through all eternity.

462 C. M.

The earnest and pledge of joys to come.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,—
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

463 L. M.

Rejoicing in forgiving love.

MY soul, with humble fervour raise
To God the voice of grateful praise,
And all my ransom'd powers combine,
To bless his attributes divine.

2 Deep on my heart let mem'ry trace
His acts of mercy and of grace;
Who, with a Father's tender care,
Saved me when sinking in despair;

3 Gave my repentant soul to prove
The joy of his forgiving love;
Pour'd balm into my bleeding breast,
And led my weary feet to rest.

464 L. M.

Shouting God's praises.

MY soul, through my Redeemer's care,
Saved from the second death, I feel;
Mine eyes from tears of dark despair,
My feet from falling into hell.

2 Wherefore to him my feet shall run;
My eyes on his perfections gaze;
My soul shall live for God alone,
And all within me shout his praise.

465 C. M.

The Godhead reconciled.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in presons three;
Bring back the heavenly blessing lost
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favour and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep me evermore.

3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light, in thy light, O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Revived, and cheer'd, and blest by thee,
The God of pard'ning love.

5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

466 C. M.

The spirit of adoption.

FATHER, I wait before thy throne:
Call me a child of thine:
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

2 There shed thy promised love abroad,
And make my comfort strong;
Then shall I say,—My Father, God!
With an unwav'ring tongue.

467

6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

The Spirit of God dwelleth in you.

ABBA, Father, hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power;
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

2 Lord, I will not let thee go
Till the blessing thou bestow:
Hear my Advocate divine:
Lo! to his my suit I join:
Join'd to his, it cannot fail:
Bless me; for I will prevail.

3 Heavenly Father, life divine,
Change my nature into thine;
Move, and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate, and fill the whole:
Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but thou.

4 Holy Ghost, no more delay;
Come, and in thy temple stay:
Now thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear:
Spring of life, thyself impart;
Rise eternal in my heart.

468

2d P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The sanctifying and sealing Spirit.

FATHER of everlasting grace,
Thy goodness and thy truth we praise,
Thy goodness and thy truth we prove;
Thou hast, in honour of thy Son,
The gift unspeakable sent down,—
Spirit of life, and power, and love.

2 Send us the Spirit of thy Son,
To make the depths of Godhead known,
To make us share the life divine:
Send him the sprinkled blood to' apply;
Send him our souls to sanctify,
And show and seal us ever thine.

3 So shall we pray, and never cease;
So shall we thankfully confess
Thy wisdom, truth, and power, and love;
With joy unspeakable adore,
And bless and praise thee evermore,
And serve thee as thy hosts above:—

4 Till, added to that heavenly choir,
We raise our songs of triumph higher,
And praise thee in a bolder strain;
Outsoar the first-born seraph's flight,
And sing, with all the saints in light,
Thy everlasting love to man.

469 C. M.

Blessedness of adoption.

AND can my heart aspire so high
To say,—My Father, God?
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let each rebellious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 My Father, God, permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

470 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

The witness of the Spirit.

EARNEST of future bliss,
Thee, Holy Ghost, we hail;
Fountain of holiness,
Whose comforts never fail;
The cleansing gift on saints bestow'd,
The witness of their peace with God.

2 By thee, on earth, we know
Ourselves in Christ renew'd;
Brought by thy grace into
The family of God;
Of his adopting love the seal,
And faithful teacher of his will.

3 Great Comforter, descend
In gentle breathings down;
Preserve us to the end,
That no man take our crown;
Our Guardian still vouchsafe to be,
Nor suffer us to go from thee.

471 4th P. M. 886, 886.

The inward witness.

THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
E'en from my infant days;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd, with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above;
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the Gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That ante-past of heaven.

4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself thy child?

5 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art;
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thy hall'wing Spirit dwell
Forever in my heart.

472 C. M.

Delightful assurance.

SOV'REIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor while, unworthy, I draw nigh,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father, God! that gracious word
Dispels my guilty fear;
Not all the notes by angels heard
Could so delight my ear.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, thyself impress
On my expanding heart;
And show that in the Father's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheer'd by that witness from on high,
Unwav'ring I believe;
And Abba, Father, humbly cry;
Nor can the sign deceive.

473 L. M.

The bliss of assurance.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin;
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft, and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to the' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow;
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

474 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

"Abba, Father."

ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:—
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

475 L. M.

Filial confidence and joy.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,—
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise:
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

476

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The ante-past of heaven.

WHERE shall my wond'ring soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeem'd from death and sin,—
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire,—
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliv'rer's praise?

2 O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast show'd?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be call'd a child of God,
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this ante-past of heaven.

3 And shall I slight my Father's love,
Or basely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favours prove?
Shall I, the hallow'd cross to shun,
Refuse his righteousness to' impart,
By hiding it within my heart?

4 No: though the ancient dragon rage,
And call forth all his hosts to war;
Though earth's self-righteous sons engage,
Them and their god alike I dare;
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, proclaim;
Jesus, to sinners still the same.

477

S. M.

The revealing and witnessing Spirit.

SPIRIT of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood:
'Tis thine the blood to' apply,
And give us eyes to see,
That He who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then we feel
Our int'rest in his blood;
And cry, with joy unspeakable,—
Thou art my Lord, my God!

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of his Name:
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

478 26th P. M. 7s & 6s.

The comforts, gifts, and graces of the Spirit.

GOD of all consolation,
The Holy Ghost thou art;
Thy secret inspiration
Hath told it to my heart:
The blessing I inherit,
Through Jesus' prayer bestow'd,
The Comforter, the Spirit,
The true eternal God.

2 With God the Son and Saviour,
With God the Father one,
The tokens of his favour
Are now to man made known;
An ante-past of heaven
Thou dost in me reveal,
Attest my sins forgiven,
And my salvation seal.

3 The' indubitable witness
Of thy own Deity,
Thou giv'st my soul its fitness
Thy glorious face to see:
Thy comforts, gifts, and graces,
My largest thoughts transcend,
And challenge endless praises,
When faith in sight shall end.

479 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The signature of divine love.

WHEN shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
Attend the promised Comforter:
O come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine.

2 O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest;
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire;
Attest that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
I cannot rest in sins forgiven;
Where is the earnest of my heaven?

4 Where the indubitable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,—
The signature of love divine;
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!

SANCTIFICATION.

480 C. M.

The hope of our high calling.

WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up;
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait till he shall touch me clean,—
Shall life and power impart;
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free;
Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners,—me.

4 From all iniquity, from all,
He shall my soul redeem;
In Jesus I believe, and shall
Believe myself to him.

5 When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart;—
And, lo! he saith, I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart.

6 Be it according to thy word;
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive thee, Lord;
Come in, my Lord, come in!

481 L. M.

The will of God.

HE wills that I should holy be:
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
Accomplish'd in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stay'd,
And waits to prove thine utmost will;
The promise by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt, in me fulfil.

4 No more I stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move:
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.

482 S. M.

Thy will be done.

THIS is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be;
Should let my sins this moment go,
This moment turn to thee.

2 O might I now embrace
Thine all-sufficient power,
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more.

483 C. M.

The good pleasure of his will.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,—
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be!
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possess'd,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

484 C. M.

The believer's rest.

LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in:
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,—
The Sabbath of thy love.

485 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

He saves his people from their sins.

SAVIOUR from sin, I wait to prove
That Jesus is thy healing name;
To lose, when perfected in love,
Whate'er I have, or can, or am:
I stay me on thy faithful word,—
The servant shall be as his Lord.

2 Didst thou not in the flesh appear,
Sin to condemn, and man to save?
That perfect love might cast out fear?
That I thy mind in me might have?
In holiness show forth thy praise,
And serve thee all my happy days?

3 Didst thou not die that I might live
No longer to myself, but thee?
Might body, soul, and spirit give
To Him who gave himself for me?
Come then, my Master and my God,
Now take the purchase of thy blood.

486 C. M.

He is faithful that hath promised.

JESUS, the sinner's rest thou art,
From guilt, and fear, and pain;
While thou art absent from the heart
We look for rest in vain.

2 O when wilt thou my Saviour be?
O when shall I be clean?
The true eternal Sabbath see,—
A perfect rest from sin?

3 The consolations of thy word
My soul have long upheld;
The faithful promise of the Lord
Shall surely be fulfill'd.

4 I look to my incarnate God
Till he his work begin;
And wait till his redeeming blood
Shall cleanse me from all sin.

5 O that I now the voice might hear
That speaks my sins forgiven;
Thy word is pass'd to give me here
The inward pledge of heaven.

6 Thy blood shall over all prevail,
And sanctify the' unclean;
The grace that saves the soul from hell,
Will save from present sin.

487

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

All things possible to the believer.

ALL things are possible to him
That can in Jesus' name believe:
Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme;
Thy truth I lovingly receive;
I can, I do believe in thee,—
All things are possible to me.

2 When thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I here shall in thine image shine,
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought.
Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,
They cannot break the firm decree,—
All things are possible to me.

3 All things are possible to God,—
To Christ, the power of God in man,—
To me, when I am all renew'd,—
When I in Christ am form'd again,
And witness, from all sin set free,—
All things are possible to me.

488

S. M.

Christ, the guide and counsellor.

JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My wisdom and my guide,
My counsellor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

5 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove;
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.

6 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroy'd;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

489 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

His blood cleanseth from all sin.

PRIS'NERS of hope, lift up your heads;
The day of liberty draws near;
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear.
The Lord will to his temple come;
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Ye all shall find, whom in his word
Himself hath caused to put your trust,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promise just;
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

3 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up!
Ye shall not be forgotten long;
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!
Tell him ye wait his grace to prove;
And cannot fail, if God is love.

490

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The promises are sure.

PRIS'NERS of hope, be strong, be bold;
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear;
Dare to believe; on Christ lay hold;
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer;
Tell him,—We will not let thee go,
Till we thy name, thy nature know.

2 Hast thou not died to purge our sin,
And risen, thy death for us to plead?
To write thy law of love within
Our hearts, and make us free indeed?
That we our Eden might regain,
Thou diedst, and couldst not die in vain.

3 The promise stands, forever sure,
And we shall in thine image shine,
Partakers of a nature pure,
Holy, angelical, divine;
In spirit join'd to thee, the Son,
As thou art with the Father one.

491

4th P. M. 886, 886.

The glorious hope.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love,
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness.

492 C. M.

A hope full of immortality.

O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace,
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face,—
I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view:
Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see:
My hope is full, (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4 With me, I know, I feel, thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

5 My earth thou wat'rest from on high,
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry;
Spring up within my soul.

6 Come, O my God, thyself reveal;
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God.

493 L. M.

There remaineth a rest for the people of God.

COME, O thou greater than our heart,
And make thy faithful mercies known;
The mind which was in thee impart:
Thy constant mind in us be shown.

2 O let us by thy cross abide,
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
The Lamb for sinners crucified,
A world to save from endless wo.

3 Take us into thy people's rest,
And we from our own works shall cease;
With thy meek Spirit arm our breast,
And keep our minds in perfect peace.

4 Jesus, for this we calmly wait;
O let our eyes behold thee near!
Hasten to make our heaven complete;
Appear, our glorious God, appear.

494 L. M.

The promised rest.

GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure;
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
Remains, and stands forever sure:—

2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

3 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

4 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove;
Enter into the promised rest,—
The Canaan of thy perfect love.

495 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

Rejoicing in prospect of the blessing.

YE ransom'd sinners, hear,
The pris'ners of the Lord;
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me:
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near:
Again I say, Rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Who Jesus' suff'rings share,
My fellow-pris'ners now,
Ye soon the crown shall wear
On your triumphant brow:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

6 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise:
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

496 L. M.

The land of rest.

THY loving Spirit, Lord, alone,
Can lead me forth, and make me free;
The bondage break in which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty.

2 Now let thy Spirit bring me in,
And give thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,—
The land of perfect holiness.

3 Lord, I believe thy power the same;
The same thy truth and grace endure;
And in thy blessed hands I am,
And trust thee for a perfect cure.

4 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole;
Entirely all my sins remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,—
To perfect holiness and love.

497 S. M.

Purity of heart.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

498 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

The new creation.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,—
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit;
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,—
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

499 4th P. M. 886, 886.

The pure in heart shall see God.

SAVIOUR, on me the grace bestow,
That, with thy children, I may know
My sins on earth forgiven;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven.

2 Me with that restless thirst inspire,
That sacred, infinite desire,
And feast my hungry heart;
Less than thyself cannot suffice;
My soul for all thy fulness cries,—
For all thou hast and art.

3 Jesus, the crowning grace impart;
Bless me with purity of heart,
That now beholding thee,
I soon may view thy open face,
On all thy glorious beauties gaze,
And God forever see.

500 C. M.

A perfect heart the Redeemer's throne.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me:—

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:—

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of Love.

501 L. M.

The new covenant.

O God, most merciful and true,
Thy nature to my soul impart;
'Stablish with me the cov'nant new,
And stamp thine image on my heat.

2 To real holiness restored,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind;
And in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fulness of life eternal find.

3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore,
With speechless wonder, at thy feet.

4 O'erwhelm'd with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move;
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapt'rous awe, and silent love.

5 Then every murm'ring thought, and vain,
Expires, in sweet confusion lost:
I cannot of my cross complain,—
I cannot of my goodness boast.

6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide;
And glory give to God alone,—
My God in Jesus pacified.

502

5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Perfect submission.

WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resign'd to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below?
Only guided by thy light?
Only mighty in thy might?

3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow:
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one:—

4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove,
All the depths of humble love.

503

L. M.

Christ all in all.

HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will:
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye:
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace;
I would be by myself abhorr'd;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory, be to Christ my Lord.

4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
Now let me into nothing fall,
As less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all.

504

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The prize of our high calling.

TO thee, great God of love, I bow,
And prostrate in thy sight adore:
By faith I see thee passing now:
I have, but still I ask for more:
A glimpse of love cannot suffice;
My soul for all thy presence cries.

2 More favor'd than the saints of old,
Who now by faith approach to thee,
Shall all, with open face, behold
In Christ, the glorious Deity;
Shall see and put salvation on,
The nature of thy sinless Son.

3 This, this is our high calling's prize;
Thine image in thy Son I claim;
And still to higher glories rise,
Till, all transform'd, I know thy name,
And glide to all my heaven above,—
My highest heaven in Jesus' love.

505

L. M.

Mark of perfection.

WHAT! never speak one evil word?
Or rash, or idle, or unkind?
O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
This mark of true perfection find?

2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal;
Thy Spirit's plenitude impart;
And all my spotless life shall tell
The' abundance of a loving heart.

506

L. M.

Renouncing all for Christ.

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glitt'ring snares, adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

507 S. M.

The perfect law of love.

THE thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew:

2 My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
Forever cease from sin.

3 That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it on my heart!

4 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,—
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

5 Thy nature be my law,—
Thy spotless sanctity;
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.

6 Soul of my soul, remain!
Who didst for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord fulfil again
Thy heavenly Father's will.

508 C. M.

Aspiring after holiness.

THOU God of all-sufficient grace,
My God in Christ thou art;
O may I walk before thy face,
Till I am pure in heart:
Until transform'd by faith divine,
I gain that love unknown;
And bright in all thine image shine,
By putting on thy Son.

2 Now, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In council join again,
To reimpress thine image, lost
By frail, apostate man;
O might I, Lord, thy form express,—
Begotten from above,—
Be stamp'd with real holiness,
And fill'd with perfect love!

509 C. M.

Cordial obedience.

COME, Lord, and claim me for thine own,
Saviour, thy right assert;
Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
And reign within my heart.

2 The day of thy great power I feel,
And pant for liberty;
I loathe myself, deny my will,
And give up all for thee.

3 I hate my sins,—no longer mine,
For I renounce them too;
My weakness with thy strength I join;
Thy strength shall all subdue.

4 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway,
And, sitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,—
With all my soul submit.

510 L. M.

The light yoke and easy burden.

O THAT my load of sin were gone;
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

511 4th P. M. 886, 886.

The blessed hope.

BUT can it be that I should prove
Forever faithful to thy love,—
From sin forever cease?
I thank thee for the blessed hope;
It lifts my drooping spirits up;
It gives me back my peace.

2 In thee, O Lord, I put my trust;
Mighty, and merciful, and just,
Thy sacred word is past;
And I, who dare thy word believe,
Without committing sin shall live,—
Shall live to God at last.

3 I rest in thine almighty power;
The name of Jesus is my tower
That hides my life above:
Thou canst, thou wilt, my helper be;
My confidence is all in thee,
The faithful God of love.

4 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
My soul to thy continual care
I faithfully commend;
Assured that thou through life wilt save,
And show thyself beyond the grave
My everlasting Friend.

512 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Rejoicing in hope.

JESUS comes with all his grace,
Comes to save a fallen race;
Object of our glorious hope,
Jesus comes to lift us up.

2 Let the living stones cry out;
Let the sons of Abrah'm shout:
Praise we all our lowly King;
Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing.

3 We are now his lawful right;
Walk as children of the light;
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart, to see his face.

4 We shall gain our calling's prize;
After God we all shall rise,
Fill'd with joy, and love, and peace,
Perfected in holiness.

5 Let us then rejoice in hope;
Steadily to Christ look up;
Trust to be redeem'd from sin,
Wait till he appear within.

6 Hasten, Lord, the perfect day;
Let thy every servant say,—
I have now obtain'd the power,
Born of God, to sin no more.

513 C. M.

The garner of God.

COME, thou omniscient Son of man,
Display thy sifting power;
Come, with thy Spirit's winn'wing fan,
And throughly purge thy floor.

2 The chaff of sin, the accursed thing,
Far from our souls be driven;
The wheat into thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heaven.

3 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
Far from our hearts remove;
As dust before the whirlwind flies,
Disperse it by thy love.

4 Then let us all thy fulness know,
From every sin set free;
Saved to the utmost, saved below,
And perfected in thee.

514

20th P. M. 66, 77, 77.

The willing captive.

JESUS, thou art our King!
To me thy succour bring;
Christ the mighty one art thou;
Help for all on thee is laid:
This the word; I claim it now;
Send me now the promised aid.

2 High on the Father's throne,
O look with pity down!
Help, O help, attend my call;
Captive lead captivity:
King of glory, Lord of all,
Christ, be Lord, be King to me!

3 I now would feel thy sway,
And only thee obey;
Thee my spirit pants to meet:
This my one, my ceaseless prayer,—
Make, O make my heart thy seat;
O set up thy kingdom there!

4 Triumph and reign in me,
And spread thy victory;
Hell, and death, and sin control;
Pride, and wrath, and every foe,
All subdue; through all my soul,
Conqu'ring and to conquer go.

515

C. M.

The omnipotence of love.

GOD of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal;
Thy word, thy oath, to Abrah'm's race,
In me, O Lord, fulfil.

2 That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain;
Which holds, and will not let thee go,
Till I my suit obtain:—

3 Till thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown;
And tell my infinite desire,—
Whate'er thou wilt, be done.

4 On me the faith divine bestow,
Which doth the mountain move;
And all my spotless life shall show
The' omnipotence of love.

516 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Perfect peace.

PRINCE of peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,—
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Open'd wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour! at thy feet I fall;
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with thee!

517 C. M.

Thy commandments are exceeding broad.

DEEPEN the wound thy hands have made
In this weak, helpless soul:
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
Descend to make me whole.

2 The sharpness of thy two-edged sword
Enable me to' endure;
Till bold to say,—My hall'wing Lord
Hath wrought a perfect cure.

3 I see the' exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one:
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.

4 O that, with all thy saints, I might
By sweet experience prove
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth, of perfect love.

518

C. M.

Perfect freedom.

IF thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need:
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

2 I cannot rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

3 From sin,—the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul:
Lord, I believe—and not in vain;
My faith shall make me whole.

4 I, too, with thee, shall walk in white;
With all thy saints shall prove
The length and depth, and breadth and height,
Of everlasting love.

519

5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

The image of God.

FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me;
Sweetly beaming in my face
May the world thine image see.

2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown:
Fix my thoughts on things above;
Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 To thy gracious will resign'd—
All thy will by me be done;
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod;
Die with Jesus on the cross,—
Rise with him to live with God.

520 S. M.

Glorious liberty.

O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within;
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin!

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,—
Spirit of finish'd holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume;
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,—
According to thy will and word,—
Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

521 C. M.

The perfect rest from sin.

JESUS, my Lord, I cry to thee,
Against the foe within:
I want a constant liberty,
A perfect rest from sin.

2 Thy killing and thy quick'ning power,
Jesus, in me display;
The life of nature, from this hour,
My pride and passion slay.

3 Then, then, my utmost Saviour, raise
My soul with saints above,
To serve thy will, and spread thy praise,
And sing thy perfect love.

522 C. M.

The exceeding great reward.

THY name to me, thy nature grant!
This, only this be given!
Nothing beside my God I want;
Nothing in earth or heaven.

2 Come, O my Saviour, come away;
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my End.

3 The bliss thou hast for me prepared,
No longer be delay'd;
Come, my exceeding great Reward,
For whom I first was made.

4 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode:
Let all I am in thee be lost,
Let all be lost in God.

523 L. M.

Waiting for the promise.

O Jesus, full of truth and grace!
O all-atoning Lamb of God!
I wait to see thy glorious face;
I seek redemption in thy blood.

2 Thou art the anchor of my hope;
The faithful promise I receive:
Surely thy death shall raise me up,
For thou hast died that I might live.

3 Satan, with all his arts, no more
Me from the Gospel hope can move;
I shall receive the gracious power,
And find the pearl of perfect love.

4 My flesh, which cries,—It cannot be,
Shall silence keep before the Lord;
And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee
At Jesus' everlasting word.

524 C. M.

Entire purification.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,—
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

525 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

Entire consecration.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to thy call:
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all;
Lo! I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfil.

3 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

4 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours;
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new.

526 C. M.

Longing to be dissolved in love.

JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith to' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire,
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

527 C. M.

Soul and body dedicated to the Lord.

LET Him to whom we now belong,
His sov'reign right assert;
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone;
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive:
Fulfil our heart's desire;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all,—no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

528 20th P. M. 66, 77, 77.

Panting for the fulness of Deity.

SAVIOUR, the world's and mine,
Was ever grief like thine?
Thou my pain, my curse, hast borne;
All my sins were laid on thee:
Help me, Lord, for thee I mourn;
Draw me, Saviour, after thee.

2 To love is all my wish;
I only live for this:
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
There, by faith, forever dwell;
This I always will require,
Thee, and only thee to feel.

3 Thy power I pant to prove,
Rooted and fix'd in love;
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,
Wise to fathom things divine,
What the length, and breadth, and height,
What the depth of love like thine.

4 Ah! give me this to know,
With all thy saints below;
Swells my soul to compass thee:
Pants in thee to live and move;
Fill'd with all the Deity,
All immersed and lost in love!

529 L. M.

Thirsting for the fulness of love.

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

530

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Ardent longings for the blessing.

COME, O thou universal Good,
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,
My everlasting rest from sin.

2 Come, O my comfort and delight;
My strength and health, my shield and sun,
My boast, and confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown:
My Gospel hope, my calling's prize:
My tree of life, my paradise.

3 The Secret of the Lord thou art,
The mystery so long unknown;
Christ in a pure and perfect heart;
The name inscribed on the white stone:
The life divine, the little leaven,
My precious pearl, my present heaven.

531

C. M.

Love alone victorious.

WHEN shall I see the welcome hour
That plants my God in me?
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty.

2 Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue:
Come, O my Saviour, cast out sin,
And form my soul anew.

3 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While sanctified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

532 C. M.

The affections crucified.

JESUS, my life, thyself apply;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe:
My vile affections crucify;
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with the rebel strive:
Enter my soul and work within,
And kill and make alive.

3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord; thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul;
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,—
A temple built by God!

533 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

A lively sacrifice to God.

O GOD, what off'ring shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice:
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;
More shouldst thou have, if I had more.

2 Now, then, my God, thou hast my soul:
No longer mine, but thine I am:
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole;
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame.
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, thy hallow'd shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will:
Here let thy light forever shine;
This house still let thy presence fill.
O Source of life! live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love.

4 Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might:
Since I am call'd by thy great name,
In thee let all my thoughts unite;
Of all my works be thou the aim:
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be thy praise.

534

5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Panting for purity.

HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,—
As thou art, so let us be!

2 Jesus, see my panting breast;
See, I pant in thee to rest;
Gladly would I now be clean;
Cleanse me now from every sin.

3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind;
To thy cross my spirit bind:
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of thy blood!

535 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

The mind that was in Christ.

JESUS, plant and root in me
All the mind that was in thee;
Settled peace I then shall find;
Jesus' is a quiet mind.

2 Anger I no more shall feel,—
Always even, always still;
Meekly on my God reclined;
Jesus' is a gentle mind.

3 I shall suffer and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will;
Be in all alike resign'd;
Jesus' is a patient mind.

4 When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear;
Fear doth servile spirits bind;
Jesus' is a noble mind.

5 I shall nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified:
Perfectly to him be join'd;
Jesus' is a loving mind.

6 I shall triumph evermore;
Gratefully my God adore;
God so good, so true, so kind;
Jesus' is a thankful mind.

7 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
I shall to the end endure;
Be no more to sin inclined;
Jesus' is a constant mind.

8 I shall fully be restored
To the image of my Lord;
Witnessing to all mankind,
Jesus' is a perfect mind.

536 C. M.

The refining fire of the Holy Spirit.

JESUS, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume:
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

537 C. M.

Ardent desires for the fulness of God.

I ASK the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power;
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love reveal'd,
The kingdom fix'd within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fulness I require.

4 My restless soul cries out, oppress'd,
Impatient to be freed;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.

5 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin may never cleave,—
May never feel it more.

538 4th P. M. 886, 886

Panting after the fulness of love.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favour'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast:
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

539 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Cut short the work in righteousness.

SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole;
Finish thy great work of grace;
Cut it short in righteousness.

2 Speak the second time,—Be clean!
Take away my inbred sin;
Every stumbling-block remove;
Cast it out by perfect love.

3 Nothing less will I require;
Nothing more can I desire:
None but Christ to me be given;
None but Christ in earth or heaven.

4 O that I might now decrease!
O that all I am might cease!
Let me into nothing fall;
Let my Lord be all in all!

540 C. M.

Come, Lord Jesus.

O JESUS! at thy feet we wait,
Till thou shalt bid us rise;
Restored to our unsinning state,—
To love's sweet paradise.

2 Saviour from sin, we thee receive,
From all indwelling sin;
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us throughly clean.

3 Since thou wouldst have us free from sin,
And pure as those above;
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.

4 The counsel of thy love fulfil:
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word.

5 O that the perfect grace were given,
Thy love diffused abroad:
O that our hearts were all a heaven,
Forever fill'd with God.

541 C. M.

Come quickly.

COME quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Possession of thine own;
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thine everlasting throne.

2 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right;
Come quickly from above;
And sink me to perfection's height,—
The depth of humble love.

542 S. M.

The dominion of sin destroyed.

PRIS'NERS of hope, arise,
And see your Lord appear;
Lo! on the wings of love he flies,
And brings redemption near.

2 Redemption in his blood,
He calls you to receive:—
Look unto me, your pard'ning God:
Believe,—he cries,—believe.

3 The reconciling word,
We thankfully embrace;
Rejoice in our redeeming Lord,
And triumph in his grace.

4 We yield to be set free;
Thy counsel we approve;
Salvation we ascribe to thee,
And glory in thy love.

5 Our nature shall no more
O'er us dominion have:
By faith we apprehend the power
Which shall forever save.

543 12th P. M. 76, 76, 73, 73.

Speak the word.

EVER fainting with desire,
For thee, O Christ, I call;
Thee I restlessly require;
I want my God, my all.
Jesus, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above;
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

2 Wilt thou suffer me to go
Lamenting all my days?
Shall I never, never know
Thy sanctifying grace?
Wilt thou not thy light afford?
The darkness from my soul remove?
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

3 Thou my life, my treasure be,
My portion here below:
Nothing would I seek but thee,—
Thee only would I know;
My exceeding great reward,—
My heaven on earth, my heaven above:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

4 Grant me now the bliss to feel
Of those that are in thee:
Son of God, thyself reveal;
Engrave thy name on me.
As in heaven, be here adored,
And let me now the promise prove;
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

544 C. M.

Now is the accepted time.

NOW, even now, I yield, I yield,
With all my sins to part;
Redeemer, speak my pardon seal'd,
And purify my heart.

2 O Jesus, now my heart inspire
With that pure love of thine;
Enkindle now the heavenly fire,
To brighten and refine.

3 Now purify my faith like gold;
The dross of sin remove;
Melt down my spirit, Lord, and mould
Into thy perfect love.

545 C. M.

The entire surrender.

O SAVIOUR, welcome to my heart;
Possess thy humble throne;
Bid every rival, Lord, depart,
And reign, O Christ, alone.

2 The world and Satan I forsake;
To thee I all resign;
My longing heart, O Saviour, take,
And fill with love divine.

3 O may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide;
I give it all to thee.

546 C. M.

The work accomplished.

COME, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove;
Now in my waiting soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.

2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in:
I ask, desire, and trust in thee
To be redeem'd from sin.

3 For this, as taught by thee, I pray,
My inbred sin cast out:
Thou wilt, in me, thy power display;
I can no longer doubt.

4 Let anger, sloth, desire, and pride,
This moment be subdued;
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood.

5 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour thou!
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.

6 'Tis done; thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

547 L. M.

The evidence of perfect love.

QUICKEN'D with our immortal Head,
Who daily, Lord, ascend with thee;
Redeem'd from sin, and free indeed,
We taste our glorious liberty.

2 Saved from the fear of hell and death,
With joy we seek the things above;
And all thy saints the spirit breathe
Of power, sobriety, and love.

3 Power o'er the world, the flesh, and sin,
We through thy gracious Spirit feel:
Full power the victory to win,
And answer all thy righteous will.

4 Pure love to God thy members find;
Pure love to every soul of man;
And in thy sober, spotless mind,
Saviour, our heaven on earth we gain.

548 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The witness of entire consecration.

COME, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest;
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O come and consecrate my breast;
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix thy sacred presence there.

2 If now thine influence I feel,
If now in thee begin to live,
Still to my heart thyself reveal;
Give me thyself, forever give:
A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, I pant for more.

3 Eager for thee I ask and pant,
So strong the principle divine
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallow'd soul is thine;
Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in thy immensity.

4 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,
My treasure and my all thou art;
True witness of my sonship, now
Engraving pardon on my heart:
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

PRAYER AND INTERCESSION.

549 L. M.

Design of prayer.

PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

550 C. M.

What is prayer?

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,—
The falling of a tear,—
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels, in their songs, rejoice,
And cry,—Behold, he prays!

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:—
Lord, teach us how to pray!

551 L. M.

The mercy-seat.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

552

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Lord, teach us to pray.

JESUS, thou sov'reign Lord of all,—
The same through one eternal day,—
Attend thy feeblest foll'wer's call,
And O, instruct us how to pray!
Pour out the supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek thy face.

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire,
Till thou, who callest worlds from naught,
The power into our hearts inspire;
And then we in the Spirit groan,
And then we give thee back thine own.

3 Come in thy pleading Spirit down
To us who for thy coming stay;
Of all thy gifts we ask but one,—
We ask the constant power to pray:
Indulge us, Lord, in this request,
Thou canst not then deny the rest.

553

C. M.

Pray without ceasing.

SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted foll'wers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,—
Long as the cross we bear,—
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 Till thou thy perfect love impart;
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,—
I will not let thee go;—

4 I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

5 Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,
And prayer in endless praise.

554 C. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallow'd be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
And glory, ever be.

555 S. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now;
Thy name be hallow'd far and near;
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles, defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine shall forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty,
Of heaven and earth are thine.

6 Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy beloved Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say,—
All for his sake be done.

556 S. M.

The spirit of prayer.

THE praying spirit breathe!
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart;
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress'd;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come;
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

557 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Encouragements to pray.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

2 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew:
Let me live a life of faith,—
Let me die thy people's death.

558 L. M.

Blessings of prayer.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer keeps the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

559 S. M.

The throne of grace.

BEHOLD the throne of grace;
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,—
Thy presence and thy love,—
That we may serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

3 Teach us to live by faith,—
Conform our wills to thine;
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

4 If thou these blessings give,
And thou our portion be,
All worldly joys we'll gladly leave,
To find our heaven in thee.

560 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The power of prayer.

O WONDROUS power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell the' almighty grace?
God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays:
Let Moses in the Spirit groan,
And God cries out,—Let me alone!—

2 Let me alone, that all my wrath
May rise, the wicked to consume;
While justice hears thy praying faith,
It cannot seal the sinner's doom:
My Son is in my servant's prayer,
And Jesus forces me to spare.

3 Father, we ask in Jesus' name;
In Jesus' power and spirit pray;
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim;
O turn thy threat'ning wrath away!
Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify thy pard'ning love.

4 Father, regard thy pleading Son;
Accept his all-availing prayer;
And send a peaceful answer down,
In honour of our Spokesman there;
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

561 S. M.

The hearer of prayer.

YE praying souls, rejoice,
And bless your Father's Name;
With joy to him lift up your voice,
And all his love proclaim.

2 Your mournful cry he hears;
He marks your feeblest groan,
Supplies your wants, dispels your fears,
And makes his mercy known.

3 To all his praying saints
He ever will attend,
And to their sorrows and complaints
His ear in mercy bend.

4 Then let us still go on
In his appointed ways,
Rejoicing in his Name alone,
In prayer and humble praise.

562 11th P. M. 76, 76, 77, 76.

My help cometh from the Lord.

TO the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
My soul the Spirit feels:
Will he not his help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given:
God comes down; the God and Lord
Who made both earth and heaven.

2 Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide;
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;
He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in him, securely rest;
Thy watchman never sleeps.

3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell,
  Thy Keeper can surprise;
Careless slumbers cannot steal
  On his all-seeing eyes;
He is Israel's sure defence;
  Israel all his care shall prove;
Kept by watchful Providence,
  And ever-waking Love.

563 11th P. M. 76, 76, 77, 73.

Continued.—The Lord is thy Keeper.

SEE the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
  Omnipotently near:
Lo! he holds thee by thy hand,
  And banishes thy fear:
Shadows with his wings thy head;
  Guards from all impending harms;
Round thee and beneath are spread
  The everlasting arms.

2 Christ shall bless thy going out,
  Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
  Till thou art saved from sin;
Like thy spotless Master, thou,
  Fill'd with wisdom, love, and power;
Holy, pure, and perfect now,
  Henceforth, and evermore.

564 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

The Litany.

SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee
  Low we bow the' adoring knee,—
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,—
O, by all thy pain and wo
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear us when to thee we cry.

2 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and tort'ring scorn;
By the gloom that veil'd the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,—
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Listen to our humble cry.

3 By the deep, expiring groan;
By the sad, sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,—
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Saviour, Prince, exalted high,
Hear, O hear, our humble cry.

565 C. M.

Thy will be done.

THY presence, Lord, the place shall fill;
My heart shall be thy throne;
Thy holy, just, and perfect will,
Shall in my flesh be done.

2 I thank thee for the present grace,
And now in hope rejoice;
In confidence to see thy face,
And always hear thy voice.

3 I have the things I ask of thee;
What more shall I require?
That still my soul may restless be,
And only thee desire.

4 Thy only will be done, not mine,
But make me, Lord, thy home;
Come as thou wilt, I that resign,
But O, my Jesus, come!

566 C. M.

On earth as it is in heaven.

JESUS, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the powers above,
Who always see thee on thy throne,
And glory in thy love.

3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels, who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfil.

4 Surely I shall, the sinner I,
Shall serve thee without fear,
If thou my nature sanctify
In answer to my prayer.

567 S. M.

For a single eye.

GOD of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face:
Through Jesus Christ the Just,
My faint desires receive,
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim;
My off'rings all be offer'd through
The ever-blessed Name.
Jesus, my single eye
Be fix'd on thee alone:
Thy name be praised on earth, on high;
Thy will by all be done.

568 C. M.

For victorious faith.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly wo;—

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile;—

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

569 S. M.

For perfect peace.

JESUS, my Lord, attend
Thy feeble creature's cry;
And show thyself the sinner's Friend,
And set me up on high.
From hell's oppressive power
My struggling soul release;
And to thy Father's grace restore;
And to thy perfect peace.

2 Thy blood and righteousness
I make my only plea;
My present and eternal peace
Are both derived from thee.
Rivers of life divine
From thee, their fountain, flow;
And all who know that love of thine,
The joy of angels know.

570 S. M.

For diligence and watchfulness.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

571 L. M.

Social dedication to God.

JESUS, our best belovèd friend,
Draw out our souls in sweet desire;
Jesus, in love to us descend,—
Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.

2 On thy redeeming name we call,
Poor and unworthy though we be;
Pardon and sanctify us all,—
Let each thy full salvation see.

3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands;
O take our hearts, our hearts are thine;
Accept the service of our hands.

4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
Our Master's voice will we obey;
Toil in the vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,
In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare;
And till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

572 L. M.

For the fire of divine love.

O THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its Source return,
In humble love and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

573 L. M.

For the Spirit's guidance.

JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,—
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of thy grace,—
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And, hov'ring, hides me in his wings;

3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep, till he renews, my heart.

4 If to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,—
Return, and walk in Christ, thy way;
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near!

574 S. M.

For fervent zeal.

JESUS, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me;
Thy yearning pity for mankind,—
Thy burning charity.

2 In me thy Spirit dwell;
In me thy bowels move;
So shall the fervor of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

575 4th P. M. 886, 886.

For power over temptation.

HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by
Throughout the evil day;
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with thy whole armour arm;
In each approach of sin, alarm,
And show the danger near:
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy
And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see thy gath'ring frown,
And feel thy warning eye;
And starting, cry, from ruin's brink,—
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink;
O save me, or I die.

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart;
Recall me by that pitying look,—
That kind, upbraiding glance, which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
And make me, like thyself below,
Unblamable in grace;
Ready prepared and fitted here,
By perfect holiness, to' appear
Before thy glorious face.

576 S. M.

For entire consecration.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee,—almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly:
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care;
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

577 S. M.

For perfect submission.

I WANT a heart to pray,—
To pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my suff'rings less.
This blessing, above all,—
Always to pray,—I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,—
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern,
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

3 I rest upon thy word,—
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

578 L. M.

For sustaining grace.

MY hope, my all, my Saviour thou;
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,—
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength,—be thou my way;
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

4 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er;
Then shall I sigh and weep no more:
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

579 C. M.

For a tender conscience.

I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,—
A pain to feel it near:
I want the first approach to feel,
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

2 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love.
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

580 S. M.

For watchfulness and circumspection.

BID me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed;
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread.

2 O may I calmly wait
Thy succours from above;
And stand against their open hate,
And well-dissembled love.

3 My spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join:
'Gainst all the powers of Satan arm,
In panoply divine.

4 O may I set my face,
His onsets to repel;
Quench all his fiery darts, and chase
The fiend to his own hell.

5 But, above all, afraid
Of my own bosom foe,
Still let me seek to thee for aid,—
To thee my weakness show:

6 Hang on thy arm alone,
With self-distrusting care,
And deeply in the Spirit groan
The never-ceasing prayer.

581 19th P. M. 664, 6664.

For the Saviour's guidance.

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary:
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O, bear me safe above,—
A ransom'd soul.

582 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

For humility and protection.

GOD of Love, who hearest prayer,
Kindly for thy people care,
Who on thee alone depend:
Love us, save us to the end.

2 Save us, in the prosp'rous hour,
From the flatt'ring tempter's power;
From his unsuspected wiles,—
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honour at thy feet.

4 Never let the world break in;
Fix a mighty gulf between;
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

5 Let us still to thee look up,—
Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope;
Nothing know, or seek, beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

583 L. M.

For lowliness and purity.

JESUS, in whom the Godhead's rays
Beam forth with mildest majesty;
I see thee full of truth and grace,
And come for all I want to thee.

2 Save me from pride,—the plague expel;
Jesus, thine humble self impart:
O let thy mind within me dwell;
O give me lowliness of heart.

3 Enter thyself, and cast out sin;
Thy spotless purity bestow:
Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Wash me, and I am white as snow.

4 Sprinkle me, Saviour, with thy blood,
And all thy gentleness is mine;
And plunge me in the purple flood,
Till all I am is lost in thine.

584 L. M.

For constant devotedness.

LORD, fill me with an humble fear;
My utter helplessness reveal;
Satan and sin are always near,—
Thee may I always nearer feel.

2 O that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire;
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire.

3 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorr'd approach of ill;
Quick as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel.

4 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray;
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.

585 C. M.

For the fulness of God's grace.

JEHOVAH, God the Father, bless,
And thine own work defend;
With mercy's outstretch'd arms embrace,
And keep us to the end.
Preserve the creatures of thy love
By providential care:
Conducted to the realms above,
To sing thy goodness there.

2 Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
The brightness of thy face;
And all thy pardon'd people fill
With plenitude of grace.
Shine forth with all the Deity,
Which dwells in thee alone;
And lift us up thy face to see,
On thy eternal throne.

3 Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
Father and Son to show:
With bliss ineffable, divine,
Our ravish'd hearts o'erflow.
Sure earnest of that happiness
Which human hope transcends,
Be thou our everlasting peace,
When grace in glory ends.

586 L. M.

For the Saviour's protection.

JESUS, I fain would walk in thee,—
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my Way,—my Leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

2 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand:
Only on thee for help I call,—
Only by faith in thee I stand.

587 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

For reviving grace.

LIGHT of life,—seraphic fire,—
Love divine,—thyself impart:
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart:
Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom:
Son of God, appear! appear!—
To thy human temples come.

2 Come in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
Nothing more can we require,—
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our hearts' desire,—
All our joy, and all our peace.

588 S. M.

For a revival.

O LORD, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 O let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,—
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry:
O come, and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

589 L. M.

For mourners in Zion.

O LET the pris'ners' mournful cries
As incense in thy sight appear:
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
If haply they may feel thee near.

2 The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free:
Call home, call home thy banish'd ones;
Lead captive their captivity.

3 Show them the blood that bought their peace
The anchor of their steadfast hope,
And bid their guilty terrors cease,
And bring the ransom'd pris'ners up.

4 Out of the deep regard their cries;
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer:
O Sun of righteousness, arise,
And scatter all their doubt and fear.

5 Pity the day of feeble things;
O gather every halting soul:
And drop salvation from thy wings,
And make the contrite sinner whole.

590 L. M.

For the lambs of the flock.

AUTHOR of faith, we seek thy face
For all who feel thy work begun;
Confirm, and strengthen them in grace,
And bring thy feeblest children on.

2 Thou seest their wants, thou know'st their names;
Be mindful of thy youngest care;
Be tender of the new-born lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.

3 In safety lead thy little flock,—
From hell, the world, and sin, secure;
And set their feet upon the rock,
And make in thee their goings sure.

591 L. M.

For the peace of Jerusalem.

O THOU, our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise;
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice.

2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace;
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into thy perfect will:
Cause us thy hallow'd name to know;
The work of faith in us fulfil.

4 Help us to make our calling sure;
O let us all be saints indeed,
And pure, as thou thyself art pure,—
Conform'd in all things to our Head.

5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood;—
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow:
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.

592 C. M.

For the coming of Christ's kingdom.

FATHER of me and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love.

2 To know thy nature and thy name,
One God in persons Three;
And glorify the great I AM,
Through all eternity.

3 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man;
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign.

4 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin—
The joy that human thought transcends—
Into our souls bring in.

593 C. M.

For the waters of salvation.

FOUNTAIN of life, to all below
Let thy salvation roll:
Water, replenish, and o'erflow
Every believing soul.

2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take;
Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy's sake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us thou art,—
Of joy, the swelling flood;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
We swift return to God.

5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea;
Into thy fulness fall;
Be lost and swallow'd up in thee,—
Our God, our All in All.

FAMILY DEVOTION.

594 L. M.

Rejoicing at the return of the Sabbath.

MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of this returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest:
Eternal King, erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,—
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

595 C. M.

Sunday morning: Preparing for public worship.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my prayer,—
To thee lift up mine eye:—

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints;
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

596 L. M.

Morning: Adoration.

ARISE, my soul, with rapture rise,
And, fill'd with love and fear, adore
The awful Sov'reign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends thee one day more.

2 And may this day, indulgent Power,
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
But may each swiftly passing hour
Still nearer bring my soul to thee.

597 L. M.

Morning: Sacrifice of praise and prayer.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the' eternal King.

3 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

598 L. M.

Morning: The Lord is my portion.

O GOD, my God, my all thou art:
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sov'reign light within my heart,
Thy all-enliv'ning power, display.

2 For thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
While in this desert land I live;
And, hungry as I am, and faint,
Thy love alone can comfort give.

3 In a dry land, behold, I place
My whole desire on thee, O Lord;
And more I joy to gain thy grace,
Than all earth's treasures can afford.

4 More dear than life itself, thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ;
And to declare thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

5 In blessing thee with grateful songs,
My happy life shall glide away;
The praise that to thy Name belongs,
Hourly, with lifted hands, I'll pay.

599 C. M.

Morning: The Sun of righteousness.

AWAKE, my soul, to meet the day;
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
And burst the heavy chain that binds
Thine active faculties.

2 God's guardian shield was round me spread
In my defenceless sleep:
Let Him have all my waking hours
Who doth my slumbers keep.

3 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace;
As, rising, now I seal my vows
To prosecute thy ways.

4 Bright Sun of righteousness, arise;
Thy radiant beams display;
And guide my dark, bewilder'd soul,
To everlasting day.

600 C. M.

Morning: Self-consecration.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his Name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

601 C. M.

Morning: Thankfulness and trust.

GIVER and Guardian of our sleep,
To praise thy name we wake:
Still, Lord, thy helpless servants keep,
For thine own mercy's sake.

2 The blessing of another day
We thankfully receive:
O may we only thee obey,
And to thy glory live.

3 Upon us lay thy mighty hand;
Our words and thoughts restrain;
And bow our souls to thy command,
Nor let our faith be vain.

4 Pris'ners of hope, we wait the hour
Which shall salvation bring:
When all we are shall own thy power,
And call our Jesus, King.

602 S. M.

Morning: Tribute of praise.

SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

603 S. M.

Morning: The Day-star from on high.

WE lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy rising beams
The night of sin disperse,—
The mists of error and of vice,
Which shade the universe.

3 How beauteous nature now;
How dark and sad before;
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;
Or Jesus' blood, like evening dew,
Wash all the stains away.

5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short, revolving day
As if it were our last.

604 C. M.

Morning: Grateful praise.

LORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

2 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And undisturb'd repose.

3 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

4 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

605 C. M.

Morning: Confident security.

ON thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes,—
In thee my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.

3 God leads me through the maze of sleep,
And brings me safe to light;
And, with the same paternal care,
Conducts my steps till night.

4 When evening slumbers press mine eyes,
With his protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My wearied limbs to rest.

5 My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
The Lord is with me still.

606 L. M.

Morning and evening mercies.

MY God, how endless is thy love;
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently descend like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield myself to thy command;
To thee devote my nights and days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

607 L. M.

Evening: Trusting in God.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

608 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Evening: Communion with God.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

609 9th P. M. 87, 87.

Evening: Confidence in God's protection.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

610 C. M.

Evening: Gratitude and trust.

GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every fleeting hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,—
Of mercy, love, and power.

3 Thy love and power, celestial guard,
Preserve me from all harm:
Can danger reach me while the Lord
Extends his mighty arm?

4 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake to praise thy Name.

611 C. M.

Evening: Numberless mercies.

NOW from the altar of our hearts,
Let warmest thanks arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 This day God was our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide;
His care was on our weakness shown,—
His mercies multiplied.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes come quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

4 New time, new favours, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

612 L. M.

Evening: Memorials of His grace.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on,—
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home:
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

613 C. M.

Evening: Relying upon divine grace.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am forever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And, when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

614 S. M.

Evening: Commending the soul to God.

THOU seest my feebleness,
Jesus, be thou my power,—
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.

2 Give me to trust in thee;
Be thou my sure abode:
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour and my God.

3 Myself I cannot save,—
Myself I cannot keep,—
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

4 My soul to thee alone,
Now therefore I commend:
Thou, Jesus, love me as thine own,
And love me to the end.

615 38th P. M. 86, 86, 88.

The evening sacrifice.

THOU, Lord of life, whose tender care
Hath led us on till now,
Here, lowly, at the hour of prayer,
Before thy throne we bow:
We bless thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

2 With prayer, our humble praise we bring,
For mercies day by day:
Lord, teach our hearts thy love to sing;
Lord, teach us how to pray:
All that we have we owe to thee,—
Thy debtors through eternity.

3 Thou, blessed God, hast been our guide,
Through life our guard and friend;
Yet still, throughout life's wearied tide,
Preserve us to the end:
And when this life's sad journey's past,
Receive us to thyself at last.

4 In our Redeemer's name, for all
These blessings we implore;
Prostrate, O Lord, before thee fall,
And gratefully adore:
Bend from thy throne of earth and skies,
And bless our evening sacrifice.

616 C. M.

Evening: Cheerful confidence.

IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove:
O, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

3 Or, if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

617 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

Evening: Perfect security.

INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian divine,
My all to thy covenant care
I, sleeping or waking, resign.
While thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

2 A sov'reign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,—
Almighty to rule and command.
Thy minist'ring spirits descend
To watch, while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.

3 Their worship no interval knows;
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.
I, too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus forever shall join;
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

618 C. M.

Evening: Angelic guardianship.

ALL praise to Him who dwells in bliss,
Who made both day and night;
Whose throne is in the vast abyss
Of uncreated light.

2 Each thought and deed his piercing eyes
With strictest search survey;
The deepest shades no more disguise,
Than the full blaze of day.

3 Whom thou dost guard, O King of kings,
No evil shall molest:
Under the shadow of thy wings
Shall they securely rest.

4 Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep;
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,
For thou dost never sleep.

5 May we with calm and sweet repose,
And heavenly thoughts refresh'd,
Our eyelids with the morn unclose,
And bless Thee, ever blest.

619 L. M.

Sabbath evening: Thy kingdom come.

MILLIONS within thy courts have met,
Millions this day before thee bow'd;
Their faces Zionward were set,—
Vows with their lips to thee they vow'd.

2 But thou, soul-searching God! hast known
The hearts of all that bent the knee;
And hast accepted those alone,
Who in the spirit worshipp'd thee.

3 People of many a tribe and tongue,
Of various languages and lands,
Have heard thy truth, thy glory sung,
And offer'd prayer with holy hands.

4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath fail'd this day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble thou wert nigh;
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.

5 Thy poor were bountifully fed,—
Thy chasten'd sons have kiss'd the rod;
Thy mourners have been comforted,—
The pure in heart have seen their God.

6 Yet one prayer more;—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth accord:
Fulfil thy promise to thy Son:
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord!

620 L. M.

Night.

THEE, in the watches of the night,
Do I not, Lord, remember still,
And meditate with calm delight
Upon the counsels of thy will?

2 Thy will is my perfection here;
And sighs for this, my whole desire,
To' attain that heavenly character,
And spotless in thine arms expire.

621 L. M.

Self-dedication to the Lord.

O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy:
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my thoughts are fix'd on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit rest with thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

622 C. M.

Peace, love, and unity.

O LORD, another day has flown,
And we, a lowly band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.

2 Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
All evil far remove;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting love.

3 Our souls, obedient to thy sway,
In Christian bonds unite:
Let peace and love conclude the day,
And hail the morning light.

4 Thus chasten'd, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led,—
The sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

5 And thou wilt turn our wand'ring feet,
And thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of endless day.

623 32d P. M. 884, 884.

Tribute of gratitude.

FATHER of spirits! hear our prayer;
Our life, our hope, our comforter,
Our strong abode:
To thee our thankful hearts we raise,
And humbly, gladly hymn thy praise,
Preserver, God!

2 Thy gentle hand hath smooth'd our way;
Fed and sustain'd us day by day;
In thee we move:
O may thy mercies, Lord, inspire
Our hearts with gratitude, and fire
Our souls with love.

624 C. M.

Habitual devotion.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd:
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see:
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

625 L. M.

Infinite indebtedness.

GREAT God, let all our tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty Name:
Thy hand revolves the circling hours—
Thy hand, from whence our being came.

2 Seasons and moons, still rolling round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crown'd,
To thee successive honours raise.

3 Our life, and health, and friends, we owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

4 Thus may we sing till nature cease,—
Till sense and language are no more;
And, after death, thy boundless grace
Through everlasting years adore.

626 4th P. M. 886, 886.

For the head of a family.

I AND my house will serve the Lord:
But first, obedient to his word
I must myself appear;
By actions, words, and tempers, show
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set;
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove;
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A foll'wer of my God:
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive:
Work in me both to will and do;
And show them how believers true,
And real Christians, live.

627 S. M.

Household consecration.

THE power to bless my house,
Belongs to God alone;
Yet rend'ring him my constant vows,
He sends his blessings down.

2 Shall I not then engage
My house to serve the Lord,—
To search the soul-converting page,
And feed upon his word:—

3 To ask, with faith and hope,
The grace which he supplies,
In prayer and praise to offer up
Their daily sacrifice?

4 Let each his sin eschew,
Through thy restraining grace;
Our father Abrah'm's steps pursue,
And walk in all thy ways.

5 Saviour of men, incline
The hearts which thou hast made,—
Which thou hast bought with love divine,
To ask thy promised aid.

6 Me and my house receive,
Thy fam'ly to increase;
And let us in thy favour live,
And let us die in peace.

628 L. M.

Commencing the labours of the day.

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labours to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 Thee will I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

3 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day:—

4 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace has given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

629

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

For a blessing on the children.

CAPTAIN of our salvation, take
The souls we here present to thee,
And fit for thy great service make
These heirs of immortality:
And let them in thine image rise,
And then transplant to paradise.

2 Unspotted from the world, and pure,
Preserve them for thy glorious cause,
Accustom'd daily to endure
The welcome burden of thy cross;
Inured to toil and patient pain,
Till all thy perfect mind they gain.

3 Our sons henceforth be wholly thine,
And serve and love thee all their days;
Infuse the principle divine
In all who here expect thy grace;
Let each improve the grace bestow'd;
Rise every child a man of God.

4 Train up thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
In all their Captain's steps to tread;
Or send them to proclaim thy word,—
Thy gospel through the world to spread;
Freely as they receive to give,
And preach the death by which we live!

630 L. M.

No success without God's blessing.

EXCEPT the Lord our labours bless,
In vain shall we desire success;
Except his guardian power restrain,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

2 'Tis useless toil our stores to keep,—
Early to rise, and late to sleep,—
Unless the Lord, who reigns on high,
His providential care supply.

3 Grant, Lord, that we may ever flee
For guidance and for help to thee;
Thy blessing ask, whate'er we do,
And in thy strength our work pursue.

631 C. M.

On returning from a journey.

THOU, Lord, hast blest my going out;
O bless my coming in:
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.

2 Still hide me in thy secret place;
Thy tabernacle spread:
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.

3 To thee for refuge may I run,
From sin's alluring snare:
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.

4 O that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart:
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er,
By giving thee my heart.

5 Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release;
I ask not life, but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

632

34th P. M. 77, 75.

Have mercy on us.

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite,—
Jesus! hear and save.

2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a little child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,—
Jesus! hear and save.

3 Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Throned above celestial things,
Lord of lords, and King of kings—
Jesus! hear and save.

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,—
Jesus! hear and save.

633

C. M.

Acquiescence in the Divine will.

AUTHOR of good, we rest on thee:
Thine ever watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,—
Thy hand alone supply.

2 In thine all gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide;
O let thy power be our defence,—
Thy love our footsteps guide.

3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill,—

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good unask'd, O Father, grant;
The ill, though ask'd, deny.

634 C. M.

In deep affliction.

O GOD, who madest earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
Give ear to this thy family,
And help us when we pray:—

2 For wild the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart,
To view the rocky shore.

3 The cross our Master bore for us,
For him we fain would bear;
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair.

4 Have mercy on our failings, Lord;
Our sinking faith renew;
And when thy sorrows visit us,
O send thy patience too.

635 L. M.

Parting of friends.

THY presence, everlasting God!
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad:
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When sep'rate, happy if we share
Thy smiles and thy paternal care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Bring us again to pay our vows,
O Lord, in thy belovéd house;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
O may we meet around thy throne.

636 L. M.

On changing place of abode.

SOLE Sov'reign of the earth and skies,
Supremely good, supremely wise,
Fix thou the place of our abode,
But let it still be near our God.

2 On earth we weary pilgrims roam,
Nor find, nor hope, a lasting home;
We seek a house not made with hands,
A heavenly house, which ever stands.

3 Yet while we sojourn here below,
Let streams of mercy round us flow;
And when our destined race is run,
Assign us mansions near thy throne.

637 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

Death of a child.

WHEREFORE should I make my moan,
Now the darling child is dead?
He to early rest is gone,—
He to paradise is fled:
I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.

2 God forbids his longer stay;
God recalls the precious loan;
God hath taken him away,
From my bosom to his own:
Surely what he wills is best;
Happy in his will I rest.

3 Faith cries out,—It is the Lord,
Let him do as seems him good!
Be thy holy name adored;
Take the gift awhile bestow'd:
Take the child no longer mine;
Thine he is, forever thine.

638 C. M.

Overwhelming grief.

O THOU, who in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy suff'ring Son,—

2 O, by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief;
Or, to the chasten'd, let thy might
Hallow this whelming grief.

3 And thou, that, when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,—
Father, thy will be done:—

4 By thy meek Spirit, thou, of all
That e'er have mourn'd the chief,
Blest Saviour, if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this whelming grief.

639 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

Happiness of those whom God correcteth.

HOW happy the sorrowful man,
Whose sorrow is sent from above!
Indulged with a visit of pain,—
Chastised by omnipotent love;
The Author of all his distress
He comes by affliction to know,
And God he in heaven shall bless,
That ever he suffer'd below.

2 Thus, thus may I happily grieve,
And bear the intent of his rod;
The marks of adoption receive,—
The strokes of a merciful God:
With nearer access to his throne,
My burden of folly confess;
The cause of my miseries own,
And cry for an answer of peace.

3 O Father of mercies, on me,
On me, in affliction, bestow
A power of applying to thee,—
A sanctified use of my wo:
I would, in a spirit of prayer,
To all thy appointments submit;
The pledge of my happiness bear,
And joyfully die at thy feet.

4 Then, Father, and never till then,
I all the felicity prove,
Of living a moment in pain,—
Of dying in Jesus's love:
A sufferer here with my Lord,
With Jesus above I sit down;
Receive an eternal reward,
And glory obtain in a crown.

640 4th P. M. 886, 886.

Death of a relative or friend.

IF death our friends and us divide,
Thou dost not, Lord, our sorrow chide,
Or frown, our tears to see;
Restrain'd from passionate excess,
Thou bidd'st us mourn in calm distress
For them that rest in thee.

2 We feel a strong immortal hope,
Which bears our mournful spirits up,
Beneath their mountain load;
Redeem'd from death, and grief, and pain,
We soon shall find our friend again
Within the arms of God.

3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,
And death the blessing shall restore
Which death has snatch'd away;
For us thou wilt the summons send,
And give us back our parted friend,
In that eternal day.

641 L. M.

Sustaining grace prayed for.

TAUGHT by our Lord, we will not pray
Out of the world to be removed;
But keep us, in our evil day,
Till patient faith is fully proved.

2 From sin, the world, and Satan's snare,
The members of thy Son defend,
Till all thy character we bear,
And grace matured in glory end.

642 9th P. M. 87, 87.

Bereavement and resignation.

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say,—Thy will be done.

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone:
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord,—Thy will be done.

3 Though to-day we're fill'd with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing,—Thy will be done.

4 By thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but thine own;
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore,—Thy will be done.

643 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

Exulting in the favour of God.

TO thee, our God and Saviour,
Our hearts exulting spring,
Rejoicing in thy favour,
Thou everlasting King:

We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all the saints above;
And tell the wondrous story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;
Our voice in supplication,
Jehovah, thou shalt hear;
O grant us thy salvation,
And be thou ever near.

3 By thee through life supported,
We pass the dang'rous road,
By heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode;
There cast our crowns before thee,
Our toils and conflicts o'er,
And day and night adore thee,
Forever, evermore.

THE CLOSET.

644 C. M.

Retirement and meditation.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
Does she commune with God!

4 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour,—thou art mine!

5 The thanks I owe thee, and the love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

645 C. M.

Enter into thy closet.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
I humbly seek thy face;
Encouraged by the Saviour's word
To ask thy pard'ning grace.

2 Ent'ring into my closet, I
The busy world exclude;
In secret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to be renew'd.

3 Far from the paths of men, to thee
I solemnly retire;
See, thou who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.

4 Fain would I all thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiven;
And do on earth thy perfect will,
As angels do in heaven.

646 C. M.

Sacred blessings.

FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 May that observing eye survey
My faithful homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 O may thine own celestial fire
The incense still inflame,
While fervent vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's Name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So wilt thou deign, in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

647 C. M.

Evening.—Solitude.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,—
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

648 L. M.

Self-examination.

O THOU, great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess;
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

2 Through all the mazes of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be search'd and purified.

3 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Do thou mine inmost spirit cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fix'd his dwelling here.

649 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Wrestling Jacob:—I will not let thee go.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name;
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

650 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Continued.—When I am weak, then am I strong.

WILT thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

2 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

651 1st P. M. 6 *lines* S.

Continued.—Victorious prayer.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak:
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me:
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move,—
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face;
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,—
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend:
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

652

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Concluded.—Thy name is Love.

THE Sun of righteousness on me
Hath risen with healing in his wings:
Wither'd my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succour brings:
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

2 Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend:
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

653

L. M.

The Minister's prayer: Christ's constraining love.

SAVIOUR of men, thy searching eye
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry:
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wand'ring souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,—
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

3 For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach; and welcome, pain;
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

4 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfil thy sov'reign counsel, Lord;
Thy will be done, thy Name adored.

5 Give me thy strength, O God of power;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fix'd; I can do all through thee.

654 C. M.

The Minister's prayer: The scandal of the cross.

JESUS, my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my King,
Triumphantly thy Name I bless,—
Thy conqu'ring Name I sing.

2 Thou, Lord, hast magnified thy Name;
Thou hast maintain'd thy cause;
And I enjoy the glorious shame,—
The scandal of thy cross.

3 Thou gavést me to speak thy word,
In the appointed hour;
I have proclaim'd my dying Lord,
And felt thy Spirit's power.

4 Superior to my foes I stood,
Above their smile or frown;
On all the strangers to thy blood
With pitying love look'd down.

5 O let me have thy presence still;
Set as a flint my face,
To show the counsel of thy will,
Which saves a world by grace.

6 O let me never blush to own
The glorious gospel-word;
Which saves a world through faith alone,
Faith in a dying Lord.

655 L. M.

The Minister's prayer: Boldness in the Gospel.

SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismay'd in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God Most High?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe the' unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys,—or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head:
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

656 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 3s.

Birthday.

GOD of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise;
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days:
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessings came:
Creating and preserving grace,
Let all that is within me praise.

3 Long as I live beneath,
To thee O let me live;
To thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give:
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's Name.

4 My soul and all its powers
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee:
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

5 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven;
In Christ a creature new,
Most graciously forgiven:
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by spotless love.

6 Then, when the work is done,
The work of faith with power,
Receive thy favour'd son,
In death's triumphant hour:
Like Moses, to thyself convey,
And kiss my raptured soul away.

657 L. M.

Smarting under the rod.

CHASTISED by an indulgent God,
I would the kind chastisement feel;
But never faint beneath the rod,
Nor desp'rate, nor insensible:—

2 From each extreme divinely kept,
The trouble coming from above
I would with thankful awe accept,
And bless with tears my Father's love.

658 C. M.

Secret communion with God.

SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And Love, celestial Love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
All utt'rance faileth there;
But God himself doth comprehend,
And answer, silent prayer.

659 9th P. M. 87, 87.

In deep affliction.

FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation,
I thy timely aid implore.

2 Suff'ring Son of man, be near me,
In my suff'rings to sustain;
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,—
By thy more than mortal pain.

3 By thy most severe temptation
In that dark Satanic hour;
By thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power.

4 By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy dreadful death, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon;
Take my sins and fears away.

660. C. M.

In time of peril.

MY Saviour from the wrath to come,
From present evil save;
Avert the deep impending gloom,—
The darkness of the grave.

2 Still hold my soul in life, I pray;
A dying worm reprieve;
And let me all my lengthen'd day
Unto thy glory live.

3 Now, Lord, I have to thee made known
My troubled soul's request,
And sink in calm dependence down,
Within thine arms to rest:—

4 Secure, in danger's darkest hour,
Thy faithfulness to prove,
Protected by almighty power,
And everlasting love.

661 L. M.

In sickness: Praying for recovery.

ANGEL of covenanted grace,
Come, and thy healing power infuse;
Descend in thine own time, and bless,
And give the means their hallow'd use.

2 Obedient to thy will alone,
To thee in means I calmly fly:
My life, I know, is not my own;
To God I live, to God I die.

3 Thy holy will be ever mine:
If thou on earth detain me still,
I bow, and bless the grace divine,—
I suffer all thy holy will.

4 I come, if thou my strength restore,
To serve thee with my strength renew'd;
Grant me but this, I ask no more—
To spend and to be spent for God.

662 C. M.

Consolations in sickness.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away;—

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;—

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own;—

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suff'ring paid;—

5 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Directly, Lord, from thee.

663 C. M.

Recovery from sickness.

MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hov'ring o'er the grave,
And nature sank with pain.

3 I calmly bow'd my fainting head
Upon thy faithful breast,
And waited for my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

4 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

5 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command, I come;
Nor will I ask a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

6 Where thou appointest mine abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

664

6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

The gates of death.

O THOU God who hearest prayer,
Every hour and everywhere,
Listen to my feeble breath,
Now I touch the gates of death:—
For His sake whose blood I plead,
Hear me in this hour of need.

2 Hear and save me, gracious Lord,
For my trust is in thy word;
Wash me from the stain of sin,
That thy peace may rule within;
May I know myself thy child,
Ransom'd, pardon'd, reconciled.

3 Thou art merciful to save;
Thou hast snatch'd me from the grave;
I would kiss the chast'ning rod,
O my Father and my God!
Only hide not now thy face,
God of all-sufficient grace.

4 Leave me not, my strength, my trust;
O remember I am dust:
Leave me not again to stray;
Leave me not the tempter's prey:
Fix my heart on things above;
Make me happy in thy love.

665 C. M.

A Sabbath in the sick-chamber.

THOUSANDS, O Lord of Hosts, this day
Around thine altars meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.

2 They sing thy deeds, as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

3 For thou art in their midst to teach,
When on thy Name they call;
And thou hast blessings, Lord, for each,
Hast blessings, Lord, for all.

4 I, of such fellowship bereft,
In spirit turn to thee:
O, hast thou not a blessing left,—
A blessing, Lord, for me?

5 Behold thy pris'ner;—loose my bands,
If 'tis thy gracious will;
If not,—contented in thy hands,—
Behold thy pris'ner still.

6 I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art;
Lord, consecrate a house of prayer
In my surrender'd heart.

7 To faith reveal the things unseen;
To hope, the joys untold;
Let love, without a veil between,
Thy glory now behold.

666 L. M.

Pleading for mercy in the hour of affliction.

CUT me not off, almighty Lord,
But use the rod, and not the sword:
Unneeded pain thou canst not give,
Nor without cause thy children grieve.

2 Though sorrow break this wretched heart,
And pain the soul and body part,
O suffer not my soul to be
One moment separate from thee.

3 And now, in kind compassion, show
What means this providential blow;
That here I may thy mercy see,
And all the good design'd for me.

667 S. M.

The Friend who conquers death.

WHEN death before my sight
Appears in dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage faints away.

2 How shall I meet this foe,
Whose frown my soul alarms?
Dark horror sits upon his brow,
And vict'ry waits his arms.

3 But with the eye of faith,
Piercing beyond the grave,
I see that Friend who conquers death,
Whose arm alone can save.

668 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

The husband and father awaiting death.

O THOU faithful God of love,
Gladly I thy promise plead;
Waiting for my last remove,—
Hast'ning to the happy dead:
Lo! I cast on thee my care;
Breathe my latest breath in prayer.

2 Trusting in thy word alone,
I to thee my children leave:
Call my little ones thy own;
Give them all thy blessings, give:
Keep them while on earth they breathe;
Save their souls from endless death.

3 Whom I to thy grace commend,
Into thy embraces take;
Be her sure, immortal Friend,
Save her, for my Saviour's sake:
Free from sin, from sorrow free,
Let my widow trust in thee.

4 Father of the fatherless,
Husband of the widow, prove;
Me and mine persist to bless;
Tell me we shall meet above:
Seal the promise on my heart;
Bid me then in peace depart.

669 S. M.

For victory in the dying hour.

WHEN on the brink of death
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass that awful flood,
Great God! at thy command;—

2 When every scene of life
Stands ready to depart;
And the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart;—

3 Thou Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,—
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

4 Lay thy supporting hand
Beneath my sinking head;
And with a ray of love divine
Illume my dying bed.

5 Leaning on Jesus' breast,
May I resign my breath;
And in his kind embraces lose
The bitterness of death.

670 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Helpless, yet happy.

O THOU, whose wise, paternal love
Hath brought my active vigour down,
Thy choice I thankfully approve;
And, prostrate at thy gracious throne,
I offer up my life's remains.—
I choose the state my God ordains.

2 Cast as a broken vessel by,
Thy work I can no longer do;
Yet while a daily death I die,
Thy power I may in weakness show:
My patience may thy glory raise,—
My speechless wo proclaim thy praise.

671 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Aged and helpless.

IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem.
Jesus, my only hope thou art,—
Strength of my failing flesh and heart:
O, could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!

672 4th P. M. 886, 886.

The aged pilgrim.

THY mercy heard my infant prayer;
Thy love, with kind, paternal care,
Sustain'd my childish days:
Thy goodness watch'd my ripening youth,
And form'd my heart to love thy truth,
And fill'd my lips with praise.

2 And now, in age and grief, thy Name
Doth still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee:
O, yet this bosom feels the fire;
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for thee!

3 Yes; broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice, transported, shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long;
Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

673 L. M.

The aged disciple's prayer.

FOREWARN'D by my Redeemer's love,
I soon shall lay this body down;
But ere my soul from earth remove,
O may I put thine image on.

2 Saviour! thy meek and lowly mind
Be to thine aged servant given;
And glad I'll drop this tent, to find
My everlasting home in heaven.

674 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

The dying believer.

DEATHLESS spirit, now arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies—
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought;—

2 Go to shine before the throne;
Deck the Mediator's crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

3 Angels, joyful to attend,
Hov'ring round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And convey thee quick to heaven.

4 Burst thy shackles; drop thy clay;
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

5 Shudder not to pass the stream:
Venture all thy care on Him—
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.

6 Safe is the expanded wave,—
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.

7 See the haven full in view;
Love divine shall bear thee through;
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thine anchor, spread thy sail.

8 Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Swiftly to their wish be given;
Kindle higher joy in heaven.

675 40th P. M.

The dying Christian to his soul.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame.
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper: angels say,—
Sister spirit, come away!
—What is this absorbs me quite,—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,—
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes: it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

THE SCRIPTURES.

676 C. M.

Riches of God's word.

THE counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

2 Here light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our num'rous griefs are here redress'd,
And all our wants supplied:
Naught we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find.

677 C. M.

Excellency and sufficiency.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines;
Forever be thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want,
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructer, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And view the Saviour there.

678 C. M.

Light and glory of the sacred page.

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise:
They rise, but never set.

3 Lord! everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 Our souls rejoicingly pursue
The steps of Him we love,
Till glory break upon our view
In brighter worlds above.

679 C. M.

The Spirit's enlightening influences.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us thine influence prove;—
Source of the old prophetic fire;
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke:
Unlock the truth, thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, Celestial Dove;
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

680 C. M.

The revealing Spirit.

FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe;
One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
(We search with trembling awe;)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

681 C. M.

Perfection of the law and testimony.

THY law is perfect, Lord of light;
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandment pure.

2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my ears,—
The dayspring to mine eyes.

3 By these may I be warn'd betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes;
Cleanse me from secret sin.

4 So may the words my lips express,—
The thoughts that throng my mind,—
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find.

682 S. M.

Safety in keeping God's precepts.

HOW perfect is thy word,
Thy judgments all are just;
And ever in thy promise, Lord,
May man securely trust.

2 I hear thy word in love;—
In faith thy word obey;
O send thy Spirit from above,
To teach me, Lord, thy way.

3 Thy counsels all are plain,
Thy precepts all are pure;
And long as heaven and earth remain,
Thy truth shall still endure.

4 O may my soul, with joy,
Trust in thy faithful word;
Be it through life my glad employ,
To keep thy precepts, Lord.

683 C. M.

Preciousness of the Bible.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
And life, and light, and joy imparts,
And banishes our fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

684 C. M.

Light upon the narrow path.

BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! the Scriptures' clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.

3 O let us tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
And thus escape the coming wrath,
And reign with him in heaven.

685 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The divine Interpreter.

SPIRIT of Truth, essential God,
Who didst thine ancient saints inspire,
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad,
And touch their hallow'd lips with fire:
Our God from all eternity,
World without end we worship thee.

2 Still we believe, almighty Lord,
Whose presence fills both earth and heaven,
The meaning of the written word
Is by thy inspiration given;
Thou only dost thyself explain
The secret mind of God to man.

3 Come, then, divine Interpreter,—
The Scriptures to our hearts apply;
And, taught by thee, we God revere;
Him in three persons magnify;
And still the triune God adore,
Who was, and is, forever more.

686

S. M.

The word of God, quick and powerful.

THY word, almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
To slay the man of sin.

2 Thy word is power and life;
It bids confusion cease,
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.

3 Then let our hearts obey
The Gospel's glorious sound;
And all its fruits, from day to day,
Be in us and abound.

687

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Delight in the word.

WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still;
My joy thy sayings to repeat,—
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heartfelt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine,
Subject of all my converse be;
So will the Lord his foll'wer join,
And walk and talk himself with me:
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast;
While on the bosom of my Lord
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue:
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

688 L. M.

The Saviour seen in the Scriptures.

NOW let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee, with humble homage, bow;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There, what delightful truths I read!
There, I behold the Saviour bleed:
His name salutes my list'ning ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my lab'ring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful thoughts on high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, O let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy Name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

689 S. M.

Their universal diffusion.

JESUS, the word bestow,—
The true immortal seed;
Thy gospel then shall greatly grow,
And all our land o'erspread;
Through earth extended wide
Shall mightily prevail,—
Destroy the works of self and pride,
And shake the gates of hell.

2 Its energy exert
In the believing soul;
Diffuse thy grace through every part,
And sanctify the whole:
Its utmost virtue show
In pure consummate love,
And fill with all thy life below,
And give us thrones above.

690 C. M.

Revelation welcomed and disseminated

HAIL, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffusing o'er a ruin'd world
The healing beams of light.

2 Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid,
Restores our wand'ring feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 O send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze;
And bid the' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

691 C. M.

The universal bond of love.

THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree;
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.

3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might,
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.

4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

6 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole;
Derive its pulse from thee, the heart,
Its life from thee, the soul.

692 S. M.

One in Christ Jesus.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of bliss forever flow,
And every heart is love.

693

C. M.

Love the test of discipleship.

OUR God is love; and all his saints
His image bear below:
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

2 None who are truly born of God
Can live in enmity;
Then may we love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by thee.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true Christians love;
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

694

S. M.

Sweet communion.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

695 C. M.

The bond of perfectness.

THE sacred bond of perfectness
Is spotless charity;
O let us, Lord, we pray, possess
The mind that was in thee.

2 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove:
Our souls the change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love.

3 With ease our souls through death shall glide
Into their paradise;
And thence on wings of angels ride
Triumphant through the skies.

4 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove;
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

696 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

Sweet counsel.

GLORY be to God above,—
God, from whom all blessings flow;
Make we mention of his love;
Publish we his praise below:
Call'd together by his grace,
We are met in Jesus' name;
See with joy each other's face,
Foll'wers of the bleeding Lamb.

2 Let us then sweet counsel take,
How to make our calling sure;
Our election how to make,
Past the reach of hell, secure:

Build we each the other up;
  Pray we for our faith's increase;
Solid comfort, settled hope,
  Constant joy, and lasting peace.

3 More and more let love abound:
  Let us never, never rest,
Till we are in Jesus found,
  Of our paradise possess'd:—
He removes the flaming sword,
  Calls us back, from Eden driven;
To his image here restored,
  Soon he takes us up to heaven.

697

C. M.

All-uniting faith.

LET all in whom the Spirit glows,
  In whom God's word hath place,
The all-uniting faith disclose,—
  The all-endearing grace.

2 Then shall the world, admiring, view
  The gather'd flock at rest;
And own the Son divinely true,
  The saints divinely blest.

698

L. M.

One fold and one Shepherd.

GIVER of peace and unity,
  Send down thy mild, pacific Dove;
We all shall then in one agree,
  And breathe the spirit of thy love.

2 We all shall think and speak the same
  Delightful lesson of thy grace:
One undivided Christ proclaim,
  And jointly glory in thy praise.

3 O let us take a softer mould,
  Blended and gather'd into thee;
Under one Shepherd make one fold,
  Where all is love and harmony.

4 Regard thine own eternal prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down:
To us thy Father's Name declare;
Unite and perfect us in one.

5 So shall the world believe and know
That God hath sent thee from above,
When thou art seen in us below,
And every soul displays thy love.

699 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

Bear ye one another's burdens.

THOU God of truth and love,
We seek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice to' approve,
Thy providence to' obey;
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine.

2 Why hast thou cast our lot
In the same age and place?
And why together brought
To see each other's face;—
To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee?

3 Didst thou not make us one,
That we might one remain;—
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain;—
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
And rise renew'd in perfect love?

4 Surely thou didst unite
Our kindred spirits here,
That all hereafter might
Before thy throne appear;—
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all thy gracious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join with mutual care,
To fight our passage through;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown.

6 O may thy Spirit seal
Our souls unto that day!
With all thy fulness fill,
And then transport away,—
Away to our eternal rest,
Away to our Redeemer's breast.

700 C. M.

And so fulfil the law of Christ.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up;
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

701 C. M.

Safety in union.

JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,—
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

702 L. M.

Striving together for the faith of the Gospel.

UNCHANGEABLE, almighty Lord,
Our souls upon thy truth we stay;
Accomplish now thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way.

2 O let us all join hand in hand,
Who seek redemption in thy blood;
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,
And build the temple of our God.

3 Thou only canst our wills control,—
Our wild, unruly passions bind;
Tame the old Adam in our soul,
And make us of one heart and mind.

4 Speak but the reconciling word,
The winds shall cease, the waves subside
We all shall praise our common Lord,—
Our Jesus, and him crucified.

703 C. M.

See how these Christians love!

GIVER of concord, Prince of peace,
Meek, lamb-like Son of God!
Bid our unruly passions cease,
By thy atoning blood.

2 Rebuke our rage; our passions chide;
Our stubborn wills control;
Beat down our wrath, root out our pride,
And calm each troubled soul.

3 Subdue in us the carnal mind;
Its enmity destroy;
With cords of love our Spirits bind,
And melt us into joy.

4 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
And love command our hearts.

5 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes;
Our jarring wills control;
Let cordial, kind affections rise,
And harmonize the soul.

6 O let us find the ancient way
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,—
See how these Christians love!

704 C. M.

The loadstone of His love.

JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke,—
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.

4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

5 To thee, inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive.

705 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Of one heart and of one mind.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee;
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars forever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,—
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,—
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear:
To thy Church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,—
All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

706

7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

Many, but one.

CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,—
Who thy mystic body are.
Join us, in one Spirit join;
Let us still receive of thine:
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all.

2 Move, and actuate, and guide:
Divers gifts to each divide:
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil:
Never from our office move:
Needful to each other prove:
Let us daily growth receive,—
More and more in Jesus live.

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touch'd with softest sympathy;
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share.
Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on:
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

707 S. M.

Meeting, after absence.

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.
Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we past!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

708 C. M.

We shall see Him as he is.

THE heavenly treasure now we have
In a vile house of clay;
But Christ will to the utmost save,
And keep us to that day.

2 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

3 Him eye to eye we there shall see;
Our face like his shall shine:
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

4 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array'd,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

5 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

709 L. M.

Welcome to Church fellowship.

BRETHREN in Christ, and well beloved,
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter, and show yourselves approved;
Enter, and find that God is here.

2 Welcome from earth: lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to you we give:
With open hearts and hands we stand,
And you in Jesus' name receive.

3 Jesus, attend; thyself reveal;
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel;
We wait to catch the spreading flame.

4 Truly our fellowship below
With thee and with the Father is:
In thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliss.

5 Though but in part we know thee here,
We wait thy coming from above;
And we shall then behold thee near,
And be forever lost in love.

LOVE-FEAST.

710 L. M.

The heavenly Guest invited.

SAVIOUR of all, to thee we bow,
And own thee faithful to thy word;
We hear thy voice, and open now
Our hearts to entertain our Lord.

2 Come in, come in, thou heavenly Guest;
Delight in what thyself hast given;
On thy own gifts and graces feast,
And make the contrite heart thy heaven.

3 Smell the sweet odour of our prayers;
Our sacrifice of praise approve;
And treasure up our gracious tears,
Who rest in thy redeeming love.

4 Beneath thy shadow let us sit;
Call us thy friends, and love, and bride;
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy dainties, and be satisfied.

711 C. M.

Perfect harmony and joy unspeakable.

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gather'd into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree,—
United all, through Jesus' name,
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one;
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,—
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!

712 S. M.

Sympathy and mutual love.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

713 4th P. M. 886, 886.

Divine conformity.

JESUS, fulfil our one desire,
And spread the spark of living fire
Through every hallow'd breast:
Bless with divine conformity,
And give us now to find in thee
Our everlasting rest.

2 O that we now the power might feel,
To do on earth thy blessed will,
As angels do above:—
To walk in thee, the Truth, the Way,
And ever perfectly obey
Thy sweet constraining love.

714 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

Hand in hand to heaven.

CENTRE of our hopes thou art;
End of our enlarged desires:
Stamp thine image on our heart;
Fill us now with heavenly fires:
Join'd to thee by love divine,
Seal our souls forever thine.

2 All our works in thee be wrought,—
Levell'd at one common aim:
Every word and every thought
Purge in the refining flame:
Lead us, through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

3 Let us all together rise,—
To thy glorious life restored;
Here regain our Paradise,—
Here prepare to meet our Lord:
Here enjoy the earnest given:
Travel hand in hand to heaven.

715

5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

One in Christ Jesus and with each other.

FATHER, at thy footstool see
Those who now are one in thee:
Draw us by thy grace alone:
Give, O give us to thy Son.

2 Jesus, Friend of human kind,
Let us in thy name be join'd;
Each to each unite and bless;
Keep us still in perfect peace.

3 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,
Shed thy overshadowing love;
Love, the sealing grace, impart;
Dwell within our single heart.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost;
Let us in thine image rise;
Give us back our Paradise.

716

C. M.

Rejoicing in hope.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye foll'wers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his Name.

2 To Jesus' Name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our Friend.

3 We for his sake count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to' approve,—
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

5 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live:—

6 Live, till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home;
Go on, we'll meet you there.

717 4th P. M. 886, 886.

Unity of spirit and of purpose.

COME, wisdom, power, and grace divine;
Come, Jesus, in thy name to join
A happy, chosen band;
Who fain would prove thine utmost will,
And all thy righteous laws fulfil,
In love's benign command.

2 If pure essential love thou art,
Thy nature into every heart,
Thy loving self, inspire:
Bid all our simple souls be one,
United in a bond unknown,
Baptized with heavenly fire.

3 Still may we to our centre tend,
To spread thy praise our common end,
To help each other on;
Companions through the wilderness,
To share a moment's pain, and seize
An everlasting crown.

4 Jesus, our tender'd souls prepare;
Infuse the softest social care,—
The warmest charity;
The bowels of our bleeding Lamb,
The virtues of thy wondrous name,
The heart that was in thee.

5 Supply what every member wants;
To found the fellowship of saints,
Thy Spirit, Lord, supply;
So shall we all thy love receive,
Together to thy glory live,
And to thy glory die.

718

7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

Witnesses for Jesus.

COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine:
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord:
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Ante-date the joys above,—
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive;
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God:
We like them may live and love;
Call'd we are their joys to prove;
Saved with them from future wrath;
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jesus' Name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesus' witnesses.

719 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

The feast of endless love.

COME, thou high and lofty Lord,
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word;
Humbly stoop to earth again;
Come, and visit abject man.
Jesus, dear expected guest,
Thou art bidden to the feast:
For thyself our hearts prepare;
Come, and sit, and banquet there.

2 Jesus, we thy promise claim:
We are met in thy great name:
In the midst do thou appear;
Manifest thy presence here.
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace:
Thou thyself within us move:
Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Let the fruits of grace abound;
Let us in thy bowels sound;
Faith, and love, and joy increase,—
Temperance and gentleness;
Plant in us thy humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind:
Meek and lowly let us be,—
Full of goodness, full of thee.

4 Make us all in thee complete;
Make us all for glory meet;
Meet to' appear before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.
Call, O call us each by name,
To the marriage of the Lamb:
Let us lean upon thy breast;
Love be there our endless feast.

720 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

Mutual love the bond of union.

WHILE we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite:
Dearest fellowship we prove,—
Fellowship in Jesus' love:
Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty join'd,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,—
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

2 Still, O Lord, our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
Thee the' unholy cannot see;
Make, O make us meet for thee:
Every vile affection kill;
Root out every seed of ill;
Utterly abolish sin;
Write thy law of love within.

3 Hence may all our actions flow;
Love the proof that Christ we know;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:
Love, thine image, love impart;
Stamp it now on every heart:
Only love to us be given:
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

DUTIES AND TRIALS.

THE WARFARE.

721 L. M.

The panoply of truth.

BEHOLD the Christian warrior stand
In all the armour of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the Gospel shod;—

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head;
With righteousness a breast-plate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread;—

3 Undaunted to the field he goes;
Yet vain were skill and valour there,
Unless, to foil his legion foes,
He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.

4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down;
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

722 L. M.

The sword and shield.

ARM me with thy whole armour, Lord;
Support my weakness with thy might;
Gird on my thigh thy conqu'ring sword,
And shield me in the threat'ning fight:
From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
So in thy strength shall I go on;
Till heaven and earth flee from thy face,
And glory end what grace begun.

723 S. M.

The standard of the cross.

HARK, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,—
The powers of hell surround.
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand,—
Go forth to glorious war.

2 See on the mountain top
The standard of your God;
In Jesus' name 'tis lifted up,
All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
His standard-bearers, now
To all the nations call:
To Jesus' cross, ye nations, bow;
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ your Head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given;
He ever reigns the same:
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' Name.

724 S. M.

Continued.—Spiritual enemies to be encountered.

ANGELS our march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,—
Our secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible;
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule this lower world.

2 But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their powers defy?
By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And, conqu'ring them through Jesus' blood,
We on to conquer go.

725 S. M.

The whole armour of God.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Leave no unguarded place,—
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your Head.

726 S. M.

The shield of faith.

SOLDIERS of Christ, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued;
Repell'd his every fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jesus' blood.

2 Jesus hath died for you;
What can his love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?
Believe that Jesus reigns;
All power to him is given:
Believe, till freed from sin's remains;
Believe yourselves to heaven.

727 S. M.

Courage ensures victory.

URGE on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;
'Tis seized by violent hands:
See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies;
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,
And take the glorious prize.

2 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain,
Yet, O disdain to fear:
Courage,—your Captain cries,
(Who all your toil foreknew,—)
Toil ye shall have, yet all despise;
I have o'ercome for you.

3 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror;
The world must sink beneath the Hand
Which arms us for the war:
This is the victory,—
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me;
Believe, and conquer all.

728 S. M.

The well-fought day.

PRAY, without ceasing, pray,
(Your Captain gives the word;)
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing, pray.

2 In fellowship,—alone,
To God with faith draw near;
Approach his courts, besiege his throne,
With all the power of prayer:
His mercy now implore,
And now show forth his praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

3 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers,—Come,
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conqu'rors home.

729

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Sober vigilance.

THIS slumber from my spirit shake;
Warn'd by the Spirit's inward call,
Let me to righteousness awake,
And pray that I may never fall;
Or give to sin or Satan place,
But walk in all thy righteous ways.

2 O wouldst thou, Lord, thy servant guard
'Gainst every known or secret foe;
A mind for all assaults prepared,
A sober vigilance bestow;
Ever apprized of danger nigh,
And when to fight and when to fly.

3 O never suffer me to sleep
Secure within the verge of hell;
But still my watchful spirit keep
In lowly awe and loving zeal;
And bless me with a godly fear,
And plant that guardian angel here.

4 Attended by that sacred dread,
And wise from evil to depart,
Let me from strength to strength proceed,
And rise to purity of heart:
Through all the paths of duty move,
From humble faith to perfect love.

730

L. M.

Heavenly zeal.

O KING of glory, thy rich grace
Our feeble thoughts surpasses far:
Yea, e'en our crimes, though numberless,
Less num'rous than thy mercies are.

2 Still, Lord, thy saving health display,
And arm our souls with heavenly zeal;
So, fearless, shall we urge our way
Through all the powers of earth and hell.

731 S. M.

Perseverance.

MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armour down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

732 S. M.

The mind that was in Christ.

EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2 Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove:
Let all my works in thee be wrought;
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be join'd
With perfect charity.

4 With calm and temper'd zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

5 O may I love like thee,—
In all thy footsteps tread;
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

6 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

733

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The victory that overcometh the world.

SURROUNDED by a host of foes,
Storm'd by a host of foes within,
Nor swift to flee, nor strong to' oppose,
Single against hell, earth, and sin:
Single, yet undismay'd, I am;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

2 What though a thousand hosts engage,
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake;
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back:
Portray'd, it bears a bleeding Lamb;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

734

C. M.

Faith sees the final triumph.

AM I a soldier of the cross,—
A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,—
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

735 S. M.

The violent take it by force.

O MAY thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm.

2 O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven.

736 C. M.

Heavenly rest in anticipation.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

737 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

No cause for fear.

GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

738 S. M.

Victory.

I THE good fight have fought,—
O when shall I declare!
The vict'ry by my Saviour got,
I long with Paul to share.

2 O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!

3 This blessed word be mine,
Just as the port is gain'd,—
Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintain'd.

4 The' apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was given,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

739 S. M.

The universal victory of the cross.

JESUS, the Conqu'ror, reigns,
In glorious strength array'd;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad:
Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To Him who rules above.

2 Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne:
Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The vict'ry of his cross.

740 S. M.

Victory is on the Lord's side.

ARISE, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our leader is:
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is His.

2 We follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King;
We follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light:
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight:—

5 Till, of the prize possess'd,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

741 22d P. M. 88, 88, 84.

Crowns cast at the feet of Jesus.

HARK! how the gospel trumpet sounds,
As through the world the echo bounds,
Proclaiming to a ruin'd race,
That through the riches of His grace,
Sinners may see the Saviour's face,
In endless day.

2 Hail, Jesus! all-victorious Lord!
Be thou by all mankind adored!
For us didst thou the fight maintain,
And o'er our foes the vict'ry gain,
That we, with thee, might ever reign,
In endless day.

3 And when, through grace, our course is run,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Then crowns unfading we shall wear,
The glory of thy kingdom share,
With thee, our glorious leader, there,
In endless day.

4 Then, in thy presence, heavenly King,
In loftier strains thy praise we'll sing,
When with the blood-bought hosts we meet,
Triumphant there, in bliss complete,
And cast our crowns before thy feet,
In endless day.

PATIENCE AND RESIGNATION.

742 S. M.

Tribulation to be expected.

AS strangers here below,
With various woes oppress'd,
We must through tribulation go
To our eternal rest.

2 Thus Christ, our glorious Head,
Ascended to his throne:—
Why should his servants fear to tread
The way their Lord has gone?

3 The path to glory lies
Through conflict and distress:—
But joyful we at length shall rise,
The kingdom to possess.

743 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Christ our pattern and example.

SAVIOUR of all, what hast thou done?
What hast thou suffer'd on the tree?
Why didst thou groan thy mortal groan,
Obedient unto death for me?
The myst'ry of thy passion show,—
The end of all thy griefs below.

2 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,
My bleeding sacrifice expired;
But didst thou not my pattern die,
That, by thy glorious Spirit fired,
Faithful to death I might endure,
And make the crown by suff'ring sure?

3 Thou didst the meek example leave,
That I might in thy footsteps tread;
Might like the Man of Sorrows grieve,
And groan, and bow with thee my Head:
Thy dying in my body bear,
And all thy state of suff'ring share.

744 13th P. M. 10 10, 11 11.

The Lord will provide.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us,—The Lord will provide.

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,—The Lord will provide.

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us (though oft he has tried)
The heart-cheering promise,—The Lord will provide.

4 He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions,—The Lord will provide.

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim:
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's Name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power,—The Lord will provide.

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting,—The Lord will provide.

745 C. M.

Light shining out of darkness.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

746 L. M.

A blessing for those who mourn.

DEEM not that they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of wo and pain,
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest,
For every dark and troubled night;
Though grief may bide an evening guest,
Yet joy shall come with early light.

4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurn'd of men, he goes to die.

5 For God has mark'd each sorrowing day,
And number'd every secret tear;
And heaven's eternal bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

747 C. M.

At evening time it shall be light.

WE journey through a vale of tears,
By many a cloud o'ercast;
And worldly cares, and worldly fears,
Go with us to the last.

2 Not to the last! Thy word hath said,
Could we but read aright,—
Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head;
At eve it shall be light.

3 Though earth-born shadows now may shroud
Thy thorny path awhile,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.

4 Only believe, in living faith,
His love and power divine;
And ere thy sun shall set in death,
His light shall round thee shine.

5 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,—
A pledge that storms shall cease.

6 Hold on thy way, with hope unchill'd,
By faith and not by sight,
And thou shalt own his word fulfill'd,—
At eve it shall be light.

748 C. M.

The only solace in sorrow.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But Christ can heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of wo.

4 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not His wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above.

5 Then sorrow, touch'd by Him, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

749 C. M.

Crosses are blessings.

SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways?

2 Good, when he gives—supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sov'reign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resign'd.

750 C. M.

Radiant hope.

O WHO, in such a world as this,
Could bear his lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain?
That hope the sov'reign Lord has given,
Who reigns above the skies;
Hope that unites the soul to heaven
By faith's endearing ties.

2 Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the ling'ring heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.
And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tell us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

751 L. M.

God's presence with his people.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along the' astonish'd lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shinès the prosp'rous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

4 And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suff'ring, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

752 C. M.

Remember me!

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me.

2 If, for thy sake, upon my name
Reproach and shame shall be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame;
O Lord, remember me.

3 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
O Lord, remember me.

4 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,—
O Lord, remember me.

5 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me.

753 L. M.

Remember Calvary!

MY suff'rings all to thee are known,
Tempted in every point like me;
Regard my grief, regard thine own:
Jesus, remember Calvary!

2 For whom didst thou the cross endure?
Who nail'd thy body to the tree?
Did not thy death my life procure?
O let thy mercy answer me.

3 Art thou not touch'd with human wo?
Hath pity left the Son of man?
Dost thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain?

4 Thou wilt not break a bruiséd reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.

5 The day of small and feeble things,
I know thou never wilt despise;
I know, with healing in his wings,
The Sun of righteousness shall rise.

754 C. M.

In fear and trembling.

FATHER of lights, thy needful aid
To us that ask, impart;
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treach'rous heart.

2 O'erwhelm'd with justest fear, again
To thee for help we call:
Where many mightier have been slain,
By thee unsaved, we fall.

3 Ah! what avails superior light,
Without superior love!
We see the truth, we judge aright,
And wisdom's ways approve.

4 In spite of our resolves, we fear
Our own infirmity;
And tremble at the trial near,
And cry, O God, to thee!

5 Our only help in danger's hour,
Our only strength thou art;
Above the world and Satan's power,
And greater than our heart.

6 Us from ourselves thou canst secure,
In nature's slipp'ry ways;
And make our feeble footsteps sure,
By thy sufficient grace.

755 L. M.

Jesus, the friend of the friendless.

GOD of my life, to thee I call;
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless, and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where—but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the promise still remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 Poor I may be—despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Saviour deigns to plead.

756 L. M.

Meekness and patience.

THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My longing heart implores thy grace;
O make me in thy likeness shine.

2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
In love be every wish resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various currents flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow where my Lord doth go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod;
In me thy strength'ning grace be shown:
O may I conquer through thy blood.

6 So, when on Zion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And, free from pain, thy glories sing.

757 L. M.

Patient thankfulness and trust.

ETERNAL beam of Light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love:
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven above:—

2 Jesus, the weary wand'rer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill:
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be thou, O Rock of ages, nigh!
So shall each murm'ring thought be gone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions,—Peace;
Say to my trembling heart,—Be still;
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sov'reign will.

6 O death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

758 C. M.

Submissive resignation.

O LORD! my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Shall be my rich supply;
What else I want, or think I do,
Let wisdom still deny.

759 C. M.

Not my will, but thine be done.

ALL-WISE, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

2 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back in gratitude from me,
May all thy bounties flow.

3 Thy gifts are only then enjoy'd,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employ'd,
When in thy service spent.

4 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No! let me bless thy Name, and say,—
The Lord is gracious still.

760 L. M.

Comfort in the promises.

O GOD! to thee we raise our eyes;
Calm resignation we implore;
O let no murm'ring thought arise,
But humbly let us still adore.

2 With meek submission may we bear
Each needful cross thou shalt ordain;
Nor think our trials too severe,
Nor dare thy justice to arraign.

3 For though mysterious now thy ways
To erring mortals may appear,
Hereafter we thy Name shall praise,
For all our keenest suff'rings here.

4 Thy needful help, O God, afford,
Nor let us sink in deep despair;
Aid us to trust thy sacred word,
And find our sweetest comfort there.

761 C. M.

Patient in tribulation.

WITH trouble laden—grief oppress'd,
Wings had I like a dove,
I'd fly away, and be at rest,
Within a world above!—

2 A world where angels, pure as fair,
Swell Jesus' glorious train;
Nor sin may make intrusion there,
Nor death an entrance gain;—

3 Where God's own hand shall wipe away
The tears from every face;
And Jesus to his saints display
His mysteries of grace.

4 Yet, Lord, each murm'ring thought control;
Each anxious wish repress:
To thee I would resign my soul,
And wait till thou shalt bless.

762 L. M.

Safety and security in the arms of Jesus.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;—

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,—
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast!
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art:
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,—
The heaven of loving thee alone.

763 C. M.

Sanctified affliction.

GLORY to thee, thou righteous God,
Righteous, yet kind to me;
For under thy paternal rod,
Paternal love I see.

2 Though humbled in the lowest deep,
Thy gracious hand I bless;
And, thinking of thy love, I weep,
For my unfaithfulness.

3 Thou dost in tenderness chastise,
And graciously reprove:
My Father!—all within me cries —
Thy ways are truth and love.

764

S. M.

The soul's only refuge.

THOU refuge of my soul;
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell my grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But, O, when doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, Lord, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

765

12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

Smarting under the rod.

FATHER, if thou must reprove
For all that I have done,
Not in anger, but in love,
Chastise thine humbled son.
Use the rod, and not the sword;
Correct with kind severity;
Bring me not to nothing, Lord,
But bring me home to thee.

2 True and faithful as thou art
To all thy church and me,
Give a new, believing heart,
That knows, and cleaves to, thee;
For when we our hearts resign,
O Jesus, to be fill'd with thee,
Thou art ours, and we are thine,
Through all eternity!

766 C. M.

Chastisement received with humility.

IT is the Lord, who doth not grieve,
Or needlessly reprove;
Saviour, we thankfully receive
The tokens of thy love.

2 These tokens may we ever prize,
And answer their intent,
By list'ning to thy word, that cries,—
Be zealous, and repent.

767 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Weak and helpless.

SON of God, thy blessing grant;
Still supply my every want;
Tree of life, thine influence shed:
From thy fulness I am fed.

2 Tend'rest branch, alas! am I,—
Wither without thee and die;
Weak as helpless infancy:
O confirm my soul in thee!

3 Unsustain'd by thee, I fall;
Send the help for which I call;
Weaker than a bruiséd reed,
Help I every moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me to the end;
Give me persevering grace;
Take the everlasting praise.

768 4th P. M. 886, 886.

God a very present help in trouble.

O GOD, thy faithfulness I plead:
My present help in time of need,
My great deliv'rer thou!
Haste to mine aid, thine ear incline,
And rescue this poor soul of mine;
I claim the promise now.

2 Where is the way? ah, show me where,
That I thy mercy may declare,—
The power that sets me free:
How can I my destruction shun?
How can I from my nature run?
Answer, O Lord, for me.

3 One only way the erring mind
Of man, short-sighted man, can find,
From inbred sin to fly:
Stronger than love, I fondly thought
Death, only death, can cut the knot,
Which love cannot untie.

4 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace;
Thy love can find a thousand ways
To foolish man unknown:
My soul upon thy love I cast;
I rest me, till the storm be past,
Upon thy love alone.

5 Thy faithful, wise, almighty love,
Shall every stumbling-block remove,
And make an open way:
Thy love shall burst the shades of death,
And bear me from the gulf beneath,
To everlasting day.

769

C. M.

The Lord is my rock.

THOU Rock of my salvation, haste;
Extend thine ample shade;
And let it over me be cast,
To screen my naked head.

2 Defend me in this trying hour;
My sure protection be;
My shelter from the tempest's power,
Till I am fix'd on thee.

3 O set upon thyself my feet,
And make me surely stand;
From fierce temptation's rage and heat
Protect me with thy hand.

4 Now let me in the cleft be placed;
Nor my defence remove;
Within thine arms of love embraced,—
Thine arms of endless love.

770 C. M.

The shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

NOW to the haven of thy breast,
O Son of man, I fly;
Be thou my refuge and my rest,
For O! the storm is high.

2 Protect me from the furious blast;
My shield and shelter be:
Hide me, my Saviour, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

3 As welcome as the water-spring
Is to a barren place,
Jesus, descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet, refreshing grace.

4 As o'er a parch'd and weary land,
A rock extends its shade,
So hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
And screen my naked head.

5 In all the times of my distress
Thou hast my succour been;
And in my utter helplessness,
Restraining me from sin;

6 How swift to save me didst thou move
In every trying hour;
O still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

771

12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

A shelter from the storm.

SAVIOUR, now in me perform
The work thou hast begun;
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun:
Weary, parch'd with thirst, and faint,
Till thou the' abiding Spirit breathe:
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

2 Never shall I want it less
When thou the gift hast given,
Fill'd me with thy righteousness,
And seal'd the heir of heaven;
I will trust in thee, my God,
Till I thy perfect glory see;
Till the sprinkling of thy blood
Shall speak me up to thee.

772

L. M.

The Lord is my refuge.

WHY is my heart with grief oppress'd?
Can all the pains I feel or fear,
Make thee, my soul, forget thy rest—
Forget that God, thy God, is near?

2 Hast thou not often call'd the Lord
Thy refuge, thy almighty friend?
And canst thou fear to trust that word
On which thy hopes of heaven depend?

3 Lord, form my temper to thy will;
And let thou my faith and patience prove,
To see every painful stroke fulfil
y purposes of faithful love.

2 Defemay this weak, this fainting mind,
My Father's hand, adoring, see;
My nfess thee just, and wise, and kind,
T And trust thy word, and cleave to thee.

773 L. M.

Trial and faith of Abraham.

ABRAHAM, when severely tried,
His faith by his obedience show'd;
He with the harsh command complied,
And gave his Isaac back to God.

2 His son the father offer'd up,—
Son of his age, his only son;
Object of all his joy and hope,
And less beloved than God alone.

3 O for a faith like his, that we
The bright example may pursue;
May gladly give up all to thee,
To whom our more than all is due.

4 Is there a thing than life more dear?
A thing from which we cannot part?
We can; we now rejoice to tear
The idol from our bleeding heart.

5 Jesus, accept our sacrifice:
All things for thee we count but loss;
Lo! at thy word our idol dies,—
Dies on the altar of thy cross.

6 For what to thee, O Lord, we give,
A hundred-fold we here obtain;
And soon with thee shall all receive,
And loss shall be eternal gain.

774 L. M

Hope in God.

GOD of my strength, in thee alone
A refuge from distress I see;
O why hast thou thine aid withdrawn?
Why hast thou, Lord, forsaken me?

2 O let thy light my footsteps guide;
Thy love and truth my spirit fill;
That in thy house I may reside,
And worship at thy holy hill.

3 Then will I at thine altar bend;
My harp its softest notes shall raise,
And from my lips to heaven ascend
The song of thankfulness and praise.

4 Why then, my soul, art thou cast down?
Why art thou anxious and distress'd?
Hope thou in God, his mercy own,
For I shall yet enjoy his rest.

775

C. M.

Trusting in the mercy of God.

WHY, O my soul, O why depress'd,
And whence thine anxious fears?
Let former mercies fix thy trust,
And check thy rising tears.

2 Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave succeeds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows sweep,
I know the Lord can save.

3 His grace and mercy trust, my soul,
Nor murmur at his rod:
In vain the waves of trouble roll,
While he is still thy God.

776

S. M.

All-sufficiency of His grace.

JESUS, my Lord, my God,
Thy promise I embrace;
And hail, beneath the Father's rod,
Thy all-sufficient grace.

2 My oft-repeated prayer
The kindest answer gains,
When, by thy gracious aid, I bear
Life's keen and varied pains.

3 Should dread of want oppress,
And men or fiends assail,—
Infirmities my frame oppress,
And earthly comforts fail,—

4 Still may I trust in thee,
And calm each rising fear;
For none of these can injure me
While thou, O Christ, art near.

5 My faith as gold refine;
Each grace and virtue prove;
That in my spotless life may shine
The light of perfect love.

6 Thus shall thy mighty power
Upon thy servant rest;
Who glories in the trying hour,
By thee upheld and blest.

777 C. M.

The Lord my portion.

ETERNAL Source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires;
O! could I say,—The Lord is mine!
'Tis all my soul desires.

2 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
Assure me of thy love;
O! speak the kind, transporting word,
And bid my fears remove.

3 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
To spread thy praise abroad.

778 C. M.

In His presence there is fulness of joy.

THY gracious presence, O my God,
All that I wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

2 This can my every care control,—
Gild each dark scene with light:
This is the sunshine of the soul;
Without it all is night.

3 O happy scenes above the sky,
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the eye,
And rapture to the heart.

4 Her portion in those realms of bliss,
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.

5 Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope, that where thou art
I shall forever be.

6 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise, on faith's expanded wing,
To everlasting day.

779 S. M.

Whoso trusteth in the Lord shall be safe.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,—
To his sure trust and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands;
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey:
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,—
He shall prepare thy way.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So, safe, shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause,—his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

780 S. M.

He ruleth all things well.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head;
Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight,—let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
What though thou rulest not;
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim,—God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

3 Leave to his sov'reign sway
To choose and to command:
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

781 L. M.

He careth for you.

PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear;
Thy great Provider still is near;
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still:
Be calm, and sink into his will.

2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim:
Ask and receive in Jesus' name.

3 Without reserve give Christ your heart;
Let him his righteousness impart;
Then all things else he'll freely give;
With him you all things shall receive.

4 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest;
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity.

782 C. M.

Deliverance is at hand.

MY span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say;
As length'ning shadows o'er the mead,
Proclaim the close of day.

2 O that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things;
And learn that wisdom from above,
Whence true contentment springs.

3 Courage, my soul; thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

4 The sighing ones, that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

5 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er,
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.

6 Courage, my soul; on God rely;
Deliv'rance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.

783 S. M.

Walking by faith.

IF, on a quiet sea,
Tow'rd heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the fav'ring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

784 L. M.

In hope, believing against hope.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,—
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,—
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,—
The God of my salvation praise.

3 In hope, believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim;
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up;
Salvation is in Jesus' name.
To me he soon shall bring it nigh;
My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

785 C. M.

Casting all your care upon Him.

STILL on the Lord thy burden roll,
Nor let a care remain;
His mighty arm shall bear thy soul,
And all thy griefs sustain.

2 Ne'er will the Lord his aid deny
To those who trust his love;
And they who on his grace rely,
Shall sing his praise above.

786 C. M.

Glorying in tribulations.

THEE, Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Thee, Saviour, we adore;
Thee in affliction's furnace praise,
And magnify thy power.

2 Thy power, in human weakness shown,
Shall make us all entire;
We now thy guardian presence own,
And walk, unburnt, in fire.

3 Thee, Son of man, by faith we see,
And glory in our Guide;
Surrounded and upheld by thee,
The fiery test abide.

4 The fire our graces shall refine,
Till, moulded from above,
We bear the character divine,—
The stamp of perfect love.

787 C. M.

Fearless in the furnace of affliction.

GOD of thine Israel's faithful three,
Who braved the tyrant's ire,
Who nobly scorn'd to bow the knee,
And walk'd, unhurt, in fire:—
O breathe their faith into my breast,
In every trying hour;
And stand, O Son of man, confess'd
In all thy saving power!

2 While thou, Almighty Lord, art nigh,
My soul disdains to fear;
Both sin and Satan I defy,
Still impotently near;
The earth and hell their wars may wage,—
I mark their vain design:
And calmly smile to see them rage
Against a child of thine.

788 S. M.

The unchangeable truth and love of Jesus.

SUBMISSIVELY, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chast'ning rod;
Nor will I, Lord, repine.

2 Why should my heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above?

3 How short my suff'rings here;
How needful every cross:
Away with doubt, distrust, and fear,
Nor call my gain my loss.

4 Then give, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred Name:
Jesus to-day, and yesterday,
And ever, is the same.

789

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Steadfast reliance and confident anticipation.

THOUGH waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Though joys be wither'd all, and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies,—
Father, thy mercy never dies.

2 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting Love.

790

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.

PEACE, doubting heart, my God's I am;
Who form'd me man forbids my fear;
The Lord hath call'd me by my name;
The Lord protects, forever near:
His blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves and guards his own.

2 When, passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith his promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head:
Fearless, their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there!

3 To Him mine eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way;
The fire forgets its power to burn,—
The lambent flames around me play:
I own his power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

791 S. M.

The sure foundation.

IN every trying hour
My soul to Jesus flies;
I trust in his almighty power,
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear me up;
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing,
To our Redeemer's Name;
In joy or sorrow—life or death—
His love is still the same.

792 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The servant shall be as his Lord.

THY every suff'ring servant, Lord,
Shall as his perfect Master be;
To all thy inward life restored,
And outwardly conform'd to thee:
Out of thy grave the saints shall rise,
And grasp, through death, the glorious prize.

2 This is the straight, the royal way
That leads us to the courts above:
Here let us ever, ever stay,
Till, on the wings of perfect love,
We take our last, triumphant flight,
From Calvary's to Zion's height.

793 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Triumphant confidence in the Saviour.

STILL nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand;
Show forth in me thy saving power:
Still be thy arms my sure defence,
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

2 Since thou hast bid me come to thee,
(Good as thou art, and strong to save,)
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Upborne by the unyielding wave;
Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of despair.

3 When darkness intercepts the skies,
And sorrow's waves around me roll,
And high the storms of troubles rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul;
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper,—Peace; be still!

4 Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt, on snares and death I'll tread;
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,
Pour all its flames upon my head;
Like Moses' bush I'll mount the higher,
And flourish, unconsumed, in fire.

794 L. M.

It is I; be not afraid.

WHEN power divine in mortal form
Hush'd with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,—
Lo, it is I; be not afraid.

2 So when in silence nature sleeps,
And lonely watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove—
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

3 God calms the tumult and the storm;
He rules the seraph and the worm:
No creature is by him forgot
Of those who know, or know him not.

4 And when the last dread hour shall come,
And shudd'ring nature wait her doom,
This voice shall wake the pious dead,—
Lo, it is I; be not afraid.

795 L. M.

His loving kindness is better than life.

O GOD, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,—
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

3 Better than life itself, thy love;
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

4 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,—
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

796 12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

CAST on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I shall his salvation see,
According to his word:
Credence to his word I give;
My Saviour in distresses past
Will not now his servant leave,
But bring me through at last.

2 Better than my boding fears
To me thou oft hast proved;
Oft observed my silent tears,
And challenged thy beloved:
Mercy to my rescue flew,
And death ungrasp'd his fainting prey;
Pain before thy face withdrew,
And sorrow fled away.

3 Now as yesterday the same,
In all my troubles nigh,
Jesus, on thy word and name
I steadfastly rely:
Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promised joy I soon shall have;
Saved again, to sinners tell
Thy power and will to save.

4 To thy blessed will resign'd,
And stay'd on that alone,
I thy perfect strength shall find,—
Thy faithful mercies own;
Compass'd round with songs of praise,
My all to my Redeemer give;
Spread thy miracles of grace,
And to thy glory live.

STEADFASTNESS AND GROWTH IN GRACE.

797 C. M.

Vanity of earthly enjoyments.

HOW vain are all things here below;
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense;
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 My Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

798 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

Worldly pleasures renounced.

VAIN are all terrestrial pleasures;
Mix'd with dross the purest gold;
Seek we then for heavenly treasures,—
Treasures never waxing old.
Let our best affections centre
On the things around the throne:
There no thief can ever enter;
Moth and rust are there unknown.

2 Earthly joys no longer please us;
Here would we renounce them all;
Seek our only rest in Jesus,—
Him our Lord and Master call.
Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
Points to brighter worlds above;
Bids us look for his appearing;
Bids us triumph in his love.

3 May our light be always burning,
And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning,—
Longing for the welcome sound.
Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never need we be afraid,
Should he come at night or morning,
Early dawn, or evening shade.

799 S. M.

Self-consecration.

LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransom'd servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And from this moment live or die,
To serve my God alone.

800 12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

Determined to know nothing but Jesus and him crucified.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good:
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego;
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain;
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,—
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless wo
The sin-atoning Victim died;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest:
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

5 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

801 C. M.

Steadfast faith.

MY God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

802 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

Following the Lamb.

WHAT now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire:
My hope is all centred in thee;
I trust to recover thy love;
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.

803

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.

MASTER, I own thy lawful claim;
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be;
Thou seest, at last, I willing am,
Where'er thou go'st, to follow thee;
Myself in all things to deny;
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.

2 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more
Shall lead my captive soul astray;
My fond pursuits I all give o'er;
Thee, only thee, resolved to' obey:
My own in all things to resign,
And know no other will but thine.

804

L. M.

The vow sealed at the cross.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live—thine would I die;
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,—
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

805 C. M.

The world has lost its charms.

LET worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

806 L. M.

Heavenly bliss in prospect.

ARISE, my soul, on wings sublime,
Above the vanities of time;
Let faith now pierce the veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should I grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,—
The narrow road that leads to God?
Or can I love this earth so well,
As not to long with God to dwell?

4 To dwell with God,—to taste his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above:
The glorious expectation now
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

807 C. M.

His service is perfect freedom.

BEHOLD! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will;
My Lord in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.
Thus faithful to my Lord's commands,
I choose the better part,
And serve with careful Martha's hands,
But loving Mary's heart.

2 Though careful, without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,—
Preserved in peace by Jesus' Name,
Supported by his smile:
Rejoicing thus my faith to show,
His service my reward;
While every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

3 O! that the world the art might know
Of living thus to thee;
And find their heaven begun below,
And here thy glory see;
Walking in all the works prepared
To exercise their grace,
They gain at last their full reward,
And see thy glorious face.

808 C. M.

Self-dedication to the Lord.

RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest;
From God no longer roam;
His hand hath bountifully blest;
His goodness calls thee home.

2 What shall I render unto thee,
My Saviour in distress,
For all thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless?

3 This will I do for thy love's sake,
And thus thy power proclaim;
The cup of thy salvation take,
And call upon thy Name.

4 Thou God of covenanted grace,
Hear and record my vow,
While in thy courts I seek thy face,
And at thine altar bow:—

5 Henceforth to thee myself I give;
With single heart and eye
To walk before thee while I live,
And bless thee when I die.

809 L. M.

Reverential joy and filial fear.

IF, Lord, I have acceptance found
With thee, or favour in thy sight,
Still with thy grace and truth surround,
And arm me with thy Spirit's might.

2 O may I hear thy warning voice,
And timely fly from danger near;
With rev'rence unto thee rejoice,
And love thee with a filial fear:

3 Still hold my soul in second life,
And suffer not my feet to slide:
Support me in the glorious strife,
And comfort me on every side.

4 O give me faith, and faith's increase;
Finish the work begun in me;
Preserve my soul in perfect peace,
And let me always rest on thee.

810 S. M.

Fear of offending God.

LORD, if thou hast bestow'd
On me this gracious fear,
This horror of offending God,—
O keep it always here;—

2 And that I never more
May from thy ways depart,
Enter, with all thy mercy's power,
And dwell within my heart.

811 C. M.

The steward of the Lord.

FATHER, into thy hands alone
I have my all restored:
My all, thy property I own:
The steward of the Lord.

2 Confiding wholly in thy love,
Through Jesus strength'ning me,
I wait thy faithfulness to prove,
And give back all to thee.

3 Determined all thy will to' obey,
Thy blessings I restore;
Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,
I praise thee evermore.

812 C. M.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honour of his word,—
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

813 L. M.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,—
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No!—when I blush, be this my shame,—
That I no more revere his Name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

814 C. M.

Waiting upon the Lord.

STILL, for thy loving-kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait:
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.

2 Here, in thine own appointed ways,
I wait to learn thy will:
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say,—Be still!

3 Be still! and know that I am God;—
'Tis all I live to know;
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below.

4 I wait my vigour to renew,—
Thine image to retrieve;
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in thee to live.

815 S. M.

The signature of God's love.

LORD, in thy hand I lie,
And wait thy will to prove;
My Potter, stamp on me, thy clay,
Thine only stamp of love:
Be this my whole desire;
I know that it is thine;
Then kindle in my soul a fire
Which shall forever shine.

2 O plant in me thy mind;
O fix in me thy home;
So shall I cry to all mankind,—
Come to the waters, come.
Jesus is full of grace;
To all his bowels move;
Behold in me, ye fallen race,
That God is only love.

816 L. M.

Living to the glory of God.

O THOU! who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand:
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious prove
That stands between us and thy love.

3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

817 L. M.

Living to serve the cause of Christ.

MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates, and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee,—
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,—
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honour give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

818 4th P. M. 886, 886.

Looking unto Jesus.

ARE there not in the labourer's day
Twelve hours, in which he safely may
His calling's work pursue?
Though sin and Satan still are near,
Nor sin nor Satan can I fear,
With Jesus in my view.

2 Light of the world! thy beams I bless;
On thee, bright Sun of righteousness,
My faith hath fix'd its eye:
Guided by thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin spread below,
For thou art always nigh.

3 Ten thousand snares my paths beset,
Yet will I, Lord, the work complete,
Which thou to me hast given;
Regardless of the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heaven.

819 S. M.

Strengthen the weak hands.

THOU seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

2 Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

820 2d P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The image of the heavenly.

LORD over all, sent to fulfil
Thy gracious Father's sov'reign will,
To thy dread sceptre will I bow;
With duteous rev'rence at thy feet,
Like humble Mary, lo! I sit;
Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth now.

2 The world, sin, death, oppose in vain;
Thou, by thy dying, death hast slain,
My great Deliv'rer, and my God!
In vain does the old dragon rage;
In vain all hell its powers engage;
None can withstand thy conqu'ring blood.

3 Renew thine image, Lord, in me;
Lowly and gentle may I be;
No charms but these to thee are dear;
No anger may'st thou ever find,
No pride in my unruffled mind,
But faith and heaven-born peace be there.

4 A patient, a victorious mind,
That life and all things casts behind,
Springs forth obedient to thy call;
A heart that no desire can move,
But still to' adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my life, my all!

821 L. M.

The all-sufficient Portion.

O LOVE, thy sov'reign aid impart,
And guard the gift thyself hast given:
My portion, thou, my treasure art,
My life, and happiness, and heaven.

2 Would aught on earth my wishes share?
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'll tear,
Resolved to seek my all in thee.

3 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all to thee resign;
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

822 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Circumspection.

WATCH'D by the world's malignant eye,
Who load us with reproach and shame,
As servants of the Lord most high,
As zealous for his glorious Name,
We ought in all his paths to move
With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart;
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While, upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And show them how the Christians live.

823

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Pressing toward the mark.

I THANK thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

2 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.

3 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod.
What though my flesh and heart decay;
Thee shall I love in endless day.

824

5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Christ liveth in me.

LOVING Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art;
Live thyself within my heart.

2 I shall then show forth thy praise;
Serve thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ the holy child in me.

825 L. M.

Following the Saviour.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,—
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,—
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

826 L. M.

Evermore give us this bread.

FATHER, supply my every need;
Sustain the life thyself hast given;
O grant the never-failing bread,—
The manna that comes down from heaven.

2 The gracious fruits of righteousness,
Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
In me abundantly increase,
Nor ever let me hunger more.

3 Let me no more, in deep complaint,
My leanness, O my leanness! cry:
Alone consumed with pining want,
Of all my Father's children I.

4 The painful thirst, the fond desire,
Thy joyous presence shall remove;
But my full soul shall still require
A whole eternity of love.

827 L. M.

The well of living water.

JESUS, the gift divine I know,
The gift divine I ask of thee;
The living water now bestow,
Thy Spirit and thyself, on me.

2 For thou of life the fountain art,
None else can give or take away;
O may I find it in my heart,
And with me may it ever stay.

3 Thus may I drink,—and thirst no more
For drops of finite happiness;
Spring up, O well, in heavenly power,
In streams of pure perennial peace.

828 C. M.

Strength renewed by waiting upon the Lord.

1

LORD, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise true;
824 And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
'Till I my strength renew.

LOVI f in this feeble flesh I may
In Awhile show forth thy praise,
Make sus, support the tott'ring clay,
Live And lengthen out my days.

2 I s3 If such a worm as I can spread
Serve The common Saviour's name,
Then at Him who raised thee from the dead,
Christ t.uicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

829

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Christ in you, the hope of glory.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows:
I see from far thy beauteous light;
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee.

4 O Love, thy sov'reign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me thy duteous child, that I,
Ceaseless, may Abba, Father, cry.

5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,—
I am thy love, thy God, thy all!
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

830

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

An eye single to the glory of God.

BEHOLD! the servant of the Lord,
I wait thy guiding hand to feel;
To hear and keep thy every word,—
To prove and do thy perfect will:
Joyful from my own works to cease,
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

2 And if thy grace vouchsafe to use
The meanest of thy creatures, me,
The deed, the time, the manner choose;
Let all my fruit be found of thee:
Let all my works in thee be wrought,—
By thee to full perfection brought.

3 My every weak, though good design,
O'errule or change, as seems thee meet;
Jesus, let all my work be thine!
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
And pleasing in thy Father's sight;
Thou only hast done all things right.

4 Here, then, to thee thine own I leave;
Mould as thou wilt thy passive clay;
But let me all thy stamp receive,—
But let me all thy words obey:
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die.

831

S. M.

Pilgrims and sojourners.

IN every time and place,
Who serve the Lord most high,
Are call'd his sov'reign will to' embrace,
And still their own deny:
To follow his command,
On earth as pilgrims rove,
And seek an undiscover'd land,
And house and friends above.

2 Father, the narrow path
To that far country show;
And in the steps of Abrah'm's faith
Enable me to go:
A cheerful sojourner
Where'er thou bidd'st me roam,
Till, guided by thy Spirit here,
I reach my heavenly home.

832 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

The pilgrim's guide and guardian.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak—but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

833 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The prize of our high calling.

JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am;
Be thou alone my constant flame.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone:
O may thy love possess me whole,—
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 Unwearied may I this pursue;
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire:
And day and night, be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

4 In suff'ring be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

834 C. M.

The race for glory.

AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

835

2d P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Crucified with Christ.

HUMBLE, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;
In love create thou all things new.

2 Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Christ may I be crucified;
To thee with my whole heart aspire:
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire.

3 My will be swallow'd up in thee;
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face;
Call'd the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallow'd heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

4 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood:
Still to my soul thyself reveal:
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

836

C. M.

The sojourner; at the feet of Jesus.

GOD of all grace and majesty,
Supremely great and good,
If I have mercy found with thee
Through the atoning blood;
The guard of all thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join
A fear lest I should ever grieve
The Comforter divine.

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
May I obedient prove,
Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
Or sin against thy love:
This choicest fruit of faith bestow
On a poor sojourner;
And let me pass my days below
In humbleness and fear.

3 Still may I walk as in thy sight:
My strict observer see;
And thou, by rev'rent love, unite
My child-like heart to thee:
Still let me, till my days are past,
At Jesus' feet abide:
So shall he lift me up at last,
And seat me by his side.

837 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Pilgrims and strangers; homeward bound.

LEADER of faithful souls, and guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us, abide,
Who would on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place:
But hasten through the vale of wo,
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,—
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient the' appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The New Jerusalem to find:
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.

5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious King,—
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renew'd;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God:
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Saviour in the skies.

838

5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

The pilgrim's song.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save our flesh assumes,—
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

839 C. M.

God's pavilion.

GRANT me within thy courts a place,
Among thy saints a seat,
Forever to behold thy face,
And worship at thy feet:—

2 In thy pavilion to abide,
When storms of trouble blow,
And in thy tabernacle hide,
Secure from every foe.

3 Seek ye my face;—without delay,
When thus I hear thee speak,
My heart would leap for joy, and say,—
Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

4 Then leave me not when griefs assail,
And earthly comforts flee;
When father, mother, kindred fail,
My God! remember me.

840 L. M.

Your life is hid with Christ in God.

YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove:
By actions show your sins forgiven:
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ your head to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place;
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

5 For who by Faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside;
Dead to the world and sin ye live;
Your creature-love is crucified.

6 Your real life, with Christ conceal'd,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And glorious as your Head reveal'd,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

841 S. M.

Now we see through a glass, darkly.

THY way is in the sea;
Thy paths we cannot trace;
Nor solve, O Lord, the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of sense
Our captive souls surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
Our wond'ring thoughts confound.

3 As through a glass we see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do we know of thee,
Or of the joys above.

4 In part we know thy will,
And bless thee for the sight:
Soon will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light.

5 With joy shall we survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

842 C. M.

Walk in the light.

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness pass'd away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquer'd there.

5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

843 L. M.

Meekness.

HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No jars his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath the' Almighty's wing,
Hostile to none—of none afraid.

3 Spirit of grace! all meek and mild,
Inspire our hearts,—our souls possess;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

844 S. M.

Charity, or love.

HAD I the gift of tongues,
Great God, without thy grace,
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
Would be but sounding brass.

2 Though thou shouldst give me skill
Each myst'ry to explain;
Without a heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

3 Had I such faith in God,
As mountains to remove,
No faith could work effectual good,
That did not work by love.

4 Grant, then, this one request,—
Whatever be denied,—
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

845 C. M.

Gratitude.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?—
But thou canst read it there.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran;
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

6 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

7 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

846 4th P. M. 886, 886.

Gratitude evinced by living to God's glory.

BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given:
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

847 L. M.

Security and safety.

GOD is our refuge and defence;
In trouble our unfailing aid:
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our souls afraid?

2 Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurl'd,
His people smile amid the shock:
They look beyond this transient world.

3 There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains;
Where in eternity of light
The city of our God remains.

4 Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence blest,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

848

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The good Shepherd.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

849 27th P. M. 4 *lines* 11s.

Rejoicing in the care of the good Shepherd.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With oil and perfume thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—thy kingdom of love.

850 C. M.

Are they not all ministering spirits?

WHICH of the monarchs of the earth
Can boast a guard like ours,—
Encircled from our second birth
With all the heavenly powers?

2 Myriads of bright, cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.

3 Angels, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide;
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.

4 Our lives those holy angels keep
From every hostile power;
And, unconcern'd, we sweetly sleep,
As Adam in his bower.

5 And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretch'd wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms divine,
And leave us ever there.

851 24th P. M. 66, 66, 86, 86.

The guardianship of angels.

YE simple souls, that stray
Far from the path of peace,
That unfrequented way
To life and happiness:
How long will ye your folly love,
And throng the downward road,
And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God?

2 So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, weak, and poor,—
Above your scorn we rise:
Our conscience in the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things;
For He whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us priests and kings.

3 Riches unsearchable
In Jesus' love we know;
And pleasures from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow:
From him the Spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power;
And always sorrowful we live,
Rejoicing evermore.

4 Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways,
And in their hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace:
Our guardians to that heavenly bliss,
They all our steps attend;
And God himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our friend.

852 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The final conquest explains all mysteries.

THOU, Lord, on whom I still depend,
Shalt keep me faithful to the end:
I trust thy truth, and love, and power,
Shall save me till my latest hour;
And when I lay this body down,
Reward with an immortal crown.

2 Jesus, in thy great name I go,
To conquer death, my final foe;
And when I quit this cumbrous clay,
And soar on angels' wings away,
My soul the second death defies,
And reigns eternal in the skies.

3 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Christ has for his saints prepared.
Who conquer through their Saviour's might,
Who sink into perfection's height,
And trample death beneath their feet,
And gladly die their Lord to meet.

4 Dost thou desire to know or see
What thy mysterious name shall be?
Contending for thy heavenly home,
Thy latest foe in death o'ercome;—
Till then thou searchest out in vain,
What only conquest can explain.

HUMILIATION.

UNFAITHFULNESS MOURNED.

853 C. M.

Lamenting spiritual sloth.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul:
Nothing hath half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants! for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive;
Yet we who have a heaven to' obtain,
How negligent we live!—

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above:—

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from the' heavenly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts!

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous souls to rise;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

854 L. M.

Zeal implored.

O THOU, who all things canst control,
Chase this dread slumber from my soul;
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.

2 O may one beam of thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel, the shade of night:
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire;
With holy, conqu'ring zeal inspire.

3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant;
Yet heavy is my soul, and faint:
With steps unwav'ring, undismay'd,
Give me in all thy paths to tread.

4 With outstretch'd hands, and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize:
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But ah! my zeal soon dies away.

5 The deadly slumber then I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal:
Rise, Lord, stir up thy quick'ning power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

855 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Instability.

JESUS, shall I never be
Firmly grounded upon thee?
Never by thy work abide?
Never in thy wounds reside?

2 O how wav'ring is my mind,
Toss'd about with every wind;
O how quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart.

3 Jesus, let my nature feel
Thou art God unchangeable:
JAH, JEHOVAH, great I AM,
Speak into my soul thy Name.

4 Grant that every moment I
May believe and feel thee nigh;
Steadfastly behold thy face,
'Stablish'd with abiding grace.

856 L. M.

Inconstancy lamented.

WHEN, O my Saviour, shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee?
When will this war of passion cease,
And I enjoy a lasting peace?

2 Now I repent; now sin again:
Now I revive; and now am slain:
Slain with the same malignant dart,
Which, O! too often wounds thy heart.

3 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee,—
The fulness of thy promise prove,
And feast on thine eternal love?

857 C. M.

The vanity of mere formality.

LONG have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain;
Fasted, and pray'd, and read thy word,
And heard it preach'd in vain.

2 Oft did I with the' assembly join,
And near thy altar drew:
A form of godliness was mine,—
The power, I never knew.

3 I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design:
The length and breadth, I never saw,
And height, of love divine.

4 To please thee, thus at length I see,
Vainly I hoped and strove;
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love?

5 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

6 But I of means have made my boast;
Of means an idol made:
The spirit in the letter lost,—
The substance, in the shade.

7 Where am I now, or what my hope?
What can my weakness do?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up:
'Tis thou must make it new.

858 L. M.

No peace but in the favour of God.

O WHERE is now that glowing love
That mark'd our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fix'd on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons, spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
O, cast us not away, though vile:
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

859 L. M.

The spirit of the ancient worthies.

O FOR that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old;
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,—
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abrah'm's breast, and seal'd him thine?
hich made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
nd glow with energy divine?—

3 That Spirit, which from age to age
Proclaim'd thy love, and taught thy ways?
Brighten'd Isaiah's vivid page,
And breathed in David's hallow'd lays?

4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beam'd from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew thy work; thy grace restore;
And while to thee our hearts we raise,
On us thy Holy Spirit pour.

860

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Broken vows lamented.

O GOD! how often hath thine ear
To me in willing mercy bow'd;
While, worshipping thine altar near,
Lowly I wept, and strongly vow'd:
But ah! the feebleness of man!
Have I not vow'd and wept in vain?

2 Return, O Lord of Hosts, return!
Behold thy servant in distress;
My faithlessness again I mourn;
Again forgive my faithlessness;
And to thine arms of mercy take,
And bless me for the Saviour's sake.

861

S. M.

The warning voice of Jesus.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul!
Say to me now,—Awake, awake!
And Christ shall make thee whole.

2 Lay to thy mighty hand;
Alarm me in this hour;
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power.

3 Give me or thee to call,—
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.

4 For each assault prepared,
And ready may I be;
Forever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.

5 O do thou always warn
My soul of evil near;
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear:—

6 Come back! this is the way;
Come back, and walk therein;
O may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin.

862

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Pleading for restoring grace.

O 'TIS enough, my God, my God!
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er:
No longer trample on thy blood,
And grieve thy gentleness no more;
No more thy ling'ring anger move,
Or sin against thy light and love.

2 O Lord, if mercy is with thee,
Now let it unto me be shown;
To me, the chief of sinners, me,
Who humbly for thy mercy groan:
Me to thy Father's grace restore,
Nor let me ever grieve thee more.

3 Fountain of unexhausted love,—
Of infinite compassion,—hear:
My Saviour, and my Prince above,
Once more in my behalf appear:
Repentance, faith, and pardon give:
O let me turn again and live!

863 C. M.

Faint, yet pursuing.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God—the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour, and thy King.

864 C. M.

I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness.

JESUS, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
Ah! when shall I wake up?

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above, to give,
Give me thy only love to know,—
In thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

865 S. M.

Restore my peace.

AND wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art:
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord,
I lift my helpless heart.

3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

4 O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace;
I know thou canst; pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease.

5 I long to see thy face;
Thy Spirit I implore,—
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

866 L. M.

Danger of final apostasy.

AH! Lord, with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace;
The salt may lose its seas'ning power,
And never, never find it more.

2 Lest that my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to thee;
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.

BACKSLIDINGS LAMENTED.

867 L. M.

Lukewarmness.

GOD of unspotted purity,
Us, and our works, canst thou behold?
Justly are they abhorr'd by thee,
Whose works are neither hot nor cold.

2 Better that we had never known
The way to heaven, through saving grace,
Than basely in our lives disown,
And slight and mock thee to thy face.

3 O let us our own works forsake;
Ourselves and all we have deny:
Thy condescending counsel take;
And come to thee, pure gold to buy.

4 O may we through thy grace attain
The faith thou never wilt reprove:—
The faith that purges every stain,—
The faith that always works by love.

868 L. M.

Humble confession.

SAVIOUR, I now with shame confess
My thirst for creature happiness;
By base desires I wrong'd thy love,
And forced thy mercy to remove.

2 Yet, O the riches of thy grace!
Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

3 Yea, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
My comfort thou wilt give me back;
And lead me on from grace to grace,
In all the paths of righteousness:

4 Till throughly saved my new-born soul,
And perfectly by faith made whole,
Shall bright in thy full image rise,
To share thy glory in the skies.

869 C. M.

Lamenting the absence of the Spirit.

O FOR a closer walk with God,—
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

870 C. M.

Mourning departed joys.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail;—
Let me that mercy share.

871

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Heal my backslidings.

O JESUS, full of truth and grace,—
More full of grace than I of sin,—
Yet once again I seek thy face;
Open thine arms and take me in!
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

2 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,—
My fallen spirit to restore;
O! for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

3 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at the' approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart;
Implant and root it deep within,
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare to' offend thee more.

872 S. M.

Restore my peace.

O JESUS! full of grace,
To thee I make my moan:
Let me again behold thy face—
Call home thy banish'd one.

2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Wilt thou not bid me rise?
Speak, and my soul shall live;
Forgive,—my gasping spirit cries,—
Abundantly forgive.

4 Thine utmost mercy show;
Say to my drooping soul,—
In peace and full assurance go;
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

873 C. M.

Loss of first love.

O THAT I were as heretofore,
When, warm in my first love,
I only lived my God to' adore,
And seek the things above.

2 Upon my head his candle shone,
And, lavish of his grace,
With cords of love he drew me on,
And half unveil'd his face.

3 Far, far above all earthly things
Triumphantly I rode;
I soar'd to heaven on eagles' wings,
And found, and talk'd with God.

4 Where am I now? from what a height
Of happiness cast down!
The glory swallow'd up in night,
And faded is the crown.

5 O God, thou art my home, my rest,
For which I sigh in pain;
How shall I 'scape into thy breast?
My Eden how regain?

874 S. M.

God's absence deprecated.

O THOU, whose mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;—

2 See, at thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said,—Return?

3 Shall guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this last refuge fail,—
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,—
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 On this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy voice again impart
A taste of joy divine.

875 12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

The deceitfulness of sin.

JESUS, friend of sinners, hear
Yet once again, I pray;
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have naught to pay:
Speak, O speak the kind release;
A poor backsliding soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

2 For my selfishness and pride
Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
Left me long to wander wide,
An outcast from thy face;
But I now my sins confess,
And mercy, mercy, I implore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
A hardness o'er my heart;
But if thou thy Spirit shed,
The stony shall depart:
Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
And let me feel thy soft'ning power;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

876

3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

Seeking restoration.

WHERE is the Saviour now,
Whose smiles I once possess'd?
Till he return, I bow,
By heavy grief oppress'd:
My days of happiness are gone,
And I am left to weep alone.

2 Where can the mourner go,
And tell his tale of grief?
Ah, who can soothe his wo,
Ah, who can give relief?
Earth cannot heal the wounded breast,
Or give the troubled conscience rest.

3 Jesus, thy smiles impart;
My gracious Lord, return,
Bind up my broken heart,
And bid me cease to mourn:
Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
And peace and heaven be found in thee.

877 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

Forgiveness implored.

HOW shall a lost sinner in pain,
Recover his forfeited peace?
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a second release?
Will mercy itself be so kind
To spare a backslider like me?
And O, can I possibly find
Such plenteous redemption in thee?

2 O Jesus, of thee I inquire,
If still thou art able to save,—
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ransom my soul from the grave?
The help of thy Spirit restore;
O, show me the life-giving blood;
And pardon a sinner once more,
And bring me again unto God.

878 C. M.

Vain repentances.

TIMES without number have I pray'd,—
This only once forgive;
Relapsing when thy hand was stay'd,
And suffer'd me to live:

2 Yet now the kingdom of thy peace,
Lord, to my heart restore;
Forgive my vain repentances,
And bid me sin no more.

879 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Resolution to return.

YES, from this instant, now, I will
To my offended Father cry;
My base ingratitude I feel;
Vilest of all thy children, I;
Not worthy to be call'd thy son;
Yet will I thee my Father own.

2 Guide of my life hast thou not been,
And rescued me from passion's power?
Ten thousand times preserved from sin,
Nor let the greedy grave devour?
And wilt thou now thy wrath retain,
Nor ever love thy child again?

3 If thou hast call'd me to return,—
If weeping at thy feet I fall,—
The prodigal thou wilt not spurn,
But pity and forgive me all,
In answer to my Friend above,—
In honour of his bleeding love.

880

S. M.

The wanderer returning.

HOW oft this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord;
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.

2 Yet mercy calls,—Return;
Saviour, to thee I come:
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wand'rer home!

3 Thy love, so free, so sweet,
Blest Saviour, I adore;
O, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

881

S. M.

Restored by grace.

JESUS, if thy free grace
Again hath raised me up,
And call'd me still to seek thy face,
And give me back my hope,—
Thy timely help afford,
Thy loving-kindness show;
O keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

2 By me, my Saviour, stand,
In sore temptation's hour;
O save me with thine out-stretch'd hand,
And show forth all thy power.
Be mindful of thy word;
Sufficient grace bestow;
O keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

3 Give me a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart;
That thus I may from evil near
With timely care depart;
Be every sin abhorr'd,
Till thou destroy the foe;
O keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

882 S. M.

Rejoicing in Christ's restoring love.

O SPEAK that word again;
It cheers my drooping heart:
How sweetly doth it soothe my pain,
And bid my fears depart.

2 And dost thou deign to own
A worm so vile as I?
And may I still approach thy throne,
And Abba, Father, cry?

3 My Saviour, by his word,
Hath turn'd my night to day;
And all those heavenly joys restored,
Which I had sinn'd away.

4 I wonder and adore:
The grace is all divine:
Lord, keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as thine.

883 12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

Tears of joy.

LORD, and is thine anger gone,—
And art thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Dost thou no longer chide?
Let thy love my heart constrain,
And all my restless passions sway:
Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way.

2 To the cross, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love;
Freedom never let me find
From thee, my Lord, to move:
That I never, never more
May with my much-loved Master part,
To the posts of mercy's door,
O nail my willing heart!

3 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone;
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for thine own:
More and more thyself reveal,
Thy presence let me always find;
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble, sin-sick mind.

4 As the apple of thine eye,
Thy weakest servant keep;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there forever weep:
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven.

REJOICING:

IN

DELIVERANCE FROM TROUBLE.

884 S. M.

The loving-kindness of the Lord.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul;
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy Name.

2 The Lord forgives thy sins,—
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

3 He clothes thee with his love,—
Upholds thee with his truth;
And like the eagle he renews
The vigour of thy youth.

4 Then bless his holy Name
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
O bless the Lord, my soul.

885 C. M.

Grateful acknowledgment.

I LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord: he bow'd his ear,
And chased my grief away:
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd;
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

886 25th P. M. 77, 87, 77, 87.

Fearless in the fire of tribulation.

HEAD of the Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory:
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation;
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

3 By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us;
The cross despise for that high prize
Which thou hast set before us:
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand, at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

887 25th P. M. 77, 87, 77, 87.

Triumphing in delivering grace.

WORSHIP, and thanks, and blessing,
And strength ascribe to Jesus;—
Jesus alone defends his own,
When earth and hell oppress us.
Jesus with joy we witness,
Almighty to deliver;
Our seals set to, that God is true,
And reigns a King forever.

2 Omnipotent Redeemer,
Our ransom'd souls adore thee;
Our Saviour thou, we find it now,
And give thee all the glory.
We sing thine arm unshorten'd,
Brought through our sore temptation:
With heart and voice in thee rejoice,
The God of our salvation.

3 The world's and Satan's malice,
Thou, Jesus, hast confounded;
And by thy grace, with songs of praise,
Our happy souls resounded.
Accepting our deliv'rance,
We triumph in thy favour;
And for the love which now we prove,
Shall praise thy name forever.

888 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The ever-present Saviour.

JESUS, to thee our hearts we lift,
Our hearts with love to thee o'erflow,
With thanks for thy continued gift,
That still thy gracious Name we know;
Retain our sense of sin forgiven,
And wait for all our inward heaven.

2 What mighty troubles hast thou shown
Thy feeble, tempted foll'wers here:
We have through fire and water gone;
But saw thee on the floods appear,
And felt thee present in the flame,
And shouted our Deliv'rer's name.

3 Thou who hast kept us to this hour,
O keep us faithful to the end!
When, robed in majesty and power,
Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,
His friends and witnesses to own,
And seat us on his glorious throne.

889 L. M.

God, my glory and my shield.

THE tempter to my soul hath said,—
There is no help in God for thee;
Lord, lift thou up thy servant's head;
My glory, shield, and solace be.

2 Thus to the Lord I raised my cry;—
He heard me from his holy hill;
At his command the waves roll'd by;
He beckon'd,—and the winds were still.

3 I laid me down and slept,—I woke;
Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain;
Bright from the east the morning broke,—
Thy comforts rose on me again.

4 I will not fear, though armèd throngs
Surround my steps in all their wrath;
Salvation to the Lord belongs;
His presence guards his people's path.

890 L. M.

His everlasting arms of love.

HOW do thy mercies close me round!
Forever be thy Name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord.

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone:
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,—
Thine everlasting arms of love.

891 L. M.

Continued.—Confident security.

WHILE thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy:
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

2 I rest beneath the' Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

3 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

892 S. M.

Steadfast reliance upon the promises.

AWAY, my needless fears,
And doubts, no longer mine;
A ray of heavenly light appears,—
A messenger divine.

2 Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best.

3 If what I wish is good,
And suits the will divine,—
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.

4 Still let them counsel take
To frustrate his decree;
They cannot keep a blessing back,
By Heaven design'd for me.

5 Here then I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest;
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest.

893 C. M.

Grateful praise for delivering mercy.

O THOU, who, when we did complain,
Didst all our griefs remove;
O Saviour, do not now disdain
Our humble praise and love.

2 Since thou a pitying ear didst give,
And hear us when we pray'd,
We'll call upon thee while we live,
And never doubt thy aid.

3 Pale death, with all his ghastly train,
Our souls encompass'd round;
Anguish, and fear, and dread, and pain,
On every side we found.

4 To thee, O Lord of life, we pray'd,
And did for succour flee:
O save,—in our distress we said,—
The souls that trust in thee.

5 How good thou art! how large thy grace!
How ready to forgive!
Thy mercies crown our fleeting days;
And by thy love we live.

6 Our eyes no longer drown'd in tears,
Our feet from falling free;
Redeem'd from death and guilty fears,
O Lord, we'll live to thee.

894 S. M.

All things in Christ.

THOU very-present aid
In suff'ring and distress:
The mind which still on thee is stay'd,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.

5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

6 Stripp'd of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one:
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

895 S. M.

Afflictions blessed.

HOW tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions came at thy command,
And left us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chasten'd us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's love we knew:
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his promise true.

4 Now will we bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide:
Jehovah ever be adored,
There is no God beside.

896 C. M.

The benefit of affliction.

LORD, when to thee my sinking soul
Did in affliction fly;
Thy mercy did my griefs control,
And all my wants supply.

2 How oft, when dark misfortune's band
Around their victim stood,
The seeming ill, at thy command,
Hath changed to real good!

3 The tempest that obscured the sky
Hath set my spirit free
From earthly care and sensual joy,
And turn'd my thoughts to thee.

4 Affliction's blast hath made me learn
To feel for others' wo;
And humbly seek, with deep concern,
My own defects to know.

5 Then rage, ye storms; ye billows, roar;
My heart defies your shock:
Ye make me cling to God the more,—
To God, my shelt'ring rock.

897 C. M.

Delivering grace celebrated.

LORD, thou hast heard thy servants cry,
And rescued from the grave;
Now shall we live—for none can die
Whom God delights to save.

2 Thy praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill our daily breath;
Thy hand, that hath chastised us sore,
Defends us still from death.

3 Here, with the' assembly of thy saints,
Our cheerful voice we raise;
Here we have told thee our complaints,
And here we speak thy praise.

REJOICING:

IN

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

898 C. M.

Praises to the incarnate Son.

O FOR a thousand seraph tongues
To bless the' incarnate Word!
O for a thousand thankful songs
In honour of my Lord!

2 Come, tune afresh your golden lyres,
Ye angels round the throne;
Ye saints, in all your sacred choirs,
Adore the' eternal Son.

899 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

Rejoice evermore, and in everything give thanks.

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,—
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
And all our sins destroy;
Let every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear the' archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound,—Rejoice!

900 S. M.

Glory begun below.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

901 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

902 C. M.

Walking with God.

TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care:
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;—
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

903 C. M.

Triumphant joy.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights:—

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

904 — S. M.

Creating and redeeming love.

FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are, and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love.

2 Let all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high,
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes through the sky.

3 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransom'd race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

4 The grace to sinners show'd,
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry,—Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!

905 S. M.

Continued.—Unspeakable joy.

SPIRIT of holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

2 Not angel tongues can tell
Thy love's ecstatic height,—
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight.

3 Eternal Triune Lord!
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men record,
And dwell upon, thy love:

4 When heaven and earth are fled
Before thy glorious face,
Sing, all the saints thy love hath made,
Thine everlasting praise!

906 C. M.

Praise,—delightful.

MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,—
The numbers of thy grace?

2 I trust in thy eternal word;
Thy goodness I adore:
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

907 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

All-sufficiency of Jesus.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me;—
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His Name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,—
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

908 C. M.

God my all-sufficient portion.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy Name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

4 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compared to thee;
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.

909 S. M.

Heaven upon earth.

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call:
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss:
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
Nor yield one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

910 C. M.

The rapture of love.

O 'TIS delight without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name:
My spirit leaps with inward joy;
I feel the sacred flame.

2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When love inspires my breast,—
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sov'reign of the rest.

3 This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and hope shall cease,
And sound from every joyful string
Through all the realms of bliss.

4 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home;
I leap to meet thy kind embrace:
I come, O Lord, I come.

5 Sink down, ye separating hills;
Let sin and death remove;
'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
And death must yield to love.

911 4th P. M. 886, 886.

Always rejoicing.

HOW happy, gracious Lord! are we,
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude:
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

2 With us no melancholy void,
No moment lingers unemploy'd,
Or unimproved below:
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night, and summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,—
Too short to sing thy praise;
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy name on high,
And, Holy, holy, holy, cry,
(A bright, harmonious throng!)
We long thy praises to repeat,
And ceaseless sing around thy seat
The new eternal song.

912 S. M.

"Stand up, and bless the Lord forever."

THOU, Lord, art God alone:
Those countless worlds of thine,
Those heavens and heavenly spirits, own
Thy majesty divine.

2 Earth is thy footstool made,
Great universal Lord;
And all things are in being stay'd
By thy preserving word.

3 At thy command we rise,
Thy gracious Name to bless;
And thee, the Lord of earth and skies,
We joyfully confess.

4 Our joy, to sing of thee;
To triumph in thy love;
And this, transporting thought, shall be
Our endless work above.

913 S. M.

Delight in God.

LORD! I delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When nature's streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
With this will I be satisfied,
And glory in thy Name.

3 Who made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

4 I cast my care on thee!
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

914

8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

Hallelujah.

O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pard'ning favour;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,—
Glory to the great I AM,
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

915

21st P. M. 66, 84, 66, 84.

Triumphant trust in God.

MY Shepherd's mighty aid,
His dear redeeming love,
His all-protecting power display'd,
I joy to prove.
Led onward by my guide,
I view the verdant scene,
Where limpid waters gently glide
Through pastures green.

2 In error's maze my soul
Shall wander now no more;
His Spirit shall, with sweet control,
The lost restore:
My willing steps shall lead
In paths of righteousness;
His power defend; his bounty feed;
His mercy bless.

3 Affliction's deepest gloom
Shall but his love display;
He will the vale of death illume
With living ray.
My failing flesh his rod
Shall thankfully adore;
My heart shall vindicate my God
For evermore.

4 His goodness ever nigh,
His mercy ever free,
Shall while I live, shall when I die,
Still follow me.
Forever shall my soul
His boundless blessings prove;
And while eternal ages roll,
Adore and love.

916

10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

Longing for still closer communion.

THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine;
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
  There only, I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
  Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
'Tis there I would always abide,
  And never a moment depart,—
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
  Eternally held in thy heart.

917 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Jesus all and in all.

THOU hidden source of calm repose,
  Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
  Secure I am while thou art mine:
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
  And keeps my happy soul above:
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
  And joy, and everlasting love:
To me, with thy great name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art;
  My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The med'cine of my broken heart;
  In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown:

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
  In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
  My light, in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death, my all in all.

918 L. M.

My heart is fixed; O God, my heart is fixed.

MY heart is fix'd on thee, my God;
I rest my hope on thee alone;
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,—
To all mankind thy love make known.

2 Awake, my tongue; awake, my lyre;
With morning's earliest dawn arise;
To songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.

3 With those who in thy grace abound,
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice;
Till every land, the earth around,
Shall hear, and in thy Name rejoice.

4 Eternal God, celestial King,
Exalted be thy glorious Name;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

919 C. M.

Ceaseless praise.

THE glorious armies of the sky
To thee, almighty King,
Triumphant anthems consecrate,
And hallelujahs sing.

2 But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of thee;
How distant then must human praise
From thy perfections be.

3 Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
When, to my ravish'd sense,
Each creature everywhere around
Displays thy excellence?

4 Thy num'rous works exalt thee, Lord,
Nor will I silent be;
O rather let me cease to breathe,
Than cease from praising thee.

920 25th P. M. 77, 87, 77, 87.

Joining the angelic hosts in praises.

JESUS, take all the glory:
Thy meritorious passion
The pardon bought, thy mercy brought
To us the great salvation.
Thee gladly we acknowledge
Our only Lord and Saviour,
Thy name confess, thy goodness bless,
And triumph in thy favour.

2 With angels and archangels,
We prostrate fall before thee;
Again we raise our souls in praise,
And thankfully adore thee.
Honour, and power, and blessing,
To thee be ever given,
By all who know thy love below,
And all the hosts of heaven.

921 C. M.

Perpetual praise.

YES, I will bless thee, O my God,
Through all my fleeting days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3 Nor will I cease thy praise to sing,
When death shall close mine eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights,
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 Then shall my lips, in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

922

16th P. M. 11 12, 11 12.

The foretaste of endless bliss.

MY God, I am thine; what a comfort divine,
What a blessing, to know that my Jesus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am;
And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name.

2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found;
My Redeemer to know, to feel his blood flow,
This is life everlasting—'tis heaven below.

3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
That indeed is the fulness, but this is the taste;
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

923

2d P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Everlasting praises.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind:
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

924 L. M.

God's praises crown eternity.

GOD of my life, through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the' exalted strains
Which echo through the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

REJOICING:

IN

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

925 4th P. M. 886, 886.

Bliss-inspiring hope.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel:
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity,
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

926 C. M.

The full assurance of hope.

HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place;
I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saints' delight,—
The heaven prepared for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And ante-date that day:
We feel the resurrection near,—
Our life in Christ conceal'd,—
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And when the vessels break,
Let our triumphant spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
To all eternity.

927 C. M.

Continued.—Endless bliss in prospect.

A STRANGER in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or wo
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end;
Its joys as soon are past:
But O, the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

2 To that Jerusalem above,
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there.
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest;
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.

928 S. M.

The goodly land.

FAR from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those regions know,—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

4 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepared, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high,
Lord, bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

929 C. M.

The kingdoms are but one.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
And thence our spirits rise;
For he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

930 C. M.

The heavenly Canaan.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

931 C. M.

The promised land.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

4 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

932 S. M.

The pilgrim's home.

WHILE through this world we roam,
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.

2 Thither his soul ascends,
Eternal joys to share;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.

3 His freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,—
Where all is perfect love.

4 There we our treasure place;
There let our hearts be found;
That still, where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

5 Henceforth our converse be
With Christ before the throne;
Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
And know as we are known.

933 C. M.

The saints in glory.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And pour'd out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,—
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

934 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

Partnership of the saints in light.

JESUS is our common Lord;
He our loving Saviour is;
By his death to life restored,
Misery we exchange for bliss;—
Bliss to carnal minds unknown;
O 'tis more than tongue can tell;
Only to believers shown,—
Glorious and unspeakable.

2 Christ, our Brother and our Friend,
Shows us his eternal love:
Never shall our triumphs end,
Till we take our seats above.
Let us walk with him in white;
For our bridal day prepare;
For our partnership in light,—
For our glorious meeting there.

935 11th P. M. 76, 76, 77, 76.

The better portion.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rd heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
There we'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow, care, and pain,
To realms of endless peace.

936 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

Saints and angels round the throne.

LIFT your eyes of faith, and see
Saints and angels join'd in one:
What a countless company
Stand before you dazzling throne!
Each before his Saviour stands,
All in whitest robes array'd;
Palms they carry in their hands,
Crowns of glory on their head.

2 Saints, begin the endless song;
Cry aloud, in heavenly lays,—
Glory doth to God belong;
God the glorious Saviour praise:
All salvation from him came,—
Him who reigns enthroned on high:
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,—
Let the morning stars reply.

3 Angel powers the throne surround;
Next the saints in glory they;
Lull'd with the transporting sound,
They their silent homage pay:
Prostrate on their face, before
God and his Messiah fall;
Then in hymns of praise adore,—
Shout the Lamb that died for all.

937 36th P. M. 86, 886.

The land of rest.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'rers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast,—
'Tis found above in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

938 15th P. M. 11 9, 11 9.

Rapturous anticipation.

COME, let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above;
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath;
With the prophet we soar
To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home;
By hope we the rapture improve:
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live,
In the palace of God the great King:
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing!

5 What a rapturous song,
When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join!—
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is,—Mercy divine!

6 Hallelujah, they cry,
To the King of the sky,—
To the great everlasting I AM;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And that liveth again,—
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

939 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,—
The day of eternity come.
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above,—
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving Word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord:
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air:
No gloom of affliction or sin;
No shadow of evil is there.

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here:
Her walls are of jasper and gold;
As crystal her buildings are clear;
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

940

10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

Continued.—There shall be no night there.

NO need of the sun in that day
Which never is follow'd by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light:
The Lamb is their Light and their Sun,
And, lo! by reflection they shine;
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine.

2 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward;
In Jesus, in heaven, they live,—
They reign in the smile of their Lord.
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face;
And all the enjoyment above,
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

941 4th P. M. 886, 886.

The pilgrim's happy lot.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

4 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies;
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Soon will the pilgrim's journey end;
Then, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

942 C. M.

The goodly city in prospect.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace in thee?

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath has no end?

3 Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

5 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

943 S. M.

At home in heaven.

FOREVER with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfil.

4 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
Forever with the Lord!

944 21st P. M. 66, 84, 66, 84.

The God of Abraham; my God.

THE God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthroned above:
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!
By earth and heaven confess'd;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
Forever blest.

2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways;
He calls a worm his friend:
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn:
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face;
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

945 21st P. M. 66, 84, 66, 84.

Continued.—Pressing toward the mark.

THOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At His command;
The wat'ry deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains;
And, glorious, with his saints in light
Forever reigns.

4 He keeps his own secure;
He guards them by his side;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride;
With groves of living joys,
With streams of sacred bliss,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

5 Before the great Three One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land:
The list'ning spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame;
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

946 21st P. M. 66, 84, 66, 84.

Continued.—Joining the heavenly choir.

THE God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing,
And, Holy, holy, holy, cry,
Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
We worship thee.

2 Before the Saviour's face
The ransom'd nations bow;
O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
Forever new;
He shows his prints of love,—
They kindle to a flame!
And sound, through all the worlds above,
The slaughter'd Lamb.

3 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry;
Hail, Abrah'm's God, and mine!
(I join the heavenly lays,)
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

947 L. M.

The redeemed in heaven.

LO! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand;
Of every tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
But now from all their labours rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Saviour face to face;
They sing the triumph of his grace;
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O, may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life.

948 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

The spirits of the just made perfect.

WHO are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light;
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross;
Nobly for their Master stood;
Suff'rers in his righteous cause;
Foll'wers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came:
Wash'd their robes, by faith, below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,—
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne;
Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

949 27th P. M. 4 *lines* 11s.

I would not live alway.

I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's joys, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

950 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

Having a desire to depart.

I LONG to behold Him array'd
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty display'd,—
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word;
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord:
But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,—
My heaven of heavens in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.

951 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

And to be with Christ, which is far better.

O WHEN shall we sweetly remove,
O when shall we enter our rest,—
Return to the Zion above,
The mother of spirits distress'd;—
That city of God the great King,
Where sorrow and death are no more,
Where saints our Immanuel sing,
And cherub and seraph adore?

2 But angels themselves cannot tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of his heavenly face:
When, caught in the rapturous flame,
The sight beatific they prove;
And walk in the light of the Lamb,
Enjoying the beams of his love.

3 Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer
We long thy appearing to see,
Resign'd to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with thee:
'Tis good at thy word to be here;
'Tis better in thee to be gone,
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in thy throne.

952 S. M.

A house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

WE know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below,
In ruinous decay—

2 We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's love
That heavenly fabric stands.

3 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure:
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure.

4 Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallow'd up
Of everlasting life.

5 Lord, let us put on thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face.

6 Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given;
And then triumphantly come down,
And take us up to heaven.

953 18th P. M. 10, 5, 11.

Eternity near.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.
Of heavenly birth, though wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

2 At Jesus's call, we gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.
No longing we find for the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above:—

3 A country of joy without any alloy;
We thither repair;
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's here!

4 The rougher the way, the shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies:
The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

954 S. M.

The joyful meeting.

SAVIOUR of sinful men,
Thy goodness we proclaim,
Which brings us here to meet again,
And triumph in thy Name:
Thy mighty Name hath been
Our safeguard and our tower,—
Hath saved us from the world and sin,
And all the' accuser's power.

2 Awhile in flesh disjoin'd,
Our friends that went before
We soon in Paradise shall find,
And meet to part no more;
In' yon thrice happy seat,
Waiting for us they are;
And thou shalt there a husband meet,
And I a parent there!

955 S. M.

Continued.—God shall wipe away all tears.

O WHAT a mighty change
Shall Jesus' suff'rers know,
While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of wo!
No ill-requited love
Shall there our spirits wound:
No base ingratitude above,—
No sin in heaven is found.

2 There all our griefs are spent:
There all our sorrows end:
We cannot there the fall lament
Of a departed friend;
A brother dead to God,
By sin, alas! undone:
No father there, in passion loud,
Cries,—O, my son! my son!

3 No slightest touch of pain,
Nor sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy:
In that eternal day
No clouds or tempests rise;
There gushing tears are wiped away
Forever from our eyes.

956 C. M.

Communion with saints in heaven.

COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtain'd the prize;
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

3 One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.

6 His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

957 C. M.

Continued.—Full felicity.

OUR old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release,
And full felicity.

2 E'en now, by faith, we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

3 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.

4 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide:
And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

958 C. M.

The prospect joyous.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,—
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise:
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there:
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

ERECTION OF CHURCHES.

LAYING A CORNER-STONE.

959 C. M.

The sure foundation.

BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore thy Name;
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

960 12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

The living Name.

THOU, who hast in Zion laid
The true Foundation-stone,
And with those a cov'nant made
Who build on that alone:
Hear us, Architect divine!
Great Builder of thy church below!
Now upon thy servants shine,
Who seek thy praise to show.

2 Earth is thine; her thousand hills
Thy mighty hand sustains;
Heaven thy awful presence fills;
O'er all thy glory reigns:

Yet the place of old prepared,
By regal David's favour'd Son,
Thy peculiar blessing shared,
And stood thy chosen throne.

3 We, like Jesse's son, would raise
A temple to the Lord;
Sound throughout its courts his praise,
His saving Name record;
Dedicate a house to Him
Who once, in mortal weakness shrined,
Sorrow'd, suffer'd, to redeem,
To rescue, all mankind.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, send
The consecrating flame;
Now in majesty descend;
Inscribe the living Name:
That great Name by which we live,
Now write on this accepted stone;
Us into thy hand receive;
Our temple make thy throne.

961

L. M.

Seeking a tabernacle.

WHEN to the exiled seer were given
Those rapt'rous views of highest heaven,
All glorious though the visions were,
Yet he beheld no temple there.

2 The new Jerusalem on high
Hath one pervading sanctity;
No sin to mourn, no grief to mar,—
God and the Lamb its temple are.

3 But we, frail sojourners below,
The pilgrim-heirs of guilt and wo,
Must seek a tabernacle where
Our scatter'd souls may blend in prayer.

4 O Thou! who o'er the cherubim
Didst shine in glories veil'd and dim,
With purer light our temple cheer,
And dwell in unveil'd glory here.

962 L. M.

God's guardian presence.

THIS stone to thee, in faith, we lay;
This temple, Lord, to thee we raise;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house of prayer and praise.

2 Within these walls let heavenly peace
And holy love and concord dwell;
Here give the burden'd conscience ease,
And here the wounded spirit heal.

3 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

4 Ne'er let thy glory hence depart:
Yet choose not, Lord, this shrine alone;
Thy Spirit dwell in every heart,—
In every bosom fix thy throne.

963 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Jesus Christ the corner-stone.

ON this stone, now laid with prayer,
Let thy church rise, strong and fair;
Ever, Lord, thy Name be known,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

2 Let thy holy Child, who came
Man from error to reclaim,
And for sinners to atone,
Bless, with thee, this corner-stone.

3 May thy Spirit here give rest
To the heart by sin oppress'd,
And the seeds of truth be sown,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

4 Open wide, O God, thy door,
For the outcast and the poor,
Who can call no house their own,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

5 By wise master-builders squared,
Here be living stones prepared
For the temple near thy throne;—
Jesus Christ its corner-stone.

DEDICATION.

964 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

Invoking God's presence and blessing.

GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy home,—
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense to the skies:
Here may thy soul-converting word
With faith be preach'd, in faith be heard.

3 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polish'd stones,
Through long-succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand and men adore.

4 Here may the list'ning throng
Receive thy truth in love:
Here Christians join the song
Of the Redeem'd above;
Till all, who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

965 S. M.

The honour and safety of a nation.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand:—
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

966 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Prayer and praise.

LORD of hosts! to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread:
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land:
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

967

C. M.

A blessing supplicated.

O GOD, though countless worlds of light
Thy power and glory show,—
Though round thy throne, above all height,
Immortal seraphs glow,—

2 Yet, Lord, where'er thy saints apart
Are met for praise and prayer,—
Wherever sighs a contrite heart,
Thou, gracious God, art there.

3 With grateful joy, thy children rear
This temple, Lord, to thee;
Long may they sing thy praises here,
And here thy beauty see.

4 Here, Saviour, deign thy saints to meet;
With peace their hearts to fill;
And here, like Sharon's odours sweet,
May grace divine distil.

5 Here may thy truth fresh triumphs win;
Eternal Spirit, here,
In many a heart now dead in sin,
A living temple rear.

968

L. M.

Jehovah's presence.

NOT heaven's wide range of hallow'd space
Jehovah's presence can confine;
Nor angels' claims restrain his grace,
Whose glories through creation shine.

2 It beam'd on Eden's guilty days,
And traced redemption's wondrous plan;
From Calvary, in brightest rays,
It glow'd to guide benighted man.

3 Its sacred shrine it fixes there,
Where two or three are met to raise
Their holy hands in humble prayer,
Or tune their hearts to grateful praise.

4 Be this, O Lord, that honour'd place,—
The house of God, the gate of heaven;
And may the fulness of thy grace
To all who here shall meet be given.

5 And hence, in spirit, may we soar
To those bright courts where seraphs bend;
With awe like theirs, on earth adore,
Till with their anthems ours shall blend.

969 L. M.

The tokens of His grace.

AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Accept our temples for his own?

2 These walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise:
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

970 L. M.

An humble offering to Jehovah.

THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone;
He spake, and, lo! the work was done.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad expanse of azure sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtain'd it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky; and all was good;
And when its first pure praises rang,
The morning stars together sang.

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our off'ring stands,
An humble temple, built with hands.

971 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

For the dedication of a seamen's Bethel.

THOU, who on the whirlwind ridest,
At whose word the thunder roars,
Who in majesty presidest
O'er the oceans and their shores;
From those shores and from the ocean,
We, the children of the sea,
Come to offer our devotion,
And to give this house to thee.

2 When, for business on great waters,
We go down to sea in ships,
And our weeping sons and daughters
Hang, at parting, on our lips;
This our Bethel shall remind us
That Jehovah heareth prayer;
And that those we leave behind us
Are thy faithful church's care.

3 When in port, each day that's holy
To this house we'll press in throngs;
When at sea, with spirit lowly,
We'll repeat its sacred songs.
Outward bound, shall we, in sadness,
Lose its flag behind the seas;
Homeward bound, we'll greet with gladness
Its first floating on the breeze.

4 Homeward bound!—with deep emotion,
We remember, Lord, that life
Is a voyage o'er an ocean
Heaved by many a tempest's strife.
Be thy statutes so engraven
On our hearts and minds, that we,
Anch'ring in death's quiet haven,
All may make our home with thee.

MISSIONARY.

972 L. M.

Souls perishing for lack of knowledge.

SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye
The thousands of our Israel see;
To thee in their behalf we cry,—
Ourselves but newly found in thee.

2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near,
For no man cares their souls to save.

3 Thy people, Lord, are sold for naught,
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
They perish, whom thyself hast bought;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

4 The pit its mouth hath open'd wide,
To swallow up its careless prey:
Why should they die, when thou hast died—
Hast died to bear their sins away?

5 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
The meed of all thy sufferings these;
O claim them for thy ransom'd ones!

973

26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

The cry of the heathen.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation!—O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

974

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

The ruined race.

LET God, who comforts the distress'd,
Let Israel's Consolation, hear;
Hear, Holy Ghost, our joint request,
And show thyself the Comforter;
And swell the' unutterable groan,
And breathe our wishes to the throne.

2 We wrestle for the ruin'd race;
By sin eternally undone,
Unless thou magnify thy grace,
And make thy richest mercy known,
And make thy vanquish'd rebels find
Pardon in Christ for all mankind.

3 Father of everlasting love,
To every soul thy Son reveal,
Our guilt and suff'rings to remove,
Our deep, original wound to heal;
And bid the fallen race arise,
And turn our earth to paradise.

975

L. M.

The glorious predictions.

THE Law and Prophets all foretold
That Christ should die, and leave the grave;
Gather the world into his fold,
The Church of Jews and Gentiles save.

2 Yet, by the prince of darkness bound,
The nations still are wrapt in night:
They never heard the joyful sound;
They never saw the Gospel light.

3 Light of the world, again appear,
In mildest majesty of grace,
And bring the great salvation near,
And claim our whole apostate race.

976 L. M.

The latter day glory.

BEHOLD, the heathen waits to know
The joy the Gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labour share a part;
Our prayers and off'rings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his Name shall rise;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sov'reign grace be form'd anew.

977 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

Departing missionaries.

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

978 C. M.

Missionaries commended to God.

FATHER of mercies, condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While these our brethren we commend
To thy paternal care.

2 Before them set an open door;
Their faithful labours bless;
On them thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown them with success.

3 Endow them with a heavenly mind;
Supply their every need;
Make them in spirit meek, resign'd,
But bold in word and deed.

4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold them by thy grace;
And guard them by thy mighty power,
Till they shall end their race.

5 Then, follow'd by a numerous train,
Gather'd from heathen lands,
A crown of life may they obtain
From their Redeemer's hands.

979 L. M.

The severed olive-branch.

LORD, visit thy forsaken race;
Back to thy fold the wand'rers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.

2 That veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
That sever'd olive-branch again
Firm to its parent-stock unite.

3 Hail, glorious day—expected long!
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour;
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

980

S. M.

Hebrew missionaries.

ALMIGHTY God of love,
Set up the' attracting sign,
And summon whom thou dost approve
For messengers divine.

2 From favour'd Abrah'm's seed
The new apostles choose,
In isles and continents to spread
The dead-reviving news.

3 We know it shall be done;
'Tis God's almighty word;
All Israel shall the Saviour own,
To their first state restored.

4 Send, then, thy servants forth
To call the Hebrews home;
From east and west, and south and north,
Let all the wand'rers come.

5 With Israel's myriads seal'd,
Let all the nations meet;
And show the mystery fulfill'd,
The family complete.

981

L. M.

The restoration of Israel.

ARISE, great God! and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race;
Restore the long-lost, scatter'd band,
And call them to their native land.

2 Their misery let thy mercy heal;
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal;
O God of Israel! hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.

3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?
Lord, shall thy wrath forever burn?
And will thy mercy ne'er return?

4 Thy quick'ning Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart;
While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

982

For the Jews and the fulness of the Gentiles.

HEAD of the Church, whose Spirit fills
And flows through every faithful soul,
Unites in mystic love, and seals
Them one, and sanctifies the whole:—

2 Come, Lord,—thy glorious Spirit cries,
And souls beneath the altar groan;
Come, Lord,—the Bride on earth replies,
And perfect all our souls in one.

3 Pour out the promised gift on all;
Answer the universal—Come!
The fulness of the Gentiles call,
And take thine ancient people home.

4 To thee let all the nations flow;
Let all obey the Gospel word;
Let all their bleeding Saviour know,
Fill'd with the glory of the Lord.

5 O, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
The purchase of thy passion claim;
Thine heritage, the Gentiles, take,
And cause the world to know thy name.

983

S. M.

For the world's conversion.

O GOD of sov'reign grace,
We bow before thy throne;
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways;
And let all lands, with joy, record
The great Redeemer's praise.

984

5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

The banner of the cross.

GO, ye messengers of God;
Like the beams of morning, fly;
Take the wonder-working rod;
Wave the banner cross on high.

2 Go to many a tropic isle
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And the' oppress'd forever weep.

3 O'er the pagan's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away his wild despair;
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

4 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
High the bleeding cross display;
Spread the Gospel's richest feast.

985

S. M.

I will gather all nations.

FATHER of boundless grace,
Thou hast in part fulfill'd
Thy promise made to Adam's race,
In God incarnate seal'd.
A few from every land
At first to Salem came,
And saw the wonders of thy hand,
And saw the tongues of flame.

2 Yet still we wait the end,—
The coming of our Lord;
The full accomplishment attend
Of thy prophetic word.
Thy promise deeper lies,
In unexhausted grace;
And new-discover'd worlds arise
To sing their Saviour's praise.

3 Beloved for Jesus' sake,
By him redeem'd of old,
All nations must come in, and make
One undivided fold:
While gather'd in by thee,
And perfected in one,
They all at once thy glory see
In thy co-equal Son.

986 C. M.

The earth renewed in righteousness.

ALMIGHTY Spirit, now behold
A world by sin destroy'd:
Creating Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give thou the word; that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife;
And earth again, like Eden crown'd,
Bring forth the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ,
When thou shalt all renew!

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransom'd raise their voice,
To whom the Saviour came!

5 Lo, every kindred, every tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sov'reign love alone.

987 L. M.

The Saviour's coming expected and prayed for.

JESUS! thy church, with longing eyes,
For thine expected coming waits:
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam on Zion's gates?

2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 O! come, and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurl'd,—
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for thine appointed hour;
And fit us, by thy grace, to share
The triumphs of thy conqu'ring power.

988 19th P. M. 664, 6664.

Let there be light.

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,—
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,—
O now, to all mankind,
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace;
And in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light.

989 S. M.

The Redeemer's triumphant reign.

O THOU whom we adore,
To bless our earth again,
Assume thine own almighty power,
And o'er the nations reign.
The world's Desire and Hope,
All power to thee is given;
Now set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven.

2 Where all thy laws are spurn'd,
Thy holy name profaned,
And where the ruin'd world has mourn'd,
With blood of millions stain'd:
Reveal the glorious scene;
The heathen claim for thine;
And there the endless reign begin
With majesty divine.

3 A gracious Saviour, thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless;
And every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.
According to thy word,
Now be thy grace reveal'd;
And with the knowledge of the Lord,
Let all the earth be fill'd.

990 L. M.

Missionary meeting.

ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand:
The voice that marshall'd every star,
Has call'd thy people from afar.

2 We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line—to either pole—
The anthem of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist; accept our praise;
Our hopes revive; our courage raise;
Our counsels aid;—to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wand'ring spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

991 S. M.

God's wondrous way among the heathen.

TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine;—

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their homage pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let all the nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
And all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.

992 L. M.

Light for those who sit in darkness.

THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death;
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wand'ring tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come, thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise!
Let the glad morning bless our eyes;
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendours of the day.

993 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

One shall chase a thousand.

SAVIOUR, we know thou art
In every age the same:
Now, Lord, in ours exert
The virtue of thy Name,
And daily, through thy word, increase
Thy blood-besprinkled witnesses.

2 As thy command ordains,
Thy people, saved below
From all their sinful stains,
Shall multiply and grow;
And one into a thousand rise,
To spread thy praise through earth and skies.

994 S. M.

The glorious Gospel.

THE nations of the earth,
Almighty Lord, are thine;
And in thy works from nature's birth,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 Thy love hath also sent
Thy Gospel to our race;
Unveiling thy divine intent
Of rich redeeming grace.

3 When shall these tidings roll
The spacious earth around,
And every tribe and every soul
Receive the joyful sound?

4 When shall the wand'rers meet,
That now in darkness rove,
And, gather'd round Immanuel's feet,
Sing of his saving love?

5 O Lord, our efforts own,
To spread the gospel rays;
And rear, on sin's demolish'd throne,
The temples of thy praise.

995 L. M.

Triumphs of mercy.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength—the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
I am Jehovah—God alone:
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let creature blood be spilt—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In every land, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

996 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Christ's universal reign.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his Name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banish'd grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturb'd, shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious Name;
All his mighty acts record,—
All his wondrous love proclaim.

997 L. M.

The time to favour Zion.

SOV'REIGN of worlds! display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favour'd hour;
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On lonely isles and lands unknown,
And make the nations all thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

998 C. M.

Christ, the Conqueror.

JESUS, immortal King, arise;
Assert thy rightful sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqu'ror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 O may the great Redeemer's Name
Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.

5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Be thou, O Christ, adored,
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

999 L. M.

Christ's universal and everlasting kingdom.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moon shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.

1000 33d P. M. 8 *lines* 6s

The death of martyrs.

FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
The martyrs' ashes, watch'd,
Shall gather'd be at last;
And from that scatter'd dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

2 The Father hath received
Their latest living breath;
And vain is Satan's boast
Of vict'ry in their death:
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim,
To' many a wak'ning land,
The one availing Name.

1001 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

The universal anthem.

WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign.

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound!

1002 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

The word glorified.

SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,—
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
To bring fire on earth he came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run:
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,—
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath open'd wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified.
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of him,—
Him who spake a world from naught.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,—
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love.

1003

7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

The Watchman's report.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height
See the glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams, alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

1004 7th P. M. 3 *lines* 7s.

The song of jubilee.

HARK! the song of jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furl'd;
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away:
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

1005 L. M.

The song of triumph.

SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms, be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

3 O let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

1006 16th P. M. 11 12, 11 12.

Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

O JOIN ye the anthems of triumph, that rise
From the throng of the blest, from the hosts of the skies:
Alleluia, they sing, in rapturous strains;
Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigns.

2 He gave to the light its beneficent wings;
He controlleth the counsels of senates and kings:
From his throne in the clouds the lightnings are hurl'd,
And he ruleth the factions that rage through the world.

3 Rejoice, ye that love him; his power cannot fail;
His omnipotent goodness shall surely prevail;
The triumph of evil will shortly be past,
And omnipotent mercy shall conquer at last.

4 Though Satan now maketh the nations his prey,
The dominion of darkness shall soon pass away:
Exulting, we join heaven's rapturous strains,—
Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigns.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

1007 C. M.

Blessedness of instructing the young.

DELIGHTFUL work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

2 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Redeemer love.

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth,
And show the mind which went astray
The Way, the Life, the Truth.

4 Almighty God, thine influence shed,
To aid this blest design:
The honours of thy Name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

1008 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

A blessing invoked on teachers.

MIGHTY One, before whose face
Wisdom had her glorious seat,
When the orbs that people space
Sprang to birth beneath thy feet;

2 Source of truth, whose rays alone
Light the mighty world of mind;
God of love, who from thy throne
Kindly watchest all mankind;

3 Shed on those, who in thy Name
Teach the way of truth and right,
Shed that love's undying flame,—
Shed that wisdom's guiding light.

1009 C. M.

For a blessing on the children.

O WISDOM! whose unfading power
Beside the' Eternal stood,
To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
The land, the sky, the flood;

2 Yet didst thou not disdain awhile
An infant form to wear,—
To bless thy mother with a smile,
And lisp thy falter'd prayer.

3 But in thy Father's own abode,
With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
Thy chiefest joy was found.

4 So may our youth adore thy Name!
And, Saviour! deign to bless
With fost'ring grace the timid flame
Of early holiness.

1010 C. M.

The Christian child.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod—
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

1011 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Sanctified knowledge.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry,
The good desired, and wanted most,
Out of thy richest grace supply;
The sacred discipline be given,
To train and bring them up for heaven.

2 Error and ignorance remove;
Their blindness both of heart and mind:
Give them the wisdom from above,—
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind:
In knowledge pure their minds renew,
And store with thoughts divinely true.

3 Learning's redundant part and vain
Be here cut off, and cast aside:
But let them, Lord, the substance gain;
In every solid truth abide;
Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego
The knowledge fit for man to know.

4 Unite the pair so long disjoin'd,
Knowledge and vital piety:
Learning and holiness combined,
And truth and love, let all men see
In those whom up to thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine, to die and live.

1012 C. M.

Anniversary; the children's jubilee.

HOSANNA, be the children's song,
To Christ, the children's King;
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

2 From little ones to Jesus brought,
Hosanna now be heard;
Let little infants now be taught
To lisp that lovely word.

3 Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

4 Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.

5 Hosanna, then, our song shall be;
Hosanna to our King:
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing.

1013 C. M.

Children recalling the example of Jesus.

WHEN Jesus left his Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth;
And, all unhonour'd and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

2 Like him, may we be found below
In wisdom's path of peace;
Like him, in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.

3 Sweet were his words, and kind his look,
When mothers round him press'd;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom blest.

4 Safe from the world's alluring charms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
Thus, in the circle of his arms,
May we forever lie.

1014 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

Grateful praise.

WE bring no glitt'ring treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come, with simple measures,
To chant thy love divine.
Children, thy favours sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our off'ring,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth;
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer! grant thy blessing!
O! teach us how to pray,
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way;
Then where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy Name.

1015 L. M.

Hosanna to the Son of David.

WHAT are those soul-reviving strains
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?

2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings
Hosanna to the King of kings:
The Saviour comes!—and babes proclaim
Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.

3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;
Still Israel's children forward press,
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.

4 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.

5 Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven.

1016 C. M.

Children in heaven.

THERE is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark, amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.

3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

4 Soon will our earthly race be run—
Our mortal frame decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must die and pass away.

5 Great God, impress this serious thought,
To-day, on every breast;
That both the teachers and the taught
May dwell among the blest.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PUBLIC FASTS.

1017 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Unfaithfulness acknowledged and lamented.

O GOD, thy righteousness we own;
Judgment is at thy house begun;
With humble awe thy rod we hear,
And guilty in thy sight appear;
We cannot in thy judgment stand,
But sink beneath thy mighty hand.

2 Our mouth as in the dust we lay,
And still for mercy, mercy pray;
Unworthy to behold thy face,
Unfaithful stewards of thy grace,
Our sin and wickedness we own,
And deeply for acceptance groan.

3 We have not, Lord, thy gifts improved,
But basely from thy statutes roved;
Yet do not drive us from thy face,
A stiff-neck'd and hard-hearted race:
The melting power of love impart;
Soften the marble of our heart.

1018 C. M.

Deprecating the anger of God.

BEHOLD, O Lord! before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend:
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Trémendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray.

3 And why, great God, are we thus spared,
Ungrateful as we are?
O make thine awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries,—Forbear!

4 O turn us, turn us, blessed Lord,
By thine almighty grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And ever seek thy face.

5 Hear thou our prayers, and grant us aid;
Bid wars forever cease:
Heal every breach that sin has made,
And bless our land with peace.

1019 9th P. M. 87, 87.

Pardon implored for national sins.

DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications;
Now for their deliv'rance rise.

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
In thy holy place we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that mercy veil transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save thy people from oppression;
Save from spoil thy holy place.

1020 C. M.

Impending judgments.

COME, let our souls adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay;
Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us time to pray.

2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
But let us not despair;
Still open is the mercy-seat
To penitence and prayer.

3 Kind Intercessor, to thy love
This blessed hope we owe:
O let thy merits plead above,
While we implore below.

4 Though justice near thy awful throne
Attends thy dread command,
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land.

1021 S. M.

The day of vengeance.

SINNERS, the call obey—
The latest call of grace:
The day is come, the vengeful day
Of a devoted race:
Devils and men combine
To plague the faithless seed,
And phials full of wrath divine
Are bursting on your head.

2 Enter into the Rock,
Ye trembling slaves of sin—
The Rock of your salvation, struck
And cleft to take you in:
To shelter the distress'd
He did the cross endure;
Enter into the clefts, and rest
In Jesus' wounds secure.

1022 S. M.

Continued.—Our help cometh from the Lord.

JESUS, to thee we fly
From the devouring sword;
Our city of defence is nigh;
Our help is in the Lord.

Or if the scourge o'erflow,
And laugh at innocence,
Thine everlasting arms, we know,
Shall be our souls' defence.

2 We in thy word believe,
And on thy promise stay;
Our life, which still to thee we give,
Shall be to us a prey:
Our life with thee we hide
Above the furious blast,
And shelter'd in thy wounds abide
Till all the storms are past.

THANKSGIVINGS.

1023 L. M.

God's goodness crowns the year.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

5 O may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song;
And in those brighter courts adore
Where days and years revolve no more.

1024 L. M.

National blessings.

GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy Name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,—
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallow'd ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dang'rous way.

4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In danger still our guardian be;
O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee.

1025 C. M.

God's bountiful goodness.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And the refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails:
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

1026 19th P. M. 664, 6664.

Praise to the God of harvest.

THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy Name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty,—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices, raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

PEACE.

1027 L. M.

Thanksgiving for national peace.

GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thine almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise:
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain,—

3 Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their power;
Thy law the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

4 Then peace returns with balmy wing;
Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled!
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

5 To thee we pay our grateful songs;
Thy kind protection still implore:
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness, and adore.

1028 4th P. M. 886, 886.

In time of peace.

A NATION God delights to bless,
Can all our raging foes distress,
Or hurt whom they surround?
Hid from the general scourge we are,
Nor see the bloody waste of war,
Nor hear the trumpet's sound.

2 O may we, Lord, the grace improve,
By lab'ring for the rest of love—
The soul-composing power;
Bless us with that internal peace,
And all the fruits of righteousness,
Till time shall be no more.

OUR COUNTRY.

1029 C. M.

National deliverances ascribed to God.

O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
And in more ancient years.

2 'Twas not their courage, or their sword,
To them salvation gave;
'Twas not their number, or their strength,
That did their country save.

3 But thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
Whose succour they implored,—
Thy providence protected them,
Who thy great Name adored.

4 As thee their God our fathers own'd,
So thou art still our King;
O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliv'rance bring.

5 To thee the glory we ascribe,
From whom salvation came;
In God, our shield, we will rejoice,
And ever bless thy Name.

1030 L. M.

God, the nation's guardian.

GREAT God! beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie;
Whose fav'ring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall;—

2 We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy power we see—thy greatness own;
Yet, cherish'd by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.

3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown
Their children's children long shall own;
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.

4 Led on by thine unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread;
And, freely as the vital air,
Thy first and noblest bounties share.

5 Great God, our guardian, guide, and friend!
O still thy shelt'ring arm extend;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kingdom last!

1031 C. M.

Prayer for our native land.

LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.

2 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless—
Our cities with prosperity,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys chant
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust—
Her everlasting friend.

CHARITABLE AND BENEVOLENT.

1032 C. M.

Sympathy with the afflicted.

FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O! may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' wo.

3 When poor and helpless sons of grief
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
When, throned above the skies,
And in the Father's bosom blest,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To bless a ruin'd race;
We would, O Lord, thy steps pursue,
Thy bright example trace.

1033 C. M.

Deeds of love, for Christ's sake, rewarded.

HOW blest the children of the Lord,
Who, walking in his sight,
Make all the precepts of his word
Their study and delight.

2 That precious wealth shall be their dower,
Which cannot know decay;
Which moth or rust shall ne'er devour,
Or spoiler take away.

3 For them that heavenly light shall spread,
Whose cheering rays illume
The darkest hours of life, and shed
A halo round the tomb.

4 Their works of piety and love,
Perform'd through Christ, their Lord,
Forever register'd above,
Shall meet a sure reward.

1034 C. M.

Deeds of charity.

HIGH on a throne of light, O Lord,
Dost thou exalted shine:
What can our poverty bestow,
Since all the world is thine?

2 But thou hast brethren here below,
Partakers of thy grace,
Whose humble names thou wilt confess
Before thy Father's face.

3 In them may'st thou be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And, in their accents of distress,
The Saviour's voice be heard.

4 Whate'er our willing hands can give,
Lord, at thy feet we lay;
Grace will the humble gift receive,
And grace at length repay.

1035 L. M.

More blessed to give than to receive.

HELP us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in thy perfect will;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
And thus thy law of love fulfil.

2 He that hath pity on the poor,
Lendeth his substance to the Lord;
And, lo! his recompense is sure,
For more than all shall be restored.

3 Teach us, with glad, ungrudging heart,
As thou hast blest our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A lib'ral portion to the poor.

4 To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live;
Freely we have received from thee;
Freely may we rejoice to give.

5 And while we thus obey thy word,
And every call of want relieve,
O! may we find it, gracious Lord!
More blest to give than to receive.

1036 C. M.

Anniversary of an orphan asylum: by the children.

AGAIN the kind revolving year
Has brought this happy day;
And we in God's blest house appear
Again our vows to pay.

2 Our watchful guardians, robed in light,
Adore the heavenly King;
Ten thousand thousand seraphs bright
Incessant praises sing.

3 They know no want, they feel no care,
Nor ever sigh as we;
Sorrow and sin are strangers there,
And all is harmony.

4 If aught can there enhance their bliss,
Or raise their raptures higher,
New joys in heaven at sights like this,
New anthems fill the choir.

5 With what resembling care and love
Both worlds for us appear;
Our friendly guardians those above,—
Our benefactors here.

MARINERS.

1037

5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Embarking.

LORD, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way;
In the hollow of thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land.

2 Jesus, let our faithful mind
Rest, on thee alone reclined:
Every anxious thought repress;
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

3 Keep the souls whom now we leave;
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
Bid them come by faith to thee.

4 Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er;
Land us on the heavenly shore.

1038

C. M.

God's servants safe by sea or land.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord;
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help,—omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death,—when death shall be our lot,—
Shall join our souls to thee.

1039 12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

Safe with Jesus in the ship.

LORD of earth, and air, and sea,
Supreme in power and grace,
Under thy protection we
Our souls and bodies place.
Bold an unknown land to try,
We launch into the foaming deep;
Rocks, and storms, and depths defy;
With Jesus in the ship.

2 Who the calm can understand,
In a believer's breast?
In the hollow of His hand
Our souls securely rest:
Winds may rise, and seas may roar;
We on his love our spirits stay;
Him with quiet joy adore
Whom winds and seas obey.

1040 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

God's wonders on the deep.

THEY that toil upon the deep,
And, in vessels light and frail,
O'er the mighty waters sweep,
With the billow and the gale,—

2 Mark what wonders God performs,
When he speaks; and, unconfined,
Rush to battle all his storms,
In the chariots of the wind.

3 Up to heaven their bark is whirl'd,
On the mountains of the wave;
Down as suddenly 'tis hurl'd
To the' abysses of the grave.

4 Then unto the Lord they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliv'rance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

5 O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace.

1041 L. M.

His way is in the sea.

LORD of the wide, extensive main,
Whose power the wind, the sea, controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose Spirit leads believing souls:

2 'Tis here thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear;
While through the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.

3 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine;
We own thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in thine immensity.

4 Thy wisdom here we learn to' adore;
Thine everlasting truth we prove;
Amazing heights of boundless power,
Unfathomable depths of love.

1042

10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

He holdeth the waters in His hand.

O THOU, who hast spread out the skies,
And measured the depths of the sea,
Our incense of praise shall arise
In joyous thanksgiving to thee.
Forever thy presence is near,
Though heaves our bark far from the land;
We ride on the deep without fear;
The waters are held in thy hand.

2 Eternity comes in the sound
Of billows that never can sleep;
Jehovah encircles us round;
Omnipotence walks on the deep.
Our Father, we look up to thee,
As on tow'rd the haven we roll;
And faith in our Pilot shall be
An anchor to steady the soul.

1043

L. M.

Calm in the storm.

GLORY to Thee, whose powerful word
Bids the tempestuous winds arise;
Glory to thee, the sov'reign Lord
Of air, and earth, and sea, and skies.

2 Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
And seas thine awful will perform:
From them we learn to own thy sway,
And shout to meet the gath'ring storm.

3 What though the floods lift up their voice;
Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry;
They cannot damp thy children's joys,
Or shake the soul when God is nigh.

4 Headlong we cleave the yawning deep,
And back to highest heaven are borne,
Unmoved, though rapid whirlwinds sweep,
And all the watery world upturn.

5 Roar on, ye waves; our souls defy
Your roaring to disturb our rest;
In vain to' impair the calm ye try—
The calm in a believer's breast.

6 Rage, while our faith the Saviour tries,
Thou sea, the servant of his will;
Rise, while our God permits thee, rise,
But fall when he shall say,—Be still.

1044 S. M.

Praise for protecting mercy.

WHEN o'er the deep we rode,
By winds and storms assail'd;
We call'd upon the ocean's God,
Whose mercy never fail'd.

2 The tempest heard his voice,
The winds obey'd his will;
The elements withheld their noise,
And all the floods were still.

3 With joy we hail'd the shore,
And safe the vessel moor'd;
With grateful hearts, that happy hour,
We praised the ocean's Lord.

4 Thus, while o'er seas we roam,
Thy goodness, Lord, we see;
Though distant from our native home,
We are not far from thee.

5 And when this life is past,
And we are call'd to die,
O may we see thy face at last
In realms beyond the sky.

6 Then, as we join the bands
Beyond the swelling wave,
We'll praise thee with uplifted hands,
And sing thy power to save.

1045 29th P. M. 4 *lines* 12s.

Save, Lord, or we perish!

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker,—Save, Lord, or we perish!

2 O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,—
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries, in his anguish,—Save, Lord, or we perish!

3 And, O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its sad warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemèd to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer,—Save, Lord, or we perish!

1046 18th P. M. 10, 5, 11.

Deliverance from danger.

ALL praise to the Lord, who rules with a word
The untractable sea,
And limits its rage by his steadfast decree:
Whose providence binds or releases the winds,
And compels them again,
At his beck, to put on the invisible chain.

2 E'en now he hath heard our cry, and appear'd
On the face of the deep,
And commanded the tempest its distance to keep;
His piloting hand hath brought us to land,
And, no longer distress'd,
We are joyful again in the haven to rest.

3 O that all men would raise His tribute of praise,
His goodness declare,
And thankfully sing of his fatherly care;
With rapture approve His dealings of love,
And the wonders proclaim
Perform'd by the virtue of Jesus's Name.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

WATCH-NIGHT.

1047 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

A solemn vigil.

HOW many pass the guilty night
In revelling and frantic mirth!
The creature is their sole delight—
Their happiness the things of earth:
For us suffice the season past:
We choose the better part at last.

2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
We will not let our eyelids sleep,
But humbly lift them to the skies,
And all a solemn vigil keep;
So many nights on sin bestow'd,
Can we not watch one hour for God?

3 We can, O Jesus, for thy sake,
Devote our every hour to thee;
Speak but the word, our souls shall wake,
And sing with cheerful melody:
Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
And every heart shall dance for joy.

4 Blest object of our faith and love,
We listen for thy welcome voice;
Our persons and our works approve,
And bid us in thy strength rejoice;
Now let us hear the mighty cry,
And shout to find the Bridegroom nigh.

5 Shout in the midst of us, O King
Of saints, and let our joys abound;
Let us rejoice, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph in redemption found:
We ask in faith for every soul;
O let our glorious joy be full!

6 O may we all triumphant rise;
With joy upon our heads return;
And far above these nether skies,
By thee on eagles' wings upborne,
Through all yon radiant circles move,
And gain the highest heaven of love.

1048

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

A living sacrifice unto the Lord.

WISDOM ascribe, and might, and praise.
To God, who lengthens out our days;
Who spares us yet another year,
And makes us see his goodness here:
O may we all the time redeem,
And henceforth live and die to him!

2 How often, when his arm was bared,
Hath he our sinful Israel spared;
Let me alone,—his mercy cried,
And turn'd the vengeful bolt aside;
Indulged another kind reprieve,
And strangely suffer'd us to live.

3 Merciful God, how shall we raise
Our hearts to pay thee all thy praise?
Our hearts shall beat for thee alone;
Our lives shall make thy goodness known;
Our souls and bodies shall be thine,
A living sacrifice divine.

1049

C. M.

A midnight song.

JOIN, all ye ransom'd sons of grace,
The holy joy prolong,
And shout to the Redeemer's praise
A solemn midnight song.

2 Blessing, and thanks, and love, and might,
Be to our Jesus given,
Who turns our darkness into light,
Who turns our hell to heaven.

3 Thither our faithful souls he leads;
Thither he bids us rise,
With crowns of joy upon our heads,
To meet Him in the skies.

1050 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

The Bridegroom cometh.

YE virgin souls, arise;
With all the dead, awake;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry—
Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Made ready for your full reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend;
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

4 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
With seraphs, thrones, and powers,
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

5 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound:
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found:
And when thou dost the heavens bow,
Be found—as, Lord, thou find'st us now.

1051 11th P. M. 76, 76, 77, 76.

The midnight cry.

HEARKEN to the solemn voice,
The awful midnight cry;
Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
And see the Bridegroom nigh:
Lo, he comes to keep his word;
Light and joy his looks impart;
Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
And meet him in your heart.

2 Ye who faint beneath the load
Of sin, your heads lift up;
See your great redeeming God;
He comes, and bids you hope.
In the midnight of your grief,
Jesus doth his mourners cheer;
Lo, he brings you sure relief;
Believe, and feel him here.

1052 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

Retrospect of a year.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here:
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we reign with thee above.

NEW-YEAR.

1053 18th P. M. 10, 5, 11.

Renewed fidelity and zeal.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,—the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each, in the day of His coming, may say,—
I have fought my way through;
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do.
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,—
Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.

1054 C. M.

Renewing the covenant.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord;—

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His Name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now.

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

1055 C. M.

With praise and thanksgiving.

SING to the great Jehovah's praise;
All praise to him belongs;
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs:
His providence hath brought us through
Another various year;
We all, with vows and anthems new,
Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies past we own,—
Thy still continued care,—
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are:
Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love;
While on in Jesus' steps we go,
To seek thy face above.

3 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee,—
Till Jesus in the clouds appear,
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand Sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heaven.

1056 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

The barren fig-tree.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages, praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days,—
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of the Lord
Cried,—Let it still alone:
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And, lo! we see another year.

5 Then dig about the root;
Break up our fallow ground;
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound;
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

BREVITY AND UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

1057 S. M.

On beginning a new year.

OUR few revolving years,
How swift they glide away;
How short the term of life appears
When past—but as a day!—

2 A dark and cloudy day,
Clouded by grief and sin;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.

3 Lord, through another year
If thou permit our stay,
With diligence may we pursue
The true and living way.

1058 C. M.

Frailty of life.

THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame—
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Infinite joy, or endless wo,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

1059 C. M.

Man frail—God eternal.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:—

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual home!

1060 L. M.

Earthly things vain and transitory.

HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The with'ring grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're trav'ling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

1061 S. M.

Plea for sparing mercy.

LORD, let me know mine end;
My days, how brief their date;
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

2 My life is but a span;
Mine age is naught with thee;
And, in his highest honour, man
Is dust and vanity.

3 At thy rebuke the bloom
Of earthly beauty flies;
And grief shall like a moth consume
All that delights our eyes.

4 Have pity on my fears;
Hearken to my request;
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

5 O spare me yet, I pray;
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summon'd hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

1062 L. M.

The soul's best portion.

ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind:
He heaps up treasures mix'd with wo,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

1063 S. M.

Our fathers; where are they?

HOW swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea;
The tide that hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity.

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour, gone.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

1064 4th P. M. 886, 886.

The brink of fate.

LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here—
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to' ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

1065 L. M.

The inevitable doom.

TREMENDOUS God, with humble fear,
Prostrate before thy awful throne,
The word unchangeable we hear—
Thy sov'reign righteousness we own.

2 'Tis fit we should to dust return,
Since such the will of God Most High;
In sin conceived, to trouble born,
Born to lament, and toil, and die.

3 Submissive to thy just decree,
We all shall soon from earth remove;
But when thou sendest, Lord, for me,
O let the messenger be love.

4 Whisper thy love into my heart;
Warn me of my approaching end;
And then I joyfully depart,
And then I to thy arms ascend.

1066 L. M.

A peaceful death expected, and prayed for.

SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I soon shall gather up my feet;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die,—my fathers' God to meet.

2 Number'd among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see:
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me!

3 O that, without a ling'ring groan,
I may the welcome word receive;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live.

4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
And, certified that thou art mine,
My spirit, calm and undismay'd,
I shall into thy hands resign.

5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers:
My Light, my Life, my God is come,
And glory in his face appears.

1067 L. M.

I am going the way of all the earth.

PASS a few swiftly fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.

2 But all, before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves prepare
In that eternal house above;
And, O my God, shall I be there?

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

1068 S. M.

Solemn thoughts on the future.

AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?—
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or wo
Must then my portion be:
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge, with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies!

3 How shall I leave my tomb—
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing, meet?
Will angel bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?

4 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the blest?
I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell!

1069 C. M.

A voice from the grave.

HARK! from the tomb a doleful sound;
My ears, attend the cry:—
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Shall lie as low as ours.

3 Great God! is this our certain doom,
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more?

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

1070 L. M.

Christ's presence makes death easy.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O would my Lord his servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

1071 C. M.

Death of children.

THY life I read, my gracious Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 I take these little lambs, said he,
And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

5 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout, with joys divine,—
O Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be forever thine.

1072 4th P. M. 886, 886.

The momentous question.

AND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity.

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay?
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day.

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The' inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But, O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way
To glorious happiness.
Ah! write the pardon on my heart;
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

1073 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

The grave disarmed of its terrors.

MAN dieth and wasteth away,
And where is he?—Hark! from the skies,
I hear a voice answer and say,—
The spirit of man never dies!
His body, which came from the earth,
Must mingle again with the sod;—
His soul, which in heaven had birth,
Returns to the bosom of God.

2 No terror has death, or the grave,
To those who believe in the Lord—
Who know the Redeemer can save,
And lean on the faith of his word:
While ashes to ashes, and dust
We give unto dust, in our gloom,
The light of salvation we trust,
Which hangs like a lamp in the tomb.

3 O Lord God Almighty! to thee
We turn, as our solace above;
The waters may fail from the sea,
But never thy fountains of love:
O teach us thy will to obey,
And sing, with one heart and accord,
He gave, and he taketh away,
And praised be the name of the Lord.

1074 C. M.

Victory over the fears of death.

O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,—
To triumph o'er approaching death,
And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,—
Where is thy boasted vict'ry, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?

3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power;
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,—
Who makes us conqu'rors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

1075 L. M.

Disembodied saints.

THE saints who die of Christ possess'd,
Enter into immediate rest;
For them no further test remains,
Of purging fires and torturing pains.

2 Who trusting in their Lord depart,
Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,
The bliss unmix'd, the glorious prize,
They find with Christ in paradise.

3 Yet, glorified by grace alone,
They cast their crowns before the throne,
And fill the echoing courts above
With praises of redeeming love.

1076 L. M.

The Christian's parting hour.

HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest:
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak,

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

1077 37th P. M. 66, 86, 88.

Friends separated for a season.

FRIEND after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affection transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

1078 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

Blessedness of those who die in the Lord.

HARK! a voice divides the sky:—
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed;
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

2 Follow'd by their works they go,
Where their Head is gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace hath open'd mercy's door;
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallow'd, and made meet for heaven.

1079 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

Continued.—The Saviour's smile.

WHY should we lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceased?
Let the world, who know us not,
Call us hopeless and unblest:
When from flesh the spirit, freed,
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry,—A man is dead!
Angels sing,—A child is born!

2 Born into the world above,
They our happy brother greet;
Bear him to the throne of love,
Place him at the Saviour's feet:
Jesus smiles, and says,—Well done!
Good and faithful servant thou!
Enter and receive thy crown;
Reign with me triumphant now.

3 Angels catch the' approving sound,
Bow, and bless the just award;
Hail the heir with glory crown'd,
Now rejoicing with his Lord,—
Fuller joys ordain'd to know,
Waiting for the gen'ral doom,
When the' archangel's trump shall blow,—
Rise, ye dead, to judgment come.

1080

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.

JESUS, was ever love like thine?
Thy life a scene of wonder is;
Thy death itself is all divine,
While, pleased thy spirit to dismiss,
Thou dost out of the flesh retire,
And like the Prince of life expire.

2 Thy death supports the dying saint;
Thy death my sov'reign comfort be;
While feeble flesh and nature faint,
Arm with thy mortal agony;
And fill, while soul and body part,
With life, immortal life, my heart.

3 O let thy death's mysterious power,
With all its sacred weight, descend,
To consecrate my final hour,—
To bless me with thy peaceful end:
And, breathed into the hands divine,
My spirit be received with thine.

1081

S. M.

Let me die the death of the righteous.

O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope, may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransom'd spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

1082 C. M.

Death gain to the faithful.

WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of wo,
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
And enter'd into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recall'd his own;
But let our hearts, in every wo,
Still say,—Thy will be done.

1083 L. M.

The end of that man is peace.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright the' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labour done, as sinks the clay,—
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,—
How blest the righteous when he dies!

1084 C. M.

The death of a pastor.

TO thee, O God, when creatures fail,
Thy flock, deserted, flies;
And on the' eternal Shepherd's care,
Our steadfast hope relies.

2 When o'er thy faithful servant's dust
Thy saints assembled mourn,
In speedy tokens of thy grace,
O Zion's God, return!

3 The powers of nature all are thine,
And thine the aids of grace;
Thine arm has borne thy churches up,
Through each succeeding race.

4 Exert thy sacred influence here,
And here thy suppliants bless;
And change to strains of cheerful praise
Our accents of distress.

1085 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

Whose faith follow.

HE'S gone! the spotless soul is gone,
Triumphant, to his place above;
The prison walls are broken down;
The angels speed his swift remove,
And, shouting, on their wings he flies,
And gains his rest in paradise.

2 Saved by the merit of his Lord,
Glory and praise to Christ he gives;
Yet still his merciful reward
According to his works receives;
And with the seed he sow'd below,
His bliss eternally shall grow.

3 Father, to us vouchsafe the grace
Which brought our friend victorious through;
Let us his shining footsteps trace;
Let us his steadfast faith pursue;
Follow this foll'wer of the Lamb,
And conquer all through Jesus' Name.

4 O may we all, like him, believe,
And keep the faith, and win the prize!
Father, prepare, and then receive
Our hallow'd spirits to the skies,
To chant, with all our friends above,
Thy glorious, everlasting love.

1086 S. M.

The crowning hour.

SERVANT of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crown'd at last;—

2 Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantly possess'd;
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast.

3 In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer He heard;
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.

4 With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry,—
Salvation to the Lamb!

5 O happy, happy soul!
In ecstasies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll,
Thou seest thy Saviour's face.

6 Redeem'd from earth and pain,
Ah! when shall we ascend,
And all in Jesus' presence reign
With our translated friend?

1087 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

At rest, and happy.

HOW blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind!
This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again.

2 No anger, henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay:
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.
This languishing head is at rest;
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet, immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more.

3 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Now seal'd in their mortal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep:
The fountains can yield no supplies;
These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

1088 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

Happy death of a sister in the Lord.

HOSANNA to Jesus on high!
Another has enter'd his rest:
Another has 'scaped to the sky,
And lodged in Immanuel's breast;
The soul of our sister is gone,
To heighten the triumph above;
Exalted to Jesus's throne,
And clasp'd in the arms of his love.

2 How happy the angels that fall
Transported at Jesus's name;
The saints whom he soonest shall call,
To share in the feast of the Lamb!
No longer imprison'd in clay,
Who next from the dungeon shall fly?
Who first shall be summon'd away?—
My merciful Lord—Is it I?

3 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
That suddenly I should depart,
Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
And whisper thy call in my heart;
O give me a signal to know
If soon thou wouldst have me remove,
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions above.

1089 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

Triumphant death of a brother.

WEEP not for a brother deceased;
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind
Still toss'd on the sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death:
The voyage of life's at an end;
The mortal affliction is past:
The age that in heaven they spend,
Forever and ever shall last.

1090 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

The dying Christian.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ending,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, the angel guards attending,—
To the sight of Jesus go.
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy great Redeemer's breast;
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

1091 L. M.

The grave shall restore its trust.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds: no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept;—God's dying Son
Pass'd through the grave, and blest the bed:
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth! his sov'reign word:
Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
Call'd to ascend and meet the Lord.

1092 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

Absent from the body—present with the Lord.

LO! the pris'ner is released,
Lighten'd of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gather'd into God!
Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er:
Death and hell behind are cast;
Grief and suff'ring are no more.

2 Join we then, with one accord,
In the new and joyful song:
Absent from our loving Lord,
We shall not continue long;
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share,
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.

1093 L. M.

Day dawns on the night of the grave.

SHALL man, O God of light and life,
Forever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power, to save?

2 In those dark, silent realms of night
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease—cease, ye vain, desponding fears:
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold, to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

5 The trump shall sound—the dead shall wake;
From the cold tomb the slumb'rers spring;
Through heaven, with joy their myriads rise,
And hail their Saviour and their King.

1094 C. M.

Certainty of the resurrection dispels the gloom of the grave.

WHY do we mourn for dying friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last, loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:—
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

1095 C. M.

Awaking from the dust with shouts of praise.

THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deep'ning gloom,
We, foll'wers of our suff'ring Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of earth may beat.

4 Yet not thus buried, or extinct,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

1096 S. M.

Sown a natural body, raised a spiritual body.

AND must this body die—
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above!

6 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

1097 L. M.

Sown in weakness, raised in glory.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipp'd by the wind's untimely blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

1098 S. M.

The pledge of immortality.

OUR great Creator, God,
Who built this house of clay,
Can re-inspire the breathless clod,
In his appointed day.
From dust he form'd us man,
And shall we doubt his power?
No, surely the Almighty can
Our moulder'd dust restore.

2 Who breathed into our earth
The breath of life divine,
Can, by a new celestial birth,
God and the sinner join:
Thus we the pledge receive
Of immortality,
Sure that our bodies too shall live
Forever one with thee.

1099

1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

In my flesh shall I see God.

I CALL the world's Redeemer mine;
He lives who died for me, I know,—
Who bought my soul with blood divine:
Jesus shall re-appear below,—
Stand in that dreadful day unknown,
And fix on earth his heavenly throne.

2 Then the last judgment-day shall come;
And though the worms this skin devour,
The Judge shall call me from the tomb,
Shall bid the greedy grave restore,
And raise this individual me,
God in the flesh, my God, to see.

3 In this identic body, I,
With eyes of flesh refined, restored,
Shall see that self-same Saviour nigh,
See for myself my smiling Lord;
See with ineffable delight,
Nor faint to bear the glorious sight.

4 Then let the worms demand their prey,
The greedy grave my reins consume;
With joy I drop my mould'ring clay,
And rest till my Redeemer come;
On Christ my life, in death rely,
Secure that I can never die.

1100

C. M.

Exulting in the final victory.

WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake,—
When opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake,—

2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupt arise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.

3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfill'd;
And Death yields up his ancient reign,
And, vanquish'd, quits the field.

4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And now in triumph sing:—
O Grave, where is thy victory?
And where, O Death, thy sting?

1101 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

Clothed with immortality.

SPIRIT, leave thy house of clay;
Ling'ring dust, resign thy breath;
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death:—
Thus the mighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransom'd captive flies.

2 Pris'ner, long detain'd below,
Pris'ner, now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of wo;
Welcome to a land of rest:—
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust,
Grave, the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise:
Hark! the judgment trumpet calls—
Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

1102 4th P. M. 886, 886.

Tokens of the judgment a source of joy to the believer.

HOW happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian-rock,
In all commotions rest!
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved, above the storm they lie,
They lodge in Jesus' breast.

2 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise:
Earth's basis shook, confirms our hope;
Its cities' fall, but lifts us up,
To meet thee in the skies.

3 Thy tokens we with joy confess,
The war proclaims the Prince of peace,
The earthquake speaks thy power:
The famine all thy fulness brings,
The plague presents thy healing wings,
And nature's final hour.

4 Whatever ills the world befall
A pledge of endless good we call,
A sign of Jesus near:
His chariot will not long delay;
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,—
Triumphant Lord, appear.

1103 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

We also shall appear with Him in glory.

LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here:
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near.

2 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darken'd into endless night,
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting light.

3 See the stars from heaven falling;
Hark, on earth the doleful cry;
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh:
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!

4 With what diff'rent exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me:—
All discern him:
All with shouts cry out,—'Tis He!

5 Lo! 'tis He! our hearts' Desire,
Come for his espoused below;
Come to join us with his choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow:
Palms of vict'ry,
Crowns of glory, to bestow.

1104 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Signs of approaching judgment.

IN the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise;
Wilder storms the mountains sweep,
Louder thunders rock the skies.

3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
Pale amazement, restless fear;
And, amid the thunder-cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear.

4 But though from his awful face
Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, his chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh.

1105 L. M.

The second advent.

HE comes! He comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound:
See the almighty Jesus crown'd:
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his great white throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
Forever and forever reigns.

1106 C. M.

Secrets of the heart made known.

AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful then ought I to live;
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,—
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

1107 S. M.

Prepare us for that day.

BEHOLD! with awful pomp
The Judge prepares to come;
The' archangel sounds the dreadful trump,
And wakes the gen'ral doom.

2 Nature, in wild amaze,
Her dissolution mourns;
Blushes of blood the moon deface;
The sun to darkness turns.

3 The living look with dread;
The frighted dead arise,
Start from the monumental bed,
And lift their ghastly eyes.

4 Horrors all hearts appal;
They quake, they shriek, they cry;
Bid rocks and mountains on them fall;
But rocks and mountains fly.

5 Great God, in whom we live,
Prepare us for that day:
Help us in Jesus to believe,—
To watch, and wait, and pray.

1108 S. M.

The solemn midnight cry.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
To' increase our gracious fears,
Forever let the archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears
The solemn midnight cry,—
Ye dead, the Judge is come;
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom.

4 O may we all be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.
O may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

1109 L. M.

The dreadful day.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day—

2 When, shriv'ling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

1110 C. M.

The great day of His wrath.

WO to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread the' Almighty's frown,
When God doth all his wrath reveal,
And shower his judgments down.

2 Sinners, expect those heaviest showers:
To meet your God, prepare;
For, lo! the seventh angel pours
His vial on the air.

3 Lo! from their seats the mountains leap;
The mountains are not found;
Transported far into the deep,
And in the ocean drown'd.

4 Who then shall live and face the throne,
And see the Judge severe?
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
O where shall I appear?

5 Now, only now, against that hour
We may a place provide;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide:

6 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene;
For, lo! the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.

1111

8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

Behold, He cometh!

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 All the tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known:
Jah! Jehovah!
Claim the kingdom for thine own.

1112

11th P. M. 76, 76, 77, 76.

—With the voice of the archangel.

JESUS, faithful to his word,
Shall with a shout descend:
All heaven's host their glorious Lord
Shall joyfully attend:

Christ shall come with dreadful noise;
  Lightnings swift and thunders loud;
With the great archangel's voice,
  And with the trump of God.

2 First the dead in Christ shall rise;
  Then we that yet remain
Shall be caught up to the skies,
  And see our Lord again.
We shall meet him in the air;
  All rapt up to heaven shall be;
Find, and love, and praise him there,
  To all eternity.

3 Who can tell the happiness
  This glorious hope affords?
Joy unutter'd we possess
  In these reviving words:
Happy while on earth we breathe;
  Mightier bliss ordain'd to know:
Trampling down sin, hell, and death,
  To the third heaven we go.

1113 S. M.

—And with the trump of God.

IN expectation sweet,
  We wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
  And see an endless day.

2 He comes!—the Conqu'ror comes;
  Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful pris'ners burst their tombs,
  And rise to meet their Lord.

3 The trumpet sounds,—Awake!—
  Ye dead, to judgment come!—
The pillars of creation shake,
  While hell receives her doom.

4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace;
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

1114 C. M.

The dreadful sentence.

THAT awful day will surely come,
The' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word,—Depart!

3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What, to be banish'd from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die;
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly?—

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

1115 L. M.

The final conflagration.

THE great archangel's trump shall sound,
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar,)
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead;
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness:—
Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth and all the works therein
Dissolve, by raging flames destroy'd;
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruin'd world look down:
By love above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

1116 C. M.

The dissolution of all things.

JESUS, to thy dear wounds we flee;
We shelter in thy side;
Assured that all who trust in thee
Shall evermore abide.

2 Then let the thund'ring trumpet sound;
The latest lightnings glare;
The mountains melt; the solid ground
Dissolve as liquid air;

3 The huge celestial bodies roll
Amidst the gen'ral fire;
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
And all in smoke expire:—

4 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
When nature is destroy'd;
And no created thing remains
Throughout the flaming void.

5 Sublime on his eternal throne,
He speaks the' almighty word:
His fiat is obey'd: 'tis done;
And paradise restored.

6 So be it; let this system end;
This ruinous earth and skies;
The new Jerusalem descend,—
The new creation rise.

7 Thy power omnipotent assume;
Thy brightest majesty;
And when thou dost in glory come,
My Lord, remember me.

1117 39th P. M. 87, 87, 887.

The end of things created.

GREAT God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created;
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before;—
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created:
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Low at his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

1118 12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

Security of the righteous at the last day.

STAND the' omnipotent decree;
Jehovah's will be done;
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan.
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just;
Let those pond'rous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust:—

2 Rests secure the righteous man;
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure to' emerge and rise again,
And mount above the wreck:
Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre;
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire.

3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
By worlds on worlds destroy'd;
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void;
Sees this universe renew'd,—
The grand millennial reign begun;
Shouts, with all the sons of God,
Around the' eternal throne.

4 Resting in this glorious hope,
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up,
To earthquake, plague, or sword:
List'ning for the call divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven,
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

1119 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

Parting;—to meet again.

JESUS, accept the praise
That to thy Name belongs;
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs:
Through thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy Name.

2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit join'd,
To' embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assign'd;
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

3 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And, arm'd with patience, run
With joy the' appointed race:
Keep us and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more:
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And see thee in the flaming skies.

5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home;
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom:
Earth we shall view, and heaven, destroy'd,
And shout above the fiery void.

6 According to his word,
His oath, to sinners given,
We look to see restored
The ruin'd earth and heaven;
In a new world his truth to prove,
A world of righteousness and love.

7 Then let us wait the sound
That shall our souls release,
And labour to be found
Of him in spotless peace:
In perfect holiness renew'd,
Adorn'd with Christ, and meet for God.

1120 C. M.

Separated, but inseparable.

GOD of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace;
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Through thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart;
We met, O Jesus, in thy Name,
And in thy Name we part.

3 We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one;
And each to each in Jesus join'd,
We hand in hand go on.

4 Subsist as in us all one soul;
No power can make us twain;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
To sever us in vain.

5 Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh;
While on the wings of faith and prayer
We to each other fly.

6 Our life is hid with Christ in God;
Our Life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad
On all his members here.

1121 C. M.

United,—though separated.

BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,—
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 Then let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

1122 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

Tribute of praise at parting.

CHRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

3 Now to thee, thou God of heaven,
Be eternal glory given:
Grateful for thy love divine,
May our hearts be ever thine.

1123 41st P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

Dismission.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.
Hallelujah!

1124 C. M.

For a parting blessing.

NOW may the God of peace and love,
Who from the' impris'ning grave
Restored the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save;—

2 Through the rich merits of that blood
Which he on Calvary spilt,
To make the' eternal cov'nant sure,
On which our hopes are built;—

3 Perfect our souls in every grace,
To' accomplish all his will;
And all that's pleasing in his sight
Inspire us to fulfil.

4 For the great Mediator's sake
We every blessing pray;
With glory let his name be crown'd,
Through heaven's eternal day.

1125 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

For a general blessing.

NOW may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Make us perfect in his will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the cov'nant seal'd with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

1126 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

For the Spirit's influences.

COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit;
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak,—the hungry feed;
From the Gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's design'd to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

1127 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

For the fulness of peace and joy.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

1128 C. M.

For a blessing on the truth.

O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna shower'd from heaven,
Is planted in our breast;—

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plund'rers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strown,
Do thou thy grace supply:
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

1129 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

The apostolic benediction.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above:
Thus may we abide in Union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

DOXOLOGIES.

1130 L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1131 C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

1132 C. M. Double.

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath;
To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all-divine,—
The One in Three, and three in One,—
Let saints and angels join.

1133 S. M

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

1134 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

IMMORTAL honour, endless fame,
Attend the' almighty Father's Name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee!

1135 2d P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

1136 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
And to the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy everlasting praise we sing.

1137 4th P. M. 886, 886.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
And saints on earth adore;
Be glory as in ages past,
And now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more.

1138 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1139 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7.

PRAISE the Name of God most high;
Praise him all below the sky;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

1140 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,—
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

1141 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

PRAISE the God of our salvation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above,—
Author of the new creation,—
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

1142 10th P. M. 4 *lines* 8s.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and blest,
The' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall be still address'd.

1143 12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thy Godhead we adore,—
Join with the celestial host,
Who praise thee evermore!
Live by earth and heaven adored,
The Three in One, the One in Three;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee!

1144 17th P. M. 4 *lines* 10s.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be address'd;
From age to age, ye saints, his Name adore,
And spread his fame, till time shall be no more.

1145 19th P. M. 664, 664.

TO God—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—Three in One—
All praise be given:
Crown him, in every song;
To him your hearts belong:
Let all his praise prolong;
On earth—in heaven.

1146 25th P. M. 77, 87, 77, 87.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit,
Ascribe we equal glory;
One Deity, in Persons Three,
Let all thy works adore thee:
As was from the beginning,
Glory to God be given,
By all who know thy Name below,
And all thy hosts in heaven.

1147 26th P. M. 76, 76, 76, 76.

TO thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings:
Thy wondrous love and favour
Each ransom'd spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

1148 27th P. M. 4 *lines* 11s.

O FATHER Almighty, to thee be address'd,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever blest,
All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

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